

# THE ARENA.

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## OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

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BY W. D. MCCRACKAN, A. M.

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It is astonishing to find how quickly internal evils vitiate the foreign policy of a nation. Of course history teaches this lesson plainly enough, but there is something terribly impressive in watching the process gradually unfold itself in the present day, and at home.

Unless the signs are very misleading, the United States is initiating a foreign policy which will soon reflect our worst national characteristics.

Every special privilege within a nation creates its counterpart in foreign relations. Observe the effect of that most glaring and self-evident of special privileges—a protective tariff. Under the plea of helping native industries, protection merely perpetuates bogus international hatreds. It destroys the brotherhood of nations. It brings estrangements, jealousies, imputations of evil motives, and misunderstandings without end. Worse than all, war, or the fear of war, always goes hand in hand with commercial restrictions, the two forces reacting upon one another, and driving each other to further absurdities or more shameless excesses.

Soldiers and custom-house officers everywhere act in partnership; their sentry boxes stand side by side for purposes of spoliation.

When a spirit of Jingoism has been aroused, the most elementary principles of ethics are set aside. What holds good

in the relations between persons, is declared out of place in international intercourse. The monstrous proposition is applauded, that it is lawful for one nation to rob another.

From attempting to protect a country against the importation of goods, to protecting it against labor, is but a step. First, no laborers are allowed to land who come here under contract; then, when that does not suffice, a whole class of resident workingmen are marked for deportation, because their competition becomes irksome.

This spirit of national greed has already produced a brace of abominations — the McKinley bill and the Geary law. Heaven only knows to what lower depths of infamy it may drive us before it can be allayed!

Politicians take advantage of the popular demand to establish what they like to call a vigorous foreign policy. In our case this means the building up of a navy. But notice the vicious circle in which this process has moved.

By means of protective tariffs we first carefully legislated our merchant marine from the seas. In the meantime the treasury became burdened with a surplus, derived from this excessive taxation. Then these same funds were used to construct men-of-war, which have no legitimate function to perform, because the protective tariffs which called them into being also swept away the merchant marine.

We already possess a fleet of fine new ships, and can hold impressive naval parades. Of course ships must find something to do; in fact, the more numerous they become, the stronger does this necessity grow. They must justify their existence. Therefore they hover about wherever a disturbance arises, under the plea of protecting American interests that either do not exist or are not threatened. In the Chilean affair the American navy, whether intentionally or not, was made to favor the cause of tyranny against popular rights. Under these circumstances the attack of a mob upon our sailors was to be expected.

But the navy must also have coaling stations. They have become indispensable in the conduct of modern naval warfare. And so our government intrigues for their possession in Hayti and Hawaii. Annexation is the next step, and an era of conquest must inevitably follow in its wake. Another ten or twenty years of this much-vaunted building up of the navy, and we shall have a train of mean little wars to our



credit. The United States will figure as the bully of the western hemisphere.

Another special privilege which exerts a degrading influence upon our foreign policy is the spoils system. This fills our foreign embassies and consulates with poor material, and exposes the country to complications. Minister Egan is an evil product of the spoils system and of "catering to the Irish vote," as it is called.

But there is one great special privilege which, in its enormity, overshadows all others.

Although the United States is a vast country, its natural opportunities are for the most part already pre-empted, or owned, as we say. This does not mean that they are all actually in use. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that our undeveloped resources are far greater than those now being worked. It has been calculated that there is really no necessity for any one to live west of the Mississippi. But the supply of desirable *free* land is exhausted, and that of *cheap* land so far reduced, that it can already be manipulated by monopolizing or speculating agencies. Land being a fixed quantity, it follows that every child born in the United States, and every immigrant landing upon these shores, increases the demand and enriches the land owners. The question is one merely of supply and demand.

As soon as natural opportunities are monopolized at home, the search for others begins abroad. Citizens of the United States are already beginning to develop numerous enterprises throughout the western hemisphere and in other parts of the world. The special privilege of private property in land, of holding natural opportunities out of use for speculative purposes, is already driving Americans to use the resources of other countries, long before there is any need. Americans are founding vested interests under foreign flags; and thus a foreign policy is born. Not only that, but some of the principal land owners in the United States are foreign capitalists. They are monopolizing our natural opportunities, enslaving our citizens under the name of tenants, and driving others to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Fortunately for our national reputation, the United States, on a notable occasion, set an example to the world which will never be forgotten. The settlement of the Alabama Claims by international arbitration gave a wonderful moral

impulse to the cause of peace. It will probably be cited by future historians as marking the first step in the federation of the nations. In the same way, the reference of the Bering Sea question to arbitration is a hopeful sign.

And yet much remains to be done, if the United States is to take the position of peacemaker, which properly belongs to it in the western hemisphere. Pan-American Congresses that end in spurious reciprocity treaties, will not accomplish anything durable. Nothing but absolute freedom of trade, an entire confidence in our disinterestedness, and an unquestioned equality of position will suffice to bring together the American nations of the North, Centre, and South in the bond of brotherhood.

That which the United States is destined to accomplish some day for the western hemisphere, little Switzerland is already in a measure fulfilling for the eastern.

Indeed, no more suitable country could have been found by the Great Powers for the discussion and safe-guarding of common interests. Switzerland lies in the centre of Europe; she cannot be suspected of harboring desire for conquest; her neutrality is guaranteed; her institutions are remarkably stable; and she embraces in her federal bond the Germanic and Latin races alike.

The movement which has resulted in making Switzerland the repository of international arbitration was inaugurated in 1864 by the memorable convention for the protection of the wounded, held in Geneva. Soon after that, Bern, the capital, was selected for the permanent administration of the International Telegraph Union. In 1871 followed the settlement of the Alabama Claims in Geneva. Gradually a number of other central offices have been established at Bern, such as those for the Postal Union, for the regulation of freight transport upon the continent, and for the protection of industrial, literary, and artistic property. At present, no less than nine international unions maintain permanent offices in the miniature capital, and many more transact occasional business there.

The United States is in a position to hold the banner of peace with a firmer hand than it has ever been held before. Our men-of-war ought, therefore, to be a cause of shame, rather than congratulation, to ourselves. What need have we to ape the old world in its insane armaments?

The truth is, the citizens of the United States have not kept their promises to the mother countries from which they came. An advance has been made, it is true, on certain lines; but the fundamental problems are still as unsettled here as in Europe.

We proclaimed the right of all men to an equal opportunity in life—and we have allowed a plutocracy to grow up in our midst, whose existence is maintained by special privilege, and whose extravagances can only be likened to those of imperial Rome. We professed to have done with the insignia of aristocracies—and our cities are already full of local titles, our women are already known as the most assiduous tuft hunters in the courts of Europe. We promised the individual man greater freedom than the world had yet been able to afford—and we have deliberately deprived every American citizen of the most elementary of liberties, the freedom of trade. We held out the hope of rearing a state whose foreign intercourse should be regulated by the code of justice—and we are building armored ships, in order that we may the more readily meddle in the affairs of our neighbors.

We might succeed, by degrees, in making ourselves masters of the western hemisphere. The task would not be so very difficult, considering the mutual jealousies and proverbial instability of the southern republics. But it is just as well to understand what that would mean. The end of such a movement would find the United States solidified into a military state, with an emperor at Washington; for no republic has ever survived the test of extended foreign conquests.

As for the rest, mere international questions are destined to be completely dwarfed by great economic and social problems. When once the proletariat of the nations realize that their interests are identical, irrespective of nationality, that their common enemies are the monstrous systems of taxation, which make it possible for plutocracies to prey upon them—then they will no longer consent to fight against each other. With one accord, they will turn against the evils of the monopolization of land, with its attended train of crowded slums and farms banished into the wilderness. Protective tariffs, subsidies, and all special privileges will then go the way of other mediæval survivals, passing from the files of modern legislation into the text books of ancient history, to serve as

terrible examples to the children in the schools. A few more years of this iniquitous industrial system, and the solidarity of the human race, so long acknowledged in vain by the best thinkers of all ages, will be proclaimed once for all.

In that day, diplomacy, which has too long played at chess with the nations, will become a lost art; while the monarchs who may still be reigning when these changes take place, will fall from their genealogical trees like over-ripe apples.

As soon as all men possess an equal right to the earth, the greed of conquest will vanish for lack of cause. It will then become a matter of indifference whether Alsace-Lorraine belongs to Germany or France, Trieste and Trentino to Austria or Italy, Constantinople to England or Russia, and Canada to the mother country or to the United States — for the federation of the world will have begun.

## BIMETALLIC PARITY UNDER A GOLD STANDARD.

BY C. VINCENT.

IN the April *Forum* is an article by a Spanish gentleman, Mr. Jose F. de Navarro, under the above caption, in which the distinguished broker has made a proposition so manifestly unfair, and in support of his position has quoted imaginary statistics and suppositive law to such an extent, that I deemed it proper to seek space for a reply through the same medium in which his letter appeared. Accordingly, I addressed the following letter to the *Forum*:—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 11, 1893.

*Forum Publishing Co., New York City, N. Y.*

GENTLEMEN: I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time, and am now a subscriber. Having followed with great interest the various expressions relative to the financial question, it is only natural that I should turn at once to peruse the articles on that subject as soon as the magazine arrives. It is extremely improbable that you have ever heard of me. I am only one of the millions in this country, and have not the egotism to think that even fifteen years of active participation in public affairs should entitle me to recognition. I have not held, nor do I seek, an official position, but content myself with doing what I can to promulgate those ideas which seem to me best adapted to insure the present and future welfare of our country. Actuated by these motives, I desire to know whether or not a reply to the article by Mr. Jose F. de Navarro would be accepted by you. If you desire such from me, I will endeavor to authenticate my statements by reference to the documents quoted, so that the lack of confidence that might spring from my obscurity, would be in a measure compensated by the statements of well-known economists and statesmen. Trusting that the *Forum* may not be disposed to exclude one side of this question from its columns, I remain,

Sincerely yours, C. VINCENT.

Following is the courteous reply, declining to give any more space to this subject:—

THE FORUM, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, }  
Editor's Room, April 17, 1893. }

*Mr. C. Vincent, Indianapolis, Ind.*

DEAR SIR: I am heartily obliged to you for your kind offer to write a reply to Mr. de Navarro's article in the last number of the

*Forum*, and I should be very glad indeed to receive it, but for the fact, that we have now given so much space to the discussion of various aspects of the silver and coinage question, that we are obliged to give our space henceforth to other topics.

With sincere thanks, Very truly yours, WALTER H. PAGE.

This, in brief, is my only apology for presenting to ARENA readers, a review of what has appeared in another magazine. In addition to the above correspondence, I addressed, on April 4, a series of questions to the writer of the article, with the intent to draw him out touching the authenticity of the statistics quoted by him. He has so far preserved a discreet silence, not even acknowledging the receipt of my inquiries. Mr. de Navarro thus states his position and plans:—

The United States legal-tender silver notes now in circulation are payable on demand at all the sub-treasuries, either in gold or silver coin, at the option of the government. The secretary of the treasury is recommended in the act to pay them in gold as long as he thinks it prudent, and he has always done so; but since he began, the price of silver has been steadily going down,—from about 94 cents to 64 cents for the standard silver dollar,—and the people realize that the secretary will be compelled soon to pay them in silver in order to keep the gold in the treasury. Now my remedy is *simply to amend this act of July 14, 1890, by adding that when paid in silver the notes shall be paid on a gold basis*, reckoning the silver at the government's gold price on the day of payment, as fixed by a commission to be appointed under the act.

In the perfecting of his plan the commission would be chosen as follows:—

One to be selected by the New York Chamber of Commerce, one by the New York Banks' Clearing House, and one by the New York Stock Exchange, acceptable to the government, with power in the majority; the commissioners to meet every day at the New York sub-treasury, after business hours, to determine then and there, after reviewing the day's transactions in silver in this and London markets, what shall be the government price for the next day for the redemption of the silver notes, and what amount of silver shall be purchased, if any, to replace the silver paid out in redemption of notes.

This plan is so atrocious that it is almost passing belief that a man could be found to advance the idea, or a reputable magazine to give it to the public. Is no person in the United States worthy of consideration except representatives of the three great financial guilds or combinations of New York City? Is the entire financial wisdom of this age found embalmed in the conservatism of Wall Street and its coad-

jutors, Lombard and Threadneedle Streets? Is it wise to provide that the financial kings, the bullion brokers, the railroad wreckers on the Stock Exchange, the oil princes and pork monarchs that do there congregate, may be placed in daily communication with their associates in London at government expense? Once let this policy be adopted, and during a single congressional recess, and before means could be provided to prevent it, this combination of all the agencies that war against the producers of the world, would have effectually "appropriated" everything in the treasury and left the government hampered so that it would require many years to recover, if indeed the country should ever be able to overcome the baleful effects of such an administration. As a warrant for the disingenuous proposition, Mr. de Navarro says that the secretary is "recommended in the act" to pay the notes in gold. Here is produced an extract from the law, in order that the reader may not be left in the dark on this subject. After directing the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, the law continues:—

And to issue in payment for such purchases of silver bullion, treasury notes of the United States to be prepared by the secretary of the treasury. . . .

SEC. 2. That the treasury notes issued in accordance with the provisions of this act shall be redeemable on demand in coin at the treasury of the United States, or at the office of any assistant treasurer of the United States. . . . The secretary of the treasury shall, under such regulations as he may prescribe, redeem such notes in gold or silver coin at his discretion, it being the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be prescribed by law.

It is evident that the "Spanish member of the New York Chamber of Commerce" has drawn upon his imagination for his facts, and his wishes for his law.

I quote again from his *Forum* article:—

The government has paid, from 1878 to the end of December, 1892, for silver, \$424,810,495, and has issued \$450,529,127 of notes; and by depreciation the value of this silver has been reduced to \$353,142,880, causing a loss of \$71,667,615 to the country. The \$353,142,880 should then have been kept in the treasury permanently as a basis of government notes. Of the 361,508,508 silver dollars coined since 1878, only 6,454,459 were in circulation.

It appears that Mr. de Navarro has again drawn upon his imagination for his facts; for in the "Statistical Abstract" for 1892, Table XIV., we find that since 1880 there has never



been less than 20,000,000 silver dollars in actual circulation; and for the past year 56,817,462 is the recorded number. Further, I cannot agree with the gentleman when he says that in the coinage of silver, and through the depreciation of that metal, there has been a loss of over \$71,000,000. There is only one condition that could occur to make such a loss, and that is, if the government should melt all the silver dollars into bullion and sell it at the prevailing market price; but while it remains in the form of "dollars," it is impossible for the government or for any individual to lose \$71,000,000, or any part of that sum, by any fluctuation in the price of bullion. Mr. de Navarro adds:—

Remember that the treasury has received a gold dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes, and is so receiving now. Should circumstances compel the secretary to pay this dollar note with a silver dollar, according to law, the government would be actually compounding this part of its debt at 64 cents on the dollar. The thing is so monstrous that I do not believe that any secretary of the treasury of this government will ever pay them in silver until all the gold in the treasury, save only that represented by gold certificates, is totally exhausted—then the law becomes mandatory.

The "Spanish member of the New York Chamber of Commerce" grows indignant at the idea of paying in silver a note that was issued in the purchase of silver. His fury amounts almost to a paroxysm of rage at the thought that it would be possible for him not to be able to convert his silver into gold, by the simple process of selling silver for notes, and having the notes converted into gold in an adjacent room. If it be permissible to say that "The treasury has received a gold dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes," etc., it is also permissible to say that the treasury has received a silver dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes, for the notes are redeemable in gold *or* silver; and no "recommendation" is contained in the law to give a preference in the redemption. If two \$10 notes issued in the purchase of silver bullion are redeemed, one with ten silver dollars, and the other with a gold eagle, the silver dollars will pay as much of Mr. de Navarro's hotel bill or club dues as will the gold eagle, and no portion of the government's debt has been "compounded at 64 cents on the dollar." It is only twenty years since the value of the bullion in the ten silver dollars was worth 30 cents more than the bullion in a gold eagle. If, by the

mutability of trade, this condition should occur again in the near future, would it be "monstrous" for the government to continue its present practice; or would a high moral standard require it to reverse its policy?

Scarcely had the ink dried upon the paper expressing the Spanish gentleman's choler, when he forgot the high moral plane which he would have us understand he occupied, and he suggested that the government go on issuing the notes without purchasing the bullion till it had continued at the present rate for six years longer, or till the silver on hand amounted to 50 cents on the dollar of the notes outstanding. This course would soon enable the gentleman and his associates in the three favored New York juntos above referred to, to make a "run" on the treasury and deplete it, not only of its gold, but also of its silver, and then *compel* the government to issue or sell bonds to maintain the redemption of its paper. Is there anything "monstrous" in such a proposition?

The next statement of this Spanish gentleman is that we have about \$34 per capita of money in the United States. The statement is so misleading, not to say false, that no politician has ever had the effrontery to go before his friends—excited by the enmities and sympathies of a campaign into a mood to accept his utterances as unquestioned fact—and claim such a per capita circulation for the United States. In order to arrive at such a result, it would be necessary to count all the gold (coin and bullion) and silver (coin and bullion), as well as all the gold and silver certificates issued on the above coin and bullion, all the greenbacks, all the national bank notes, all the currency certificates, all the coin treasury notes, and all the subsidiary coin *both in and out* of the treasury. The treasury officials do not claim a circulation above \$24.44 per capita; but here we have a reputable magazine permitting the "Spanish" member of the New York Chamber of Commerce to promulgate such false and utterly misleading ideas, and refusing space in its columns for a reply to the uncandid proposition. The gentleman further places the circulation of other countries as follows (with the example above of his statistical acumen, we should doubt his statements if they were not corroborated from other sources):—

From \$22 in the monometallic, ultra-conservative England (with a clamor for more), to \$39 in the bimetallic, cautious, but enterprising Holland, and still higher to \$55 in the bimetallic, industrious, and economical France; and although not due to the volume of the cur-

rency, the latter's prosperity is such that her wealth equals now that of the United Kingdom, besides being better distributed.

Here is an admission that France, with \$55 per capita, is the most prosperous among civilized nations, though in the same breath is a denial that the volume of the currency is the cause of the prosperity. The gentleman should not have left us in ignorance as to the cause of the much to be desired prosperity. That is the thing above all others to be sought for; and if he is in possession of the key, he should by all means give us the open *sesame*.

Before leaving this subject, let us glance briefly at some causes that will reduce the *available* circulation considerably below \$24.44 per capita. The national banks hold \$571,000,000 as a reserve fund for the security of \$2,022,500,000 of deposits. (Statistical Abstract for 1892, p. 34.) The 1,059 savings banks have on hand deposits of \$1,758,329,618 (Statistical Abstract, p. 41); and if only 15 per cent of this sum is in a "reserve fund," it will be about \$263,000,000, which, added to the above national bank reserve, makes the "reserve fund" in these two classes of banks \$834,000,000, or more than one half of the circulation as classified by the treasury department. This statement of the reserve does not include the amount held by the other 3,594 state and private banks to secure the deposits of \$780,927,081. (Tribune Almanac, 1891, p. 118; in Money Question, p. 19.) It thus appears that the debts of this one class alone—bank deposits, due on demand—aggregate the appalling sum of \$4,500,000,000 (\$4,561,756,699), while the entire amount of debt-paying medium of all descriptions is only about one third that sum (\$1,601,347,187). (Statistical Abstract, p. 30.)

The estimated increase of population is 1,200,000 per year; and if the per capita circulation is to keep pace, it will call for an increase of \$2,400,000 per month, on the basis of the treasury estimates. Shall we depend upon the capricious fortune of mining ventures to supply this demand; or, through the combined effects of failing mines and increasing population, shall we steadily travel the road passed by civilization, from the noontide splendor of the Cæsarian period to the Stygian blackness of the Dark Ages? At the former period the coin circulation was \$1,800,000,000, while at the latter it was reduced to \$200,000,000 (Report of Monetary Commission, p. 49); and the world emerged from the awful

chaos of that time, only by the substitution of paper for coin (see History of the Banks of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam, in Colwell's "Ways and Means of Payment"), and the subsequent discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru.

I wish here to state a fact and ask a question. In 1873, just prior to the passage of the law demonetizing silver, the bullion value of the silver dollar was \$1.03, or silver sold at \$1.32 per ounce. If the demonetization had never taken place, with the mints open to free coinage, would silver ever have fallen below \$1.29 per ounce? To answer this question, let us suppose A lives across the street from the mint at Philadelphia. He has just received, as a profit on some mining stock, 1,000 ounces of silver bullion. Suppose the mints are open to free coinage of silver as well as of gold. B comes to A's place of business, desiring to purchase the entire 1,000 ounces of bullion, and offers \$1.28 an ounce. A refuses the offer, and takes his bullion across the street to the mint, and receives for it 1,290 silver dollars, or \$1.29 per ounce. This simple transaction shows that *the cost of transporting the bullion to the mint from a given point measures the discount from \$1.29 per ounce at that point.* The above question is therefore answered in the negative. In further support of this view, permit me to quote from the "Report of the International Monetary Conference," held at Paris in 1878. Mr. Goschen, delegate from Great Britain, says (p. 205):—

I have spoken against the theory of those economists who argue that the gold standard should be everywhere introduced; I have stated that I saw in it great inconvenience, great danger, and even great disaster. To that opinion I decidedly adhere. I believe it would be a misfortune for the world if a propaganda for a sole gold standard should succeed.

The following quotations are from the body of the above report, which is signed by all the eminent American commissioners, Reuben E. Fenton, William S. Groesbeck, Francis A. Walker, and S. Dana Horton:—

We conceive that there can hardly be dissent from the proposition that it would be both a political wrong and an economic injury of the gravest character to adopt a monetary policy which should increase the pressure of debts by diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which they may be paid. With the enormous public debts of Europe and America, amounting to not less than \$20,000,000,000, contracted at a time when silver formed an important part of the monetary circulation, the project to reduce that metal to the rank of

Token Money, allowing it to remain in Europe and America only as small change of retail trade, and banishing the residue of the accumulated stock to India and the East, is one which might well arouse the liveliest apprehensions of public disaster (p. 207).

From so much of the second proposition (submitted by a majority of the European delegates) as assigns as a special reason for at present restricting the coinage of silver, "that the disturbance during the recent years in the silver market has differently affected the monetary situation in the various countries," they respectfully dissent, believing that a policy of action would remove the disturbance that produced these inequalities (p. 215).

In the final session of that conference, Aug. 29, 1878, Count Rusconi, in his vigorous protest against the impotence of the response made by the majority of the European delegates, said (p. 165):—

1. That by the adoption of the formula proposed, the conference does not respond to the question which was put to it, and that in systematically avoiding to pronounce itself upon the possibility or impossibility of a fixed relation, to be established by way of international treaty, between coins of gold and of silver, it leaves its task unfinished.

2. That since the French law established such a relation between the two metals, the oscillations of their relative value had been without importance, *whatever had been the production of the mines*.

3. That consequently, *a fortiori*, if the law of France had been alone able to accomplish the result, the day when France, England, and the United States, by international legislation, should agree to establish together the relation of value of the two metals, this relation would be established upon a basis so solid as to become unshakable.

In July, 1876, "The Society of the Netherlands for the Promotion of Industry" presented, through its president, A. Vrolik, an address to the king, from which I extract a few lines (*ibid.*, p. 187):—

The changes which have taken place in the monetary legislation of several countries appear to us to be the principal cause of the depreciation of silver, and a cause which is of a permanent character. But now that the cause of the evil is ascertained, the remedy seems to us not difficult to discover. If all civilized countries were to reopen their mints to silver, the same result would follow which formerly attended the increased production of gold, and the value of silver would resume an upward tendency.

In confirmation of the opinions stated above, and which have been likewise expressed by scores of the ablest of statesmen on both sides of the ocean during the past thirty years, I produce here a portion of a table taken from the Statistical Abstract for 1892, published by authority of the

United States Treasury Department, showing the constant and rapid downward tendency of prices of agricultural products, whose cost is but little affected by the introduction of machinery, since the date of adverse silver legislation, "diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which debts may be paid."

AVERAGE EXPORT PRICES FOR THE YEARS NAMED.

	Corn. Bu.	Wheat. Bu.	Wheat Bu.	Flour. Bbl.	Cotton. Lb.	Lard. Lb.	Butter. Lb.	Cheese. Lb.	Eggs. Doz.	Tobacco, Lb.	Wool, Medium, Lb.
<sup>1</sup> 1872 . . . .	Dol. .695	Dol. 1.47	Dol. 1.240	Dol. 7.11	Cts. 19.3	Cts. 10.1	Cts. 19.4	Cts. 11.7	Cts. 20.3	Cts. 10.3	Cts. 80
<sup>2</sup> 1892 . . . .	.55	1.03	.624	4.96	8.7	7.2	16.0	9.4	18.0	8.4	34

<sup>1</sup> Table 259, except as noted.

<sup>2</sup> Table 239, average in the country, not at seaboard.

<sup>3</sup> Table 251.

The wheat crop of the United States in 1867 was 212,441,400 bushels, valued at \$421,796,460; in 1892, it was 515,949,000 bushels (nearly two and a half times the production of 1867), valued at \$322,111,881 — only about three fourths the aggregate value of the crop of 1867. (Statistical Abstract, Table 238). It will not avail to raise the cry of "over-production" as a cause for the low prices, for the aggregate crop was about the same in 1882 and 1884, while it was one-fifth larger in 1891, with an aggregate value of over \$513,000,000. Below is a statement compiled from the Statistical Abstract Tables, as indicated: —

	Aggregate Crop.	Home Value.	Public Debt. Millions.	Per Cent of Debt.	Per cent of public debt at 2d date, payable in crop of same date, with prices of 1st date.
<sup>1</sup> Wheat . . 1867	212,441,400	\$421,796,460	<sup>2</sup> 2,678	15.7	
" . . 1892	515,949,000	322,111,881	<sup>3</sup> 1,588	20.3	64.5
<sup>4</sup> Corn . . . 1867	768,320,000	610,948,390	2,678	22.8	
" . . 1892	1,628,464,000	642,146,630	1,588	40.4	81.9
<sup>5</sup> Potatoes . 1867	97,783,000	89,276,830	2,678	3.3	
" . . 1888	202,365,000	81,413,589	1,692	4.8	10.8
<sup>6</sup> Hay . . . 1867	26,277,000	372,864,670	2,678	13.9	
" . . 1888	46,643,094	408,499,565	1,692	24.2	39.1
<sup>7</sup> Tobacco . 1867	313,724,000	41,283,431	2,678	1.5	
" . . 1888	565,705,000	43,666,665	1,692	2.6	4.3
<sup>8</sup> Cotton . . 1870	3,114,592	303,600,000	2,480	12.2	
" . . 1891	8,662,597	366,863,788	1,545	23.7	54.6

<sup>1</sup> Table 238.

<sup>2</sup> Table 5, issue of 1885.

<sup>3</sup> Table 5.

<sup>4</sup> Table 233.

<sup>5</sup> Table 236.

<sup>6</sup> Table 235.

<sup>7</sup> Table 237.

<sup>8</sup> Table 176.

NOTE. — The tables were not always complete for the years 1867 and 1892, but in all cases the statistics for nearest those years are used.

The above compilation from official statistics shows conclusively that if the policy be pursued of restricting the debt-paying medium (coin or paper, either or both) below the average increase of population or the demands of an increasing commerce, one of two things will certainly follow — either a wholesale confiscation of real estate and personal property to satisfy mortgages and bonds, or a wholesale repudiation of these debts. One can now see clearly why the capitalistic classes of Europe sent Ernest Seyd to this country in 1872, with a corruption fund of \$500,000, to secure the demonetization of silver, thus “diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which debts may be paid.”\*

Will the De Navarros of the creditor class, representing less than 2 per cent of the people, continue to push their juggernaut car over the prostrate bodies of 98 per cent of the people? Will the 98 per cent permit it?

\* See *Congressional Globe*, April 9, 1872, p. 2304; also the *Banker's Magazine* for August, 1873, quoted on p. 40 of “Whither Are We Drifting as a Nation?” by Freeman O. Willey; and the affidavit of Frederick A. Luchenbach, a distinguished manufacturer and financier of New York and Philadelphia, now residing in Denver, Col., recounting the confession of Ernest Seyd before his death.



## REASON AT THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A DISCUSSION OF SALVATION AND THE  
REIGN OF LAW.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

PROPHETS have foretold and poets sung of a time when the spirit of brotherhood shall possess humanity as never before since the dawn of history. In our own century great progress has been made in the comparative study of religions. That prejudice which has inflamed the Christian with pride as a believer in the one true and God-inspired religion — all others being of satanic origin — is lifting like a mist, as enlightened thinkers and scholars disseminate the results of their studies. These leaders have found that all religions possess some truth; that no religion demonstrably embodies every teaching that man can ever need; and that beneath a variety of form, which deceives many, there is revealed substantial agreement upon some of the most vital principles, and the same deep yearning everywhere to comprehend more of God and what he demands of his children. Such conclusions have prepared the way for that unique spectacle, a Congress of Religions, which is to form one of the series of congresses connected with the Columbian Exposition.

Is there any hope for agreement between the representatives of the many faiths who will assemble at Chicago, any one of whom may burn with a zeal not one whit less sincere and consuming than that which will probably be manifested by some of the Christians? Good will result if there is nothing more than a frank statement of the teachings and claims of each religion. The reverent and dignified bearing and evident sincerity of the devotees of oriental faiths cannot but prove a wholesome object lesson to those Christians who, having practically forgotten that God "hath made of

one blood all nations of men," can see no possibility of a revelation of truth outside of the Hebrew Scriptures.

If, however, the right spirit prevails, and there is an attempt to penetrate to the essential unity which unprejudiced eyes discover beneath that variety which first strikes the casual observer, the only hope for harmony lies in the acceptance by all of some standard by which to separate the transient and local elements from those which are permanent and universal. Since each will maintain the superiority of the sacred books recognized by his own religion, this criterion can no more be the Bible than the Koran, but can be nothing other than reason. To show the power of this instrument, which is held in esteem by the enlightened of all races, in the treatment of religious problems, let us apply it to the doctrine of salvation, a doctrine which, from the nature of the case, is central in all faiths.

The question, "What shall I do to be saved?" is almost as old as man. The instant there came to one of our remote ancestors a perception of a Power outside of himself, which must be obeyed or placated, whose favor it was useful to have, and whose anger must be avoided, and when a conviction took possession of him that in any particular manner this Power could be made to smile upon him, that moment a plan of salvation had its birth. So persistent and omnipresent is a something in man's environment which causes him to ask this question, that in due time it arises spontaneously in every mind; and the great majority of the men who, in every age, have stood aloof from the sects of their time, have yet had — though many times unconscious of the fact — schemes of salvation of their own.

The proper development of our theme demands that we take the nature of the human mind as the point of departure. If we carefully reflect upon the subject, we shall find that all human aims can be resolved ultimately into an effort to experience certain emotional states and to avoid others. The intuitional moralist speaks of the "approval of conscience" and of "remorse." Why do we seek the one and turn from the other, if not upon account of the emotional element involved in them? We may entertain the statement, "The wind blew east upon the 17th of last February," with complete emotional indifference, as a mere assertion of fact, out of all vital relation, so far as we can see, not only

to our own well-being, but to that of humanity; but the moment we pass to the consideration of our own acts, we no longer have the power to be indifferent, to cast out from the mind the emotional component of its states. This is equally true where the imperativeness of the "ought" has been removed as far as possible from the criterion of pleasure and pain. Still, it is a certain *satisfaction* — an affair of the emotional nature — which results from the conformity of motives and acts to perceived moral law, that wins us to obedience.

The mistake of the intuitionist lies in unduly separating *in thought* what is inseparable in fact. It is a part of the sane order of the moral universe that, sooner or later, right acts invariably yield satisfactory emotional states corresponding thereto. The reason why, as is sometimes said, happiness must not be the aim of man — and this must be interpreted *immediate* aim — is that the relation between right acts and an emotional element contributing to happiness being that of cause to effect, the mind must be occupied with a consideration of what motives are right and with the effort to work them out in conduct, since, in the end, success in these attempts automatically yields its quota of happiness. We find here a hint as to the manner in which evolutionary and intuitionist ethics may be reconciled.

The power of the appeal of religious teachers rests in the claim that the emotional quality of the future life depends upon definite conditions, a knowledge of which they can impart to their followers. The bliss of heaven and the agony of hell have been chiefly dwelt upon. Without defining the qualities, intensities, and combinations of emotions, which may be held by the most divergent theologians to constitute the state of being saved, all definitions of this state must locate it in the realm of the emotions; whence what is true of the emotions *as such* must be true of these states.

If, starting with a clean slate, we ask reason to set down its analysis of the problem of salvation, we shall find it to run thus: It is because man is a sensitive, an emotional being, that, stung by pain, and consoled or exalted by satisfactions, he wills to do those things which his intellect commends as fitted to enable him to avoid the one and obtain the other. The motive for the will to act is strong in proportion as an individual has confidence that the way pointed out by the intellect will secure the end desired. If this confidence be

slight, the motive will be weak and the volition feeble or wholly lacking. There is but one thing which, inseparably bound up in the nature of things, can furnish that confidence which alone can stimulate the will to act, and that is an abiding faith that all of the emotional factors which go to make up the desired state of salvation are integral parts of a universe dominated by law, in which the desired emotions are effects of previous causes, which causes, in turn, the human mind is competent to discover, and which effects it has the power to determine by rightly-adapted acts. I have spoken of "an abiding faith"; it may with equal propriety be called a postulate, which reason must lay down as necessitated by the very conditions of the problem.

Let us consider this point. All emotional states are phenomena, and hence effects of preceding causes. If we deny this, we cut the nerve that stimulates the will and paralyze action; for confidence is a belief that a certain result will follow a proposed action. It is based primarily upon experience, but would not be thus given us without that uniformity of nature claimed by scientists, and which is conceded by religious leaders to govern in the material universe, but is mistakenly denied an application in the domain of theology, to which the problem of salvation belongs. But experience is only possible under certain conditions. Without a fixed relationship between antecedents and consequents, static, as in co-existences, or dynamic, as in sequences, there can be, strictly speaking, no experience, no knowledge whatever, or, if it be claimed that there can, it is worthless. In the case of gold, for example, we find certain qualities always bound up together — color, specific gravity, hardness, malleability, etc. If we assume color alone to be sufficient for identification, so that all substance having a characteristic color can safely be called gold, then, by hypothesis, if there be no constant relationship between this color and the qualities of the metal, one piece may sink in water while another floats; one may have the resisting power of steel, another of soap; one may possess the malleability essential for coining, and a thousand others may be fragile like glass. You may say, "All characteristically yellow-colored substance is all gold." True, but this is merely an identical proposition which, by hypothesis, *defines* gold, nothing more. The information amounts to nothing, since identification is of value

and can furnish the basis for inference solely when a fixed relation exists between qualities; so that when one or more are observed, we can depend upon the presence of others. Again, every formal act of deductive reasoning requires at least one universal premise. Unless, then, we can affirm or deny some predicate of the whole of a subject, it is impossible to form universal propositions. But this is out of the question without that fixed relationship between qualities already mentioned, since it is the fixedness of these relations *in things themselves* that suggests and justifies that comparison of terms which yields the propositions of logic.

What we have found to be essential in the case of co-existences, we shall find to be equally so when we turn to sequences. If, when I grasp an iron weight and suddenly relax my hold and jerk my hand entirely away from it, it sometimes falls to the ground, sometimes remains suspended in the air, and at others flies off in any one of innumerable directions, then manifestly, unless the weight is so linked in chains of cause and effect that it is possible for us to discover the conditions under which motion in a given direction will take place, prevision is impossible. What is true in this case is true in all; and in so far as we deny the dominance of the causal relation in any changes that occur in the universe, we debar ourselves from making inferences; and with the disappearance of the possibility of inference, of the reasoning process, there would vanish the possibility of experience, of confidence, of moral acts, and of the action of the will striving to reach ideal ends, and to attain salvation.

When in the domain of the moral and religious activities of men, there are but two alternatives, — that they are subject to law and that they are not subject to law, — and when the latter assumption carries with it such destructive consequences, rendering, if we but probe to the bottom, the teachings of the thousands of ministers of our own day, nay, of Jesus himself, as useless and inconsequent as the act of a dog in baying the moon, — when, I say we fully realize these consequences, we shall have no hesitation in affirming that all acts that make or mar those emotional states, held to constitute salvation, are governed by law. Strangely, as it will appear to many — though, as shown above, necessarily — the work of every minister, whatever be his sect, presupposes the reign of law. He will tell the inquirer to believe this,

do that, walk in a particular way, or follow a specified method in order to be saved. Unless, however, he be able to say definitely to some, "You are saved," he cannot make converts; and the only means he has of doing this, is by satisfying himself that the devotee fulfils certain conditions, and then, because all who fulfil those conditions are saved, *he* is saved. This is the logic of all proselyting. Whether the real conditions are known by the religious teacher, and the judgment as to their being satisfied in a particular instance is correct, are questions entirely distinct from the logical foundation upon which his labors rest. If, then, the attainment of those emotional states which constitute being saved is governed by law, it is thereby forever removed from the realm of magic! But many people who renounce magic, do not see with equal clearness that the schemes of salvation largely current lie within this domain.

It is not an uncommon thing for an exhorter to say, "Either Jesus was what he said he was or an impostor," thus overlooking a number of other obvious alternatives, as, for example, that Jesus might have been mistaken in his representation of himself, or that his disciples may have misunderstood him. However much these suppositions may contravene received opinions, unless it can be clearly proved that Jesus and his disciples were infallible, — which cannot be done, — it follows that these are real alternatives which cannot properly be neglected by one who would study the problem to find the truth, unfettered by those fatal but often unsuspected prepossessions which so frequently lead men along in the deeply-worn ruts of accepted beliefs and away from truth. Since the raw material of human nature, so to speak, was the same in Jesus as in other men, the latter are capable, potentially, of receiving the same influences from the material, social, spiritual, and divine environment which made Jesus what he was.

Now, in trade, when the merchant writes in his ledger "John Smith, Dr., to Merchandise, \$1,000," how do we interpret this entry? We say this is a memorandum of the credit given; the credit is intended to be a temporary matter, recording for reference and evidence, if necessary, the facts of the case. The expectation is that the account will be balanced at a time agreed upon by the payment of cash or an equivalent — for the time being, the entry stands in lieu



of cash. In somewhat the same way, authority is the substitute for knowledge, for that individual realization of a fact or truth which is supposed to reside in the person accepted as an authority. But the judicious merchant may not consent to give credit to Brown; he may know that the latter's resources do not justify it, or doubt his business capacity or his representations. So, not every man is to be accepted as an authority. The merchant knows that the buyer who is worthy of confidence will disclose enough relative to his affairs to justify him in granting the credit; while if there be any doubt as to his being "good," as an established principle, he refuses the credit or pushes his investigation far enough to satisfy himself that the transaction is a safe one. In a similar manner, then, those who invoke the authority of Jesus should first test that authority. If, under a critical examination, it breaks down, it is shown just to that extent not to have really been an authority, and our labors will have yielded valuable results. On the other hand, should our researches verify his teachings, the effect is, as it were, to substitute cash for credit, to perform for us the signal service of, to a greater or less extent, putting in place of the authority of a man those data and influences which humanity is capacitated to receive from its environment, thus reducing the extent of the mediatorship of authority, and acting upon conviction through a more intense realization, with a power which authority, from the very nature of the mind, cannot possess.

It will be claimed that the purpose of authority is to supply us with reliable knowledge, where either we are incompetent to discover the truth, or it would be inconvenient, if not impossible, for us to find it otherwise, and that, therefore, the proposal to test a man's authority by putting ourselves in his place, is tantamount to abolishing authority altogether as a factor in human life. But this view is erroneous. There may be a vast difference between both the extent and the depth of the knowledge of a man accepted as an authority, and one who tries to judge whether his word ought to be received or not. It is, indeed, desirable — with certain limitations with which we are not here concerned — to put ourselves in the place of an authority, that we may see things as he sees them. The verification which I contend is necessary extends, however, not to a



complete duplication of experience, so that one can say, "I see now that he *was* an authority, but as I now stand beside him, his authority can no longer aid me,"—though, as a matter of fact, the faith which led to the attempt to verify, *did* give value to the authority,—but in the realm of religion, it lies in the application of the principles taught by an alleged authority to all that we know, to determine whether or not they are consistent with our fund of knowledge. For example, Jesus taught the law of love, told men to love their neighbors. Now, to verify this law, as one calculated to lead to good results in our lives, to test it up to the point which inspires faith in its beneficence, nay, even to reach the conviction that it is indispensable as a means in attaining high ends which all men will concede to be desirable, we have only to examine the consequences in cases where a spirit of love has dominated in conduct, and where it has not, to reach the conclusion that the law is true, that love must be the animating spirit of an harmonious society. Even if one's realization of the place and necessary operation of the law of love is, then, less intense than Jesus possessed, we see that it is possible to verify this teaching so that it comes to have a new and more powerful significance. It is a question as to whether the *tendency*, in view of all our knowledge, is in the right direction.

Whatever is of abiding value in religion, and universal in application, must be susceptible of being stated as a set of principles. Their number is not large, and a person unworped by false dogmatic teachings, and not too much swayed by his passions, will have but little difficulty in verifying the more important of them, by the expenditure of a moderate amount of time in reflection. In view of the preceding arguments going to show that the emotional elements which pertain to the state of salvation are governed by law, and what has just been said relative to the method of verifying religious teachings, it is obvious how grossly Peter erred when he said of Jesus (Acts iv., 12), "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." After we have more carefully tested the teachings of Jesus, and set aside, without hesitation, whatever seems to us false or doubtful,—perhaps to be again sifted at future intervals,—we may rationally express our belief that, without a recognition of the principles he taught,

*and which we have verified*, and the moulding of our lives to them, we cannot be saved — cannot enter a state of harmony. But to hinge salvation upon the *personality* of Jesus, and especially *solely* upon *his* personality, as the book of Acts reports Peter as having done, can only be accomplished by an argument which starts with a false assumption, and shuts its eyes to the facts of man's nature, and of the universe; for nowhere in human experience do we find instances of that transfer of righteousness from one person to another, which is implied in the current views of salvation.

The authority of Jesus rests upon the same principles as that of other men in all departments of thought. Periods in which there is an outpouring of the spirit upon the flesh *must* question; questioning tears off the swaddling clothes of infancy, and arrays the child in brighter garments which favor freedom of movement, and a higher development. As I interpret him, Jesus says to us: "I have placed before you what, from my point of view, are the vital principles of individual and social development. Fear not to test and to apply them in all of the relations of life. If they are true, every blow of the hammer will chip off the rust and cause the resisting metal beneath to be more clearly seen; if they are false, it is best that the blows should crush them. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.' Live in my spirit, live in my principles, live in love; and in proportion as you do these things, you shall live also in that kingdom of harmony which is within man. 'Prove all things.' 'The truth shall make you free.'"

If it be objected that the dependence advocated upon what reason affirms to be true, substitutes a shifting for a fixed authority, my answer is, that in strict truth there cannot be a fixed authority; that it is inconsistent with the nature of the human mind. Bring forward your final statement of religious truth uncompromised by the least admixture of ambiguity, and prove to me that it cannot be transcended, that what *for you now* is the highest reach of *your* reason must be identical with the loftiest stretch of human reason! Since, then, first, salvation is, nominally, a definable emotional state; second, all emotional states are governed by law; third, knowledge of law is knowledge of truth; fourth, solely by the use of reason can we discover truth;—we are forced to admit as a conclusion that there is an inseparable

relation between our knowledge of the truth and the degree to which we can be saved, whence he who would lead man to salvation must preach the gospel of reason, must point him, not alone to the truth that may happen to be in the Bible, nor yet in the sacred books of all nations, but to every manifestation of God in his universe. He must promise him blessings in proportion as he renders himself sensitive to the impressions which he is capacitated to receive from without, as he draws sound conclusions from all the data thus received, and uses his will to embody these conclusions in conduct.

The recognition of the truths laid down in this essay, and the sincere adoption of the scientific method in theology as the only legitimate one, go a great ways towards making that transition from ethnic to universal Christianity for which many are looking to-day. It is to the latter to which the term "Neo-Christianity" can wisely be applied,—albeit the word may have been used by others in a different sense,—to a Christianity of the spirit and not of the letter; a religion which welcomes the new revelations of our time, rejoices in the visions of prophetic souls, and eagerly adopts all teachings certified by reason which can be shown to relate to the welfare of humanity; it is to this that the vanguard of thinking Anglo-Saxons will look in the twentieth century to lead them forward another stage towards the realization of the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Let us now pass beyond the bounds of Christianity, to which our discussion has been confined. As all rivers and streams lead at last to the one great ocean, so reason, which has the power to lift Christians above denominational fences, can raise Buddhist, Mohammedan, Parsee, Jew, and Christian into the higher atmosphere of universal truth. So long as Christianity and other great religions rest upon the personalities of semi-divine men, just so long will there be that strong partisanship which cries out, "Ours is the only God-man, and we will have no other." But when, conceding to these personalities all that can properly be demanded—and that is, indeed, much—and, placing them in our spiritual hierarchy according to our best estimate of their respective merits, we yet look behind them to the nature of God, of man, and the universe, for the verification of what we believe to be true, then, and not till then, can there be grounds for a reasonable expectation that the day of universal religion is

really at hand. There has been, in the so-called "heathen" lands, a too eager and intolerant proclamation of the superiority of Jesus; the false claim that without him, *as an individual*, there is no salvation; and the lack of candid recognition of the truth other races already possessed. When the dawn brightens into day, occident and orient, equator and poles will join hands in one religion, whose high priest will be Reason, and the great doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man will bless humanity, and unite all peoples in one harmonious family.

## WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS: THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

### VI.

#### SPECIFIC EVILS AND ABUSES IN FACTORY LIFE AND IN GENERAL TRADES.

Has civilization civilized? is the involuntary question, as one by one the fearful conditions hedging about workers on both sides of the sea, become apparent. At once, in any specific investigation we face abuses for which the system of production, rather than the employer, is often responsible, and for which science has as yet found either none or but a partial remedy. In England and on the Continent alike, work and torture become synonyms, and flesh and blood the cheapest of all nineteenth-century products. The best factory system swarms with problems yet unsolved. The worst, as it may be found in many a remote district of the Continent and even in England itself, is appalling in both daily fact and final result. It would seem at times as if the workshop meant only a form of preparation for the hospital, the workhouse, and the prison, since the workers therein become inoculated with trade diseases, mutilated by trade appliances, and corrupted by trade associates, till no healthy fibre, mental, moral, or physical, remains.

In the nail and chain making districts of England, Sundays are often abolished where these furnaces flame, and such rest as can be stolen comes on the cinder heaps. But these workers are few compared with the myriads who must battle with the most insidious and most potent of enemies, the dust of modern manufacture. There is dust of heckling flax, with an average of only fourteen years of work for the strongest; dust of emery powder, that has been known to destroy in a month; dust of pottery and sand and flint, so penetrating that the medical returns give cases of "stone"

for new-born babes; dust of rags foul with dirt and breeding fever in the picker; dust of wools from diseased animals, striking down the sorter. Wood, coal, flour, each has its own, penetrating where it can never be dislodged; and a less tangible enemy lurks in poisonous paints for flowers or wall paper, and in white lead, the foundation of other paints, blotching the skin of children, and ending for many in blindness, paralysis, and hideous sores.

This is one form; and side by side with it comes another, dealt with here and there, but as a rule ignored: vapors as deadly as dust; vapors of muriatic acid from pickling tins; of choking chlorine from bleaching-rooms; of gas and phosphorus, which even now, where strongest preventives are used, still pull away both teeth and jaws from many a worker in match factory; while acids used in cleaning, bleaching powders, and many an industry where women and children chiefly are employed, eat into hands and clothing and make each hour a torture.

With the countless forms of machinery for stamping and rolling and cutting and sawing, there is yet, in spite of all the safeguards the law compels, the saying still heard in these shops; "it takes three fingers to make a stamper." Carelessness often; but where two must work together, as is necessary in tending many of these machines, the partner's inattention is often responsible, and mutilation comes through no fault of one's own. Add to all these the suffering of little children taught lacemaking at four, sewing on buttons or picking threads far into the night, and driven through the long hours that they may add sixpence to the week's wage, and we have a hint of the grewsome catalogue of the human woe born of human need and human greed.

For the United States there is a steadily lessening proportion of these evils, and we shall deal chiefly with those found in existence by the respective bureaus of labor at the time when their investigations were made. Private and public investigation, made before their organization, had brought to light in Connecticut, and at many points in New England, gross abuses both in child labor and that of women and girl workers. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose to refer the reader to the mention of these contained in the first report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, as well as to Dr. Richard T. Ely's "History of the Labor Movement in

America," and to pass at once to the facts contained in the fifteenth report from Massachusetts.

The ventilation of factories and of workrooms in general is one of the first points considered. Naturally, facts of this order would be found in the testimony only of the more intelligent. Where factories are new and built expressly for their own purposes, ventilation is considered, and in many is excellent. But in smaller ones and in many industries, the structures used were not intended for this purpose. Closely built buildings shut off both light and air, which must come wholly from above, thus preventing circulation, and producing an effect both depressing and wearing. The agents in a number of cases found employees packed "like sardines in a box"; thirty-five persons, for example, in a small attic without ventilation of any kind. Some were in very low-studded rooms, with no ventilation save from windows, causing bad draughts and much sickness, and others in basements where dampness was added to cold and bad air.

In many cases the nature of the trade compelled closed windows, and no provision was made for ventilation in any other way. In one case girls were working in "little pens all shelved over, without sufficient light or air, windows not being open, for fear of cooling wax thread used on sewing-machines." \*

For a large proportion of the workrooms visited or reported upon was a condition ranging from dirty to filthy. In some where men and women were employed together in tailoring, the report reads:—

"Their shop is filthy and unfit to work in. There are no conveniences for women, and men and women use the same closets, wash basins, and drinking cups, etc."† In another a water closet in the centre of the room filled it with a sickening stench; yet forty hands were at work here, and there are many cases in which the location of these closets and the neglect of proper disinfectants makes, not only workrooms, but factories breeding-grounds of disease.

Lack of ventilation in almost all industries is the first evil and one of the most insidious. Other points affecting health are found in the nature of certain of the trades and the conditions under which they must be carried on. Feather

\* Fifteenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, p. 68.

† Fifteenth Annual Report for Massachusetts, p. 68.



sorters, fur workers, cotton sorters, all workers on any material that gives off dust, are subject to lung and bronchial troubles. In soap factories the girls' hands are eaten by the caustic soda, and by the end of the day the fingers are often raw and bleeding. In making buttons, pins, and other manufactures of this nature, there is always liability of getting the fingers jammed or caught. For the first three times the wounds are dressed without charge. After that the person injured must pay expenses. In these and many other trades work must be so closely watched that it brings on weakness of the eyes, so that many girls are under treatment for this.

In bakeries the girls stand from ten to sixteen hours a day, and break down after a short time. Boots and shoes oblige being on the feet all day, and this is the case for saleswomen, cash girls, and all factory workers. In type foundries the air is always filled with a fine dust produced by rubbing, and the girls employed have no color in their faces. In paper-box making constant standing brings on the same difficulties found among all workers who stand all day, and they complain also of the poison often resulting from the coloring matter used in making the boxes. In book-binderies, brush manufactories, etc., the work soon breaks down the girls.

In the clothing business the running of heavy sewing machines by foot power is a fruitful source of disease; and even where steam is used, the work is exhausting, and soon produces weakness and various difficulties.

In food preparations girls who clean and pack fish get blistered hands and fingers from the saltpetre employed by the fishermen. Others in "working stalls," stand in cold water all day, and have the hands in cold water; and in laundries, confectionery establishments, etc., excessive heat and standing in steam make workers especially liable to throat and lung diseases, as well as those induced by continuous standing.

Straw goods produce a fine dust, and cause a constant hacking among the girls at work upon them; and the acids used in setting the colors often produce "acid sores" upon the ends of the fingers.

In match factories, even with the usual precautions, necrosis often attacks the worker, and the jaw is eaten away. Sores, ulcerations, and suffering of many orders is the

portion of workers in chemicals. In many cases a little expenditure on the part of the employer would prevent this; but unless brought up by an inspector, no precautions are taken.

The question of seats for saleswomen comes up periodically, has been at some points legislated upon, and is, in most stores, ignored or evaded. "The girls look better — more as if they were ready for work," is the word of one employer, who frankly admitted that he did not mean they should sit; and this is the opinion acted upon by most. Insufficient time for meals is a universal complaint; and nine times out of ten, the conveniences provided are insufficient for the numbers who must use them, and thus throw off offensive and dangerous effluvia.

It is one of the worst evils in shop life, not only for Massachusetts, but for the entire United States, that in all large stores, where fixed rules must necessarily be adopted, girls are forced to ask men for permission to go to closets, and often must run the gauntlet of men and boys. All physicians who treat this class testify to the fact that many become seriously diseased as the result of unwillingness to subject themselves to this ordeal.

One of the ablest factory inspectors in this country, or indeed in any country, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames of Boston, reports this as one of the least regarded points, in a large proportion of the factories and manufacturing establishments visited, but adds that it arises often from pure ignorance and carelessness, and is remedied as soon as attention is called to it.

Taking up the other New England reports in which reference to these evils is found, the testimony is the same. Law is often evaded or wholly set aside, at times through carelessness, at others wilfully. The most exhaustive treatment of this subject in all its bearings is found in the Report of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor for 1889, the larger portion of it being devoted to the fullest consideration of the hygiene of occupation, the diseases peculiar to special trades, and general sanitary conditions and methods of working, not only in "dangerous, unhealthy, or noxious trades," but in all. Commissioner Bishop gives many instances of working under fearful conditions absolutely destructive to health, and often to morals; and the report may be regarded as the most authoritative word yet spoken in this direction.

It is hardly necessary to go on specifying special violations of sanitary law or special illustrative cases. The Report of the New York Bureau of Labor for 1885 is a magazine of such cases — a summary of all the horrors that the worst conditions can include. Aside from the revolting pictures of the life lived from day to day, by the workers themselves, it gives in detail case after case of rapacity and over-reaching on the part of the employers; and parallel ones may be found in every labor report which has touched upon the subject.

In New York a "Working Woman's Protective Union," formed more than twenty-five years ago, has done unceasing work in settling disputed claims and collecting wages unjustly withheld. No case is entered on its books which has not been examined by their lawyer, but the records show nearly 50,000 adjudicated since they began work. Many cities have special committees, in the organized charities, who seek to cover the same ground, but who find it impossible to do all that is required. From East and West alike, complaints are practically the same. It is not only women in trades, but those in domestic service, who are recorded as suffering every form of oppression and injustice. Colorado and California, Kansas and Wisconsin speak the same word. With varying industries wrongs vary, but the general summary is the same.

In the matter of domestic service, even when every admission has been made as to the incompetence and insubordination that the employer must often face, the commissioner for Minnesota, after stating the advantages of the domestic servant over the general worker, adds that only about a fifth of those who employ them are fit to deal with any worker, injustice and oppression characterizing their methods.

The system of fines, while on general principles often just, has been used by unscrupulous employers to such a degree as to bring the week's wages down a third or even half. It is impossible to give illustrative instances in detail; but all who deal with girls, in clubs and elsewhere, report that the system requires modification.

On the side of the employers, and as bearing also on the evils which are most marked among women workers, we may quote from the Government Report, "Working Women in Large Cities."

Actual ill-treatment by employers seems to be infrequent. . . . Foreigners are often found to be more considerate of their help than native-born men, and the kindest proprietor in the world is a Jew of the better class. In some shops week workers are locked out for the half-day if late, or docked for every minute of time lost, an extra fine being often added. Piece workers have great freedom as to hours, and employers complain much of tardiness and absenteeism. The mere existence of health and labor laws insures privileges formerly unheard of; half-holidays in summer, vacation with pay, and shorter hours are becoming every year more frequent, better workshops are constructed, and more comfortable accommodations are being furnished.

This is most certainly true, but more light shows the shadows even more clearly; and the fact remains that every force must be brought to bear, to remedy the evils depicted in the reports of the bureaus quoted here.

The general conditions of working women in New York retail stores have been reported upon within the last year by a committee from the "Working Woman's Society," at 27 Clinton Place, New York. The report was read at a mass meeting held at Chickering Hall, May 6, 1890, and its statements represent general conditions in all the large cities of the United States. It is impossible to give more than the principal points of the report, but readers can obtain it on application to the secretary of the association.\* These are as follows:—

Hours are often excessive, and employees are not paid for over-time. Many stores give no half-holiday, and keep open on Saturdays till ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, and at the holiday season do this for three or four weeks nightly.

Sanitary conditions are usually bad, and include bad ventilation, unsanitary arrangements, and indifference to the considerations of decency. Toilet arrangements in many stores are horrible, and closets for male and female are often side by side, with only slight partition between. One hand basin and towel serve for all. Often water for drink can be obtained only from the attic.

Numbers of children under age are employed for excessive hours, and at work far beyond their strength.

Service for a number of years often meets with no consideration, but is regarded as a reason for dismissal. It is the rule in some stores to keep no one over five years, lest

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\* Secretary of the Working Woman's Society, 27 Clinton Place, New York.

they come to feel that they have some claim on the firm; and when a saleswoman is dismissed from one house she finds it almost impossible to obtain employment in another.

The wages are reduced by excessive fines, employers placing a value upon time lost that is not given to services rendered. The fines run from 5 to 30 cents for a few minutes' tardiness. In some stores the fines are divided at the end of the year between the timekeeper and the superintendent, and there is thus every temptation to injustice.

The report concludes:—

We find that, through low wages, long hours, unwholesome sanitary conditions, and the discouraging effect of excessive fines, not only is the physical condition injured, but the tendency is to injure the moral well being. It is simply impossible for a woman to live without assistance on the low salary a saleswoman earns, without depriving herself of real necessities.

These were the conditions which, in 1889, led to the formation of the little society which, though always limited in numbers, has done admirable and efficient work, its latest effort being to secure from the Assembly at Albany, during the past winter, a bill making inspection of stores and shops as obligatory as that of factories. In spite, however, of much agitation of all phases of woman's work, it is only some wrong as startling as that involved in the sweating system that seems able to arouse more than a temporary interest. One of the most able and experienced women inspectors of the United States Bureau of Labor, Miss de Grafenried, has lately written:—

It is an open question whether woman's pay is not falling, cost and standards of living considered. Could partly supported labor and children be eliminated, shop employees would get higher rates. Still there are other economic anomalies that affect women's wages. "Wholesalers" and manufacturers shut up their factories and "give out" everything — umbrellas, coats, hair-wigs, and shrouds — to be made — they know not in what den, or wrung they care not from what misery. . . . Again, wages are depressed by over-stimulating piece work, and its unscrupulous use by proprietors who hesitate to confess to paying women only \$3 or \$4 a week, yet who scale prices so that only experts can earn that sum. Many employers cut rates as soon as, by desperate exertions, operatives clear \$5 a week. Then, underbidding from the unemployed is a fruitful source of low wages Massachusetts has 20 per cent of her workers unemployed.

These conditions, while varying as to numbers, are practically the same for the work of women in all parts of the

United States, and are matters of increasing perplexity and sorrow to every searcher into these problems. At its best, woman's work in industries is intermittent, since it is only textile work that continues the year round; dress and cloak making, shoe and umbrella making, fur sewing and millinery, having specific seasons, in the intervals between which the worker waits and starves, or, if too desperate, goes upon the streets, driven there by the wretched competitive system, the evils of which increase in direct ratio to the longing for speedy wealth. In short, matters are at that point where only radical change of methods can better the situation, even the most conservative observer, relying most thoroughly upon evolution, feeling something more than evolution must work if justice is to have place in the present social scheme.

#### REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

The student of social problems who faces the misery of the lowest order of worker, and the sharp privation endured by many even of the better class, is apt, in the first fever of amazement and indignation, to feel that some instant force must be brought to bear and justice secured, though the heavens fall. It is this sense of the struggle of humanity out of which have been born Utopias of every order, from the Republic of Plato to the dream in "Looking Backward." Not one of these can be spared; and that they exist and find a following larger and larger, is the surest evidence of the soul at the bottom of each. But for those who take the question as a whole, who see how slow has been the process of evolution, and how impossible it is to hasten one step of the unfolding that humankind is still to know, it is the ethical side that comes uppermost, and that first demands consideration.

Taking the mass of the lowest order of workers at all points, the first aim of any effort intended for their benefit is to disentangle the individual from the mass. It is not charity that is to do this. "Homes" of every variety open their doors; but in all of them still lurks the suspicion of charity, and even when this has no active formulation in the worker's mind, there is still the underlying sense of the essential injustice of withholding with one hand just pay, and with the other proffering a substitute, in a charity which



is to reflect credit on the giver and demand gratitude from the receiver. Here and there this is recognized, and within a short time has been emphasized by a woman whose name is associated with the work of organized charities throughout the country — Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. It is doubtful if there is any woman in the country better fitted, by long experience and almost matchless common sense, to speak authoritatively. She writes:—

So far from assuming that the well-to-do portion of society have discharged all their obligations to men and God by supporting charitable institutions, I regard just this expenditure as one of the prime causes of the suffering and crime that exist in our midst. . . . I am inclined, in general, to look upon what is called charity as the insult added to the injury done to the mass of the people, by insufficient payment for work.

Just pay, then, heads the list of remedies. The difficulty of fixing this is necessarily enormous, nor can it come at once; since education for not only the employer but the public as a whole is demanded. To bring this about is a slow process. It is a transition period in which we live. Material conditions, born of phenomenal material progress, have deadened the sense as to what constitutes real progress; and the working woman of to-day contends not only with visible but invisible obstacles, the nature of which we are but just beginning to discern. Twenty years ago, M. Paul Leroy-Peaulieu wrote of women wage-earners:—

From the economic point of view, woman, who has next to no material force, and whose arms are advantageously replaced by the least machine, can have useful place and obtain a fair remuneration only by the development of the best qualities of her intelligence. It is the inexorable law of our civilization — the principle and formula even of social progress — that mechanical engines are to perform every operation of human labor which does not proceed directly from the mind. The hand of man is each day deprived of a portion of its original task, but this general gain is a loss for the particular, and for the classes whose only instrument of labor is a pair of feeble arms.

Take the fact here stated, and add to it all that is implied in modern competitive conditions, and we see the true nature of the task that awaits us. To do away with this competition would not accomplish the end desired. To guide it and bring it into intelligent lines is part of the general education. Profit sharing is an indispensable portion of the justice to be done; and this, too, implies education for both sides, and



would go far toward lessening burdens. We cannot abolish the factory, but hours can be shortened; the labor of married women, with young children, forbidden, as well as that of children below a fixed age. Industrial education will prevent the possibility of another generation owning so many incompetent and untrained workers, and technical schools in general are already raising the standard and helping to secure the same end.

Our present methods mean waste in every direction, and trusts and syndicates have already demonstrated how much may be saved to the producer if intelligent combination can be brought about. Competition can never wholly be set aside, since within reasonable limits it is the spur of invention and a part of evolution itself. But if wise co-operation be once adopted, the enormous friction and waste of present methods ceases, the waste of human life as well as of material.

How best to combine and to what ends, is the lesson taught in every form of the new movement for organization among women. To learn how to work together and what power lies in combination, has been the lesson of all clubs. Among men it has counted as one of the chief educating forces, but for women every circumstance has fostered the distrust of each other which belongs to all undeveloped natures. For the lowest order of worker even, *The Working Woman's Journal*, published in London and the organ of the Working Woman's Protective Union, has for the last year recorded, from month to month, the gradual progress of the idea of combination, and the new hope it has brought to all who have gone into trades unions.

With us, there has been equal need and equal ignorance of all that such combinations have to give. They mean arbitration rather than strikes, and the compelling of ignorant and unjust employers to consider the situation from other points of view than their own. They compel also the same attitude from men in the same trades, who often are as strong opponents of a better chance for their associates among women workers in the same branches, as the most prejudiced employer.

Six points are urged by the Working Woman's Society of New York, all in the lines indicated here. Its purposes and aims as given in the prospectus are as follows:—

1. To encourage women in the various trades to protect their mutual interests by organization.
2. To use all possible means to enforce the existing laws relating to the protection of women and children in factories and shops, investigating all reported violations of such laws; also to promote, by all suitable means, further legislation in this direction.
3. To work for the abolition of tenement-house manufacture, especially in the cigar and clothing trades.
4. To investigate all reported cases of cruel treatment on the part of employers and their managers to their women and children employees, in withholding money due, in imposing fines, or in docking wages without sufficient reason.
5. To found a labor bureau for the purpose of facilitating the exchanging of labor between city and country, thus relieving the overcrowded occupations now filled by women.
6. To publish a journal in the interests of working women.
7. To secure equal pay for both sexes for equal work.

These points are the same as those made by the few clubs which have taken up the question of woman's work and wages, but thus far only this society has formulated them definitely. There is, however, stir at all points. Working girls' clubs, friendly societies, and guilds are giving to the worker new thoughts and new purposes. The Convention of Working Girls' Clubs held in New York in April, 1890, showed the wide-reaching influence they had attained, and the new ideals opening before the worker. It showed also with equal force the roused sense of responsibility toward them, and the eager interest and desire for their betterment in all ways. Where they themselves touched upon their needs, there were direct statements in the same line as many already quoted, which called for better pay, better conditions, shorter hours, and fewer fines.

Legislation can do much. The appointment of women inspectors, lately brought about for New York, is imperative at all points, since women will tell women the evils they would never mention to men. Law can also demand decent sanitary conditions, and affix a penalty for every violation. Beyond this, and the awakening of the public conscience as to what is owed the honest worker, little can be said. Enlightenment, a better chance at every point for the struggling

mass—that is the work for each and all of them, and for those who would aid the constant demand and labor for justice in its largest sense, and its most rigorous application. Once rendered on both sides, abuses die of pure inanition. The tenement-house system, every abuse that hedges about special trades, every wrong born of cupidity and ignorance, and all base features of trade at its worst, end once for all, and we see the end and aim of the social life, whether for employer or employed.

A generation ago Mazzini wrote:—

The human soul, not the body, should be the starting-point of all our efforts, since the body without the soul is only a carcass, whilst the soul, wherever it is found free and holy, is sure to mould for itself such a body as its wants and vocation require.

It is this soul-moulding that is given chiefly into the hands of women. It is through them that the higher ideal of life, its purpose, and its demands, is to be made known. No present scheme of general philanthropy can touch this need. It is growth in the human soul itself, that will mean justice from the employer to each and every worker, and from the worker in equal measure to the employer; and this justice can be implanted in the child as certainly as many another virtue, into the knowledge and love of which we grow but slowly.

Never has deeper interest followed every movement for the understanding and bettering of conditions. Never was there stronger ground for hope that, in spite of the worst abuses existing, man's will is to join hands at last with natural evolution, toward higher forms. Faith and hope alike find their assurance in the increasing sense of the solidarity of humankind, and the spirit of brotherhood more and more discernible, which, as it grows, must end all oppression, conscious and unconscious. The old days of darkness are dying. Man knows at last that

“Laying hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt,”

and in knowing it, the first step is taken in the new life wherein all are brothers; and the law of love, slowly as it may work, ends forever the long conflict between employer and employed.

## INNOCENCE AT THE PRICE OF IGNORANCE.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

A TABLE of contents is, to the experienced reader, precisely the same as is a bill of fare to the gormand. The latter will scan with a gluttonous eye the dishes advertised on the bill, and order at once the tidbit that happens to strike his fancy; the former, glancing over the table of contents, will turn at once to the article which attracts him by its title. Authors and cooks, therefore, devote a great deal of thought to the selection of a name for their productions. A striking title, publishers say, will sell the book; but, after all, the old saw will keep up its reputation, that "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it." It frequently happens that, induced by a high-sounding French name, we order a dish, to be disgusted when we taste of it; likewise, induced by an attractive title, we sometimes eagerly open a book, to lay it aside, utterly disappointed. Looking over such a table of contents in one of the magazines lately, I found the title of an article which at once struck my fancy. The paper was written by an able writer,—no less a person than Amélie Rives,—and was named, "Innocence versus Ignorance."

Having read some of the productions of this authoress, I expected to find the subjects which the title embraced discussed in a manner that would leave no doubt as to which of the two, "Innocence" or "Ignorance," should be preferred. Eagerly I cut the pages; expectantly I wound through the preliminary definitions; but though I could see that the writer *intended* to say something, I found that she lacked the courage to handle the subject. I closed the book, with a feeling similar to that of the gormand who finds the dish which he has ordered not palatable.

I did not feel called upon to criticise the essay, but time and again I felt a force urging me to treat the same subjects from my point of view. All persons who are in the habit of writing will share with me that unpleasant sensation that takes hold of us when once an idea strikes us like a flash of

lightning, and pleads with us to give it expression. No matter how long we may delay it, or how often we may reject it, we find no rest until we have done its bidding. Let this explanation suffice for the appearance of this article.

All persons who have a fair understanding of the language which they speak, know that "innocence" means "free from guilt." A person is called "innocent" who is unable, or not expected, to do or have done harm to others. However, a different meaning attaches to the word—a meaning which, strange to say, makes the term related to "ignorance." We call a person, and especially a young person, "innocent" when he or she is ignorant of the working of certain physical laws; viz., the laws that govern reproduction. In this sense, the word "innocence," and its adjective, "innocent," are generally applied, and in this very sense Amélie Rives endeavored to discuss them.

How does it happen that the idea of innocence, denoting absence of guilt, has become connected with the idea of ignorance, and then only when this lack of knowledge beclouds only this one, special, physical law? We do not call a person innocent when he does not know how many are three times three; we do not praise him as being innocent because he has never heard of Alexander the Great, or some other historical person; and most assuredly we do not call him innocent who is ignorant of the laws of magnetism or electricity. Only when it comes to that one, great, natural force, that wills the continuance of the species; to the knowledge of the laws by which this force is regulated, or to the ways in which it manifests itself, do we demand of persons, and mind, of young ones only, that they should be innocent, viz., ignorant, of it. Only then do we praise them and call them "innocent."

Is there any guilt or any sin connected with the manifestation of this force? Are those who yield to it committing a crime? Is marriage merely a compromise? is it the mere choice of the lesser evil, acknowledging it a sin, that much better were not committed, and against which the coming generation should be guarded by being kept in utter ignorance of its existence? How has it ever happened that it is considered praiseworthy when men and women (and especially the latter) enter matrimony in utter ignorance of the sacred duties which they have to fulfil; in utter ignorance of

the working of that force that has attracted them and now unites them; in utter ignorance of the obligation which parenthood lays upon them? If a man should enter a business enterprise ignorant of the duties which he has to perform; if a woman were to assume the position of a cook ignorant of how to build a fire or how to boil water, we would not trust them, nor hire them for such an office; but in a matter where the whole welfare of the future is concerned, where the prosperity of a new being called into existence is at stake, we not only close our eyes to the incompetency of parents, but we consider it praiseworthy that they are "innocent," that is, ignorant of the very acts which involve parenthood. I can find but three reasons to account for this paradox, which — let us acknowledge it frankly — is universal.

In the first place, this kind of ignorance is merely supposed, because the knowledge of the duties of parenthood comes to human kind by intuition, as it comes to the plant or to the animal by instinct. If a couple were kept on a desolate island, away from all sources through which that knowledge could flow to them, they would still acquire it. Nature herself reveals it to them. The need to teach what is learned without a teacher is, therefore, not felt so much.

Secondly, the force that wills the continuance of the species is so immense that, like a torrent, it carries people away to excesses. Nature does not care for the individual nor for individual life, but only for the species. She supplies with superabundance the means for the continuance of the kind, while she cares little what becomes of individuals. She creates millions, while desiring only that thousands should live. She manifests by hunger her will that the individual should exist; and how great is the force of hunger, is generally known to all. Yet a thousand times stronger is that force which she applies to the preservation of the species. You may ignore that the sexual life exists independently from the rest of human activity; you may deny that it is a resistless force — but such denial will not remove it. Why should we, ostrich-like, hide our faces in the sand in order that we may not notice the presence of this force? Could we not withstand the enemy, if an enemy it is, by facing it boldly?

The third reason is of a more philosophical nature. Owing to the many evils with which life is beset, pessimism has led



people to believe that parents commit a kind of wrong when they give life to children. As the evils exist only in so far as they are experienced by sentient beings, the salvation of the world seemed within reach to some philosophers, provided propagation could be suppressed. Self-abnegation, bordering upon suicide, was made the foundation of a pious life; and as it was impossible to curb Nature in her attempt to preserve the species by reproduction, the odium of sin was at least stamped upon the act. This pessimistic philosophy, born in India, found its way into Christianity, and thus propagation having become synonymous with "sin," persons who not even knew anything of it, were called "innocent."

Now, when we see that the distinction between man and the animal consists in that the latter follows its instinct without thought, while the former, learning from experience, lifts himself above nature, and regulates all his actions by reason; when we observe how the hypocrisy which ignores one of the greatest forces in nature avails little, because, in fact, all must yield to it; when, finally, we see that pessimism has never been able to stifle the craving for life which Nature has planted in the human species, we must come to the conclusion that *ignoring* a fact is not *mastering* it; or that if there is any guilt or sin attached to an action, this cannot be removed by withholding the knowledge of it.

First of all, we ought to understand that whatever Nature has ordered is free from guilt; there is no more sin connected with the act of propagation than there is with appeasing one's hunger. Sin and guilt enter upon the stage, in both cases, only when we go into excesses. As we have to study the various processes through which food will go before it is assimilated and changed into a vital force, so we ought to learn all about the laws by which the existence of future generations is circumscribed. If ignorance in the latter case is called innocence, and praised as such, why should ignorance in the former case not be laudable also? Or *vice versa*, if knowledge is demanded in one case, and ignorance considered culpable, why should the same demand not hold out also in the other? That the welfare of future generations is left to chance, and that from a false shame people hesitate to give to their children at least their own experience, is no proof that it must remain forever so, and that we ought never to act differently. Granted, that all



questions which children ignorantly ask of us cannot be answered before they have advanced in years, and that therefore they must be told to wait for an answer till time will be ripe, there is no reason why, at the time when mind and body have reached maturity, proper instructions should not be given to the young in regard to this most important of all the relations in which they stand to the surrounding world. Why should we insist upon their ignorance, and falsely call it innocence? Why should we leave it to instinct, and let them find out for themselves, with difficulty, what could be told to them in a few words?

Can the vast experience of mankind be duplicated within the space of one individual life? Would we expect that a person could find out by himself, in so short a time as is his life, all the knowledge and experience which humanity has accumulated in the art of shipbuilding, or in any other profession? It is because ignorance was called innocence, that even to-day, after thousands of years of existence, mankind has progressed but little in the knowledge of the laws that regulate parenthood. How little we know as yet about heredity—and yet enough to understand how powerful the forces are that shape us, and how dependent we are upon them; enough to know that the passions that stir our souls are as much the effects of causes as is the color of our hair or the form of our features. We know that we have to bear all the consequences of all the acts committed by a long line of ancestry; and still we do not as yet know how to use these eternal laws to advantage, simply because our experience has ever remained individual, and has never become universal, as was the case in other branches of science. Especially that half of the human kind upon whom nature has laid the strictest obligation to take care of the future, viz., the female sex, which has more to suffer from any infringement upon natural laws than has the male sex, is left to grope in the dark; is thrown upon mere instinct, and kept in the darkest ignorance as to the laws upon which depend, not only their own welfare, but that of their offspring. They are taught a multitude of things, and yet the greatest secrecy is kept in regard to the most important relation into which they are to enter. They are not trained how to take care of children, when they shall become mothers, much to the detriment of their progeny.

Wise educators have always asked only for this one thing: "Give us cultured and educated mothers," they have said, "and we will give you a cultured and well-educated society." Where, however, are these cultured and well-educated mothers to come from, if the female sex is never to be made familiar with its mission in the world, but is forever to be kept in ignorance of the most vital principle of life, while this ignorance is glorified by being called innocence? As all mothers are not able to instruct their daughters in the various branches of science that are taught in the schools, teachers are selected to do for them what their mothers cannot do; and thus as not every mother may at present be able to understand, and, therefore, to teach her daughter the laws upon which motherhood is founded, why shall not teachers of the same sex treat upon these laws as well as they give instruction in other branches? What is needed is that a beginning be made. If the masses were properly instructed, a great many vices which now prevail would go out of existence. Knowledge is light, and before light evil ever flees. Ignorance is darkness, and befriends wickedness. I believe that the person only could justly be called innocent who is fully aware of all the forces against which he must strive, and that ignorance is rather the consort of guilt. The time must come when every couple who enter into marriage relationship will be fully aware of their duties, and fully instructed in the laws that regulate the physical part of it. Ignorance will then not be confounded with innocence. As to-day we praise the young woman who marries, ignorant of her future duties, thus, in times to come, the one will receive appreciation who has fully familiarized herself with all the obligations appertaining to motherhood.

# THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY C. J. BUELL.

## PART I.

### THE FAILURE OF COMMODITY MONEY.

As soon as it was found profitable for each man to devote himself to the things he knew most about, and then exchange his surplus with his neighbors, there arose a need for money.

How did man supply this need?

Listen to Adam Smith: "Every prudent man must naturally have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner as to have always by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the products of their industry."

As each man was at liberty to choose for himself, and as experience would constantly tend to teach people what articles were best fitted for such use, in course of time, in every tribe, one or two of the commodities with the most desirable qualities naturally came into use as money.

Though very numerous and very diverse in their nature, these articles were the best that could be had under the circumstances. They were either the free offerings of nature or such things as their knowledge of the arts enabled the people to produce readily, and range all the way from a shingle nail to a drove of cattle: cowry shells on the coast of Africa, and wampum among the American Indians; coonskins in Tennessee, and the furs of the otter and the beaver in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company; sheep and cattle among the ancient Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Norsh, and Germans; horses in Tartary; reindeer in Lapland; dogs among the Esquimaux; camels and elephants in warmer climates; wheat, barley, and oats in Europe; maize in parts of Central America, and tobacco among the early Virginians, who having bought wives from some enterprising shipmasters, paid for them in that weed; olive oil along the Mediterranean; cubes of pressed tea in Chinese Tartary; codfish

in Newfoundland ; salt in Abyssinia, and cakes of soap among the Mexican greasers ; nails in certain Scotch villages ; little bars of iron among the Tennessee mountains, and leaden bullets in colonial Massachusetts, where they were in great demand for shooting Indians and English ; tin in England, Rome, Syracuse, Java, Mexico, and the Straits of Malacca ; gold dust and silver ingots, wherever those metals were found in a natural state or could be secured by exchange.

From the above facts come the following conclusions : —

1. When civilization had begun to outgrow the system of barter, and, as a consequence, that system had become somewhat cumbersome, then money began to come into use, working its way into general favor in a perfectly natural manner, the same as clothing, houses, or any other article of convenience. It was used before there was any law on the subject, and is used to-day by people who have no written statutes. Such money is therefore not a creation of law or governments.

2. All the articles that have thus naturally grown into use as money are such as possess in themselves qualities that would give them a more or less permanent value, and would bring them into general demand with the people among whom they circulated.

3. Such articles as were best fitted for this purpose were the ones that came into most general use, thus conforming to the law of natural selection. The fact that, among all civilized people, gold and silver have come into use as money, goes far to prove their superior fitness for such a purpose.

The loss, annoyance, and inconvenience of using these metals in their rough state has led to their being stamped, as a guarantee of their weight and fineness. The stamp on a gold dollar simply says, "This piece of metal weighs twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, nine-tenths pure gold and one-tenth valueless alloy." Just so with those coins that have been named silver dollars. The stamp is only a guarantee that each one weighs four hundred and twelve and one-half grains, nine-tenths silver, the rest alloy.

This fixing of the stamp is the only function government can justly exercise as to the coined money of any people. Its duty begins and ends in placing its stamp on the gold or silver brought to its mints. In addition to this most governments assume to "regulate" the *value* of coins. With just as much reason they might attempt to regulate the path of

the earth around the sun, or pass an act ordering a transit of Venus.

The truth is that the natural value of gold or silver is a matter wholly independent of parliaments or congresses. A body of legislators may declare that sixteen ounces of silver shall be worth the same as one ounce of gold, but such an act can have no more effect than the pope's bull against the cornet. Gold and silver, like all other products of human labor, are subject to fluctuations in value. Suppose that to-day a pound of gold is worth just sixteen times as much as a pound of silver. Suppose new mines are discovered to-morrow, and the amount of gold produced is thereby greatly increased, is it not plain that a pound of gold will not now be worth sixteen pounds of silver, but only thirteen, or perhaps ten or less? Is it not plain that, if new discoveries of mines or improvements in the arts should enable a ton of gold to be produced with the same labor required to put out a ton of pig iron, the gold would be worth no more than the iron?

The same is true of silver. That both gold and silver have fluctuated enormously in value, is a fact well known to students of the currency question. I desire to especially emphasize this truth, because there are many people who are positively certain that in gold and silver, or in gold alone, nature has provided mankind with a standard of value that is absolutely perfect, that never fluctuates or changes by the value of the fractional part of nothing. Says Professor Jevons: "There is abundant evidence to prove that the real value of gold has undergone extensive changes. Between 1789 and 1809 it fell forty-six per cent. From 1809 to 1849 it rose again by one hundred and forty-five per cent, rendering government annuities and all fixed payments extending over this period almost two and one-half times as valuable as they were in 1809." ("Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," p. 325.)

What an engine for robbing debtors to benefit creditors! From 1849 to about 1872 Professor Jevons shows that gold fell in value at least twenty per cent, and David A. Wells assures us that during the past twenty years the value of gold has increased steadily about two per cent a year, by so much impoverishing all debtors and enriching all creditors. All these changes have come about through the discovery of

new mines, which caused gold to fall in value, or through increase in the demand for gold, which caused a rise. All, except the rise of gold, since 1872 were not much, if at all due to legislation. The late demonetization of silver by many nations, and the consequent increase in the demand for gold as a basis of currency, has had much to do with the recent rise in the value of that metal.

What a wonderfully perfect standard of value gold is, to be sure! Think of a yardstick, three feet long in 1789, shrunk to nineteen and one-half inches in 1809, stretched again to four feet in 1849, reduced in 1872 to thirty-eight and one-half inches, and now four feet three and nine-tenths inches long, and growing longer every day! Would not that be a remarkably safe thing to measure cloth with? And yet we are to-day measuring our debts and credits by a standard no more perfect. Selfish creditors will strenuously insist on maintaining the single gold standard, for by that means they are rapidly growing richer. Foolish debtors will clamor for free coinage, hoping thereby to get cheaper money with which to pay their debts.

These bad results are inherent in any system of currency based upon such an unstable foundation as gold and silver or any other product of human labor whose value is always changing and must ever continue to change. Of course all those evils that are inherent in gold and silver, or any other commodity money, also attach to paper money based upon those commodities, except that the paper is lighter and easier to carry.

If the demonetization of silver was a piece of criminal impudence on the part of Congress, the present policy of buying four and one-half millions of ounces monthly to pile up in vaults, utterly useless to all the world, can only be characterized as monumental stupidity.

A lot of paternalistic congressmen, urged on by the creditor class, feeling themselves far above the people whose servants they are, decide that silver shall no longer be coined. Then, at the instance of the silver-mine owners, a future congress concludes to buy up a part of their product and store it in vaults. They afterward increase the amount they will buy, and thus extend further favors to the mine owners, who are now demanding that the people buy their entire output, no matter how large it may become.

All this vividly illustrates the rapid descent of a people when once they start on the downward path of paternalism.

And now come the farmers with their sub-treasury and land-loan schemes, asking that the parental government take them in out of the cold and grant them similar favors.

And why is it not just as reasonable to buy up wheat and corn and salt pork, and issue certificates against them, as to purchase gold and silver for that purpose?

Whither are we drifting? How long before millers, bakers, and ironmongers, house builders and manufacturers of all kinds, and all the infinite crowd of wealth producers will be flocking to Washington and demanding the same privileges?

The whole thing is utterly absurd, and would be a roaring farce, were it not for the tragedy inevitably linked with it. No, no! the currency question can never be solved in any such senseless manner. We are off the track. Let us back up, take our common sense on board, and make a new start.

## PART II.

### COMMON-SENSE PAPER MONEY.

Just as the cumbersome system of barter, forced by the needs of an advancing civilization, had to give way to commodity money and its paper representatives, so now a further advance in human progress makes a still better currency not only possible but necessary. Barter had its day and served its useful purpose; commodity money arose, developed, and greatly helped mankind; but it is destined to disappear and give place to a system as much superior to itself as it was better than barter.

The road out of our present difficulty and into a better system is neither crooked nor obscure, but opens wide and plain before us.

Let us get down to the root of the thing.

Society, through its chosen agents, performs certain services for the people.

For those services the people pay taxes into the public treasury. Thus we see that the people's agent, the government, is constantly purchasing materials and services from individual citizens, and paying for them out of the taxes it has collected from all the people.



The revenue thus collected from the people amounts to something more than seven hundred millions of dollars per year, about one half going into the national treasury and the remainder covering state and local taxes.

If national revenue amounts to three hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, then that amount can be paid out yearly for national purposes.

We do not need to consider here whether this vast sum is raised in an equitable manner or not, nor whether the work done by our servants in Washington is worth what it costs. The fact remains that the United States government has a steady and regular revenue of about that sum annually to draw against.

Now, it is plain that if my banker owed me ten thousand dollars per year, I could draw checks on him to that amount, and he would be glad to honor them. It is also plain that I would not need a dollar's worth of gold or silver, nor of any other valuable thing stowed away anywhere on account of these checks I had issued. So long as I did not draw on him for more than he owed me, he would be satisfied. These checks, when returned to me, would be evidence that he had paid me what he owed me. I could either destroy them and issue new ones against his next year's indebtedness to me, or I could re-issue the same ones, as I had need to collect from him what he owed me the next year.

The parallel is complete. For the services rendered by the national government, to pay pensions and provide for the national debt, the people owe, let us say, three hundred and fifty million dollars annually. Is it not plain that the simple and easy thing to do is to draw on the people for materials and services as they are needed for public purposes, and issue, to those from whom the services or materials are received, checks or certificates, bearing upon their face the amount of the value received? These certificates, returned to government in payment of taxes, would complete the exchange and show that the services rendered by government had been paid for.

Knowing that such certificates had never been issued in excess of the revenues due to government, and knowing that they could always be used in paying those dues, they would freely pass current anywhere within the limits of the nation as the simplest and most convenient money possible. The

only precaution necessary is that these certificates be never issued except for services rendered or materials furnished, and that government never purchase services or materials in excess of its revenue.

Such a currency, issued in suitable size and shape, and of convenient denominations, would possess all the essential characteristics of good money. It is not heavy to carry about, can be made to represent the smallest sums or the largest amounts, and, properly engraved, is easy to recognize and difficult to counterfeit; it is infinitely safer than any form of bank notes, for it would always be received by the government at its face value. As our needed revenue is very regular and constant in amount, increasing steadily with the growth of population and the consequent public needs, there would be no danger from inflation or contraction; but the volume would be perfectly self-regulative. If population increased, the duties of government would increase proportionately, the needed revenue would keep equal pace, and the volume of currency would follow step by step the increase of population and the consequent need for more money. If population remain stationary, government dues and the volume of currency will do the same; while if the people diminish in number, the needed revenue grows less proportionately, and so will the amount of money in circulation. With all these changes, the number of dollars per capita would remain substantially constant.

In stability of value this is a more perfect medium of exchange than any other ever used. Gold and silver and all other commodity money must necessarily fluctuate in value with every change in the art of producing the substance out of which it is made. All paper money based on commodities must share the same fluctuations, while bank notes possess the additional objection that their value always depends largely upon the soundness of the bank, upon the honesty of the officials, the wisdom of their management, and their financial ability to meet obligations.

True, the currency proposed, like all paper currency, has no value *in itself*, but it is based upon a value the most steady and permanent imaginable — the value of the services and materials due from the people to government in exchange for the services of government to the people.

But some one may inquire, "Where do you get your

measure of value to start with?" A very pertinent question, but very easily answered, if only we bear in mind the origin and essence of value. What is the measure of the value of a piece of gold or silver or apple pie? What is the measure of value of a yard of cloth or a ton of hay? Evidently the value of any one of these articles is always relative, and depends entirely on what people are willing to give in exchange for it. How much woollen cloth, for instance, will exchange for an ounce of silver? Plainly, an amount of cloth that requires for its production, on the average and under normal conditions, an amount of human energy equal to that required to produce the ounce of silver. So the *value* of any article is always measured by the amount of labor, on the average, that is required under normal conditions to produce that article. This is the explanation of value given by Ricardo and generally accepted by economists.

Now remember that each one of these proposed government certificates would show on its face the average amount of labor or material for which it was issued, and remember, further, that every bit of material purchased by government would have a value equal to the average amount of labor required to reproduce it; and we see that our proposed currency is based upon and measured by the very source of all value — human labor, expended under normal conditions in the production of useful things.

I repeat, then, that the value of such money would necessarily be the most stable and permanent possible, infinitely more so than any money based upon gold or silver or any other single article whose value is sure to fluctuate from year to year, from month to month, or even from day to day; and that its volume would be perfectly self-regulative, following step by step the advance or decline of public revenue demanded by an advancing or declining population.

The material out of which such money should be made is a matter of small concern. Depending in no respect upon the material for its value, all large denominations, say from dollars up, could be made of paper, the same as our present bank notes and greenbacks; while for small change, paper notes are very convenient to send through the mails, though metallic coins are better to carry in the pocket.

One more point needs brief consideration. Even if states

and counties, municipalities and townships, were to issue such currency up to the amount of their yearly revenue,—and I see no serious objection to such issues, and many reasons in favor of it,—even then the total volume of such issues could not equal much more than half the present ostensible circulation in the country. But we must bear in mind that much of the so-called volume of our present currency is not really in circulation. All the gold and silver lying in vaults against which certificates have been issued, all the cash in the national treasury and all other treasuries, the average amount of all deposits in various institutions — these are not in circulation, and are in no way performing the function of a medium of exchange.

Then there is no inconsistency between the money proposed and any other sort now in use. It would seem wise, however, as our government bonds are paid off, and the basis of our present bank-note circulation thereby narrowed, to resort to this proposed currency rather than hunt around for some substitute that may be used to perpetuate the existence of institutions of such doubtful merit as our national banks. So, too, we might profitably displace the large and increasing volume of gold and silver certificates, which, though convenient to use, are about the most expensive money that could possibly be thought of. Every dollar's worth of gold or silver stored away in vaults as a basis for a paper currency is just so much of those valuable metals withdrawn from useful purposes, by just so much their supply is diminished, and consequently the price enhanced to every user the wide world over. Not only this, but our stupid policy of hoarding up gold and silver is a sort of special favoritism to the owners of gold and silver mines, who could probably manage to worry along and support their families under conditions of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. And this leads me to a thought in conclusion, that no reform of our currency system, however much needed or far reaching or logical or just, can be of any permanent benefit so long as we allow to remain on our statute books those class laws that are constantly operating to concentrate the money and the wealth of the nation into the hands of a few, while the masses are deprived of their earnings and driven daily deeper into poverty, vice, and crime. There are other reforms infinitely more important than to remedy the evils

of our present currency system, great and important as those evils undoubtedly are. Establish equality of opportunity to produce wealth from the earth, abolish the present monopoly in our great iron highways, restore to man his natural right to exchange the products of his labor freely with his brother men the wide world over, wipe out our present fiendish system of crooked taxation that robs the farmer and laborer, while it lets the rich land speculators go free, and establish a system that will never tax an industrious citizen more for making land useful than a useless speculator is taxed for holding equally valuable land idle, and we have gone far toward bringing about conditions that will distribute the money of the country, be that money good or bad, honest or otherwise, with a fair degree of equity among the people. Restore to men their natural rights that class legislation has taken from them, and they will soon settle the question of the equitable distribution of the money and the wealth of the nation.

NOTE.—If our existing greenback currency were made receivable for *all* dues to government, import duties included, and if interest on the public debt were made payable in greenbacks, we should have a paper money exactly like that proposed in this paper. The volume of that currency could then be increased, not to exceed the amount of the annual national revenue, and it would be a perfectly safe and stable currency. The hundred million in gold now held to "redeem" the greenbacks, could be applied to the payment of the national debt, or to any other useful purpose. It could never be needed to "redeem" the greenback. That would be redeemed in taxes. This currency would be safer than our present national bank notes. Bank notes are based on bonds. What are the bonds based on? Why, nothing but the power of the government to draw from the people in taxes the wealth to redeem the bonds. Why not base the currency directly on the taxing power, and save the expense of the interest on the bonds, and the profits on the bank notes?

Just so paper money issued by each state, based on the taxing power of the state, would be simpler, cheaper, and safer than any state bank issues could possibly be. It is never necessary nor desirable that the issuing of a currency should be given over to a bank.

## CHRIST AND THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

BY GEORGE G. BROWN.

I WAS reared by Christian parents, who taught me of one Jesus, the Christ, who had been crucified that all human beings, without reference to sex, nativity, or vocation, who believed on him, should be saved. But I have been in the wholesale whiskey business for more than twenty-two years; and if I accept as true the denunciations made against all engaged in my business by a large organization of men and women who assert their superior piety, and style themselves Prohibitionists, I must be a person wholly given over to evil, and entirely without moral guidance. The Prohibitionists, under the guise of morality, have banded themselves together for the expressed purpose of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants, at any cost to our civil and religious rights, or at any financial loss to those engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcohol.

As the Methodist church is most active in fostering this movement, I incorporate herewith something the northern branch of that church has to say on the subject in its Book of Discipline issued in 1892: "We reiterate the language of the Episcopal address in 1888: 'The liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the home, to the church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude toward it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalized without sin.'"

If all of the above is true, there is no question but that the liquor traffic should be crushed, even though in doing so every man engaged in the business should be destroyed with it. I shall only at present discuss one point of the fulmination of the Methodist church on the subject,—as to whether the liquor traffic can be legalized without sin. The first question to determine is, What is sin? Is it doing



what any particular society of men prohibits, or failing to do what they require? If that is sin, then one may be a sinner if a member of one society, and a saint if a member of another. One society may prohibit its members from eating onions, pastry, or meat, and another may require the eating of these as a condition of membership. Therefore, if we are to leave it to every organization of human beings to determine what is and what is not sin, without any fixed and reliable authority for its conclusions, we certainly put ourselves into a very unsatisfactory position. But what is sin? I prefer to accept the orthodox and very well established definition: Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God. Therefore, unto the law of God do I appeal to determine whether the Methodist church or any other organization is correct in asserting that the liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, And the meat offering thereof shall be two-tenth deals of fine flour mingled with oil, an offering made by fire unto the Lord for a sweet savour; and the drink offering thereof shall be of *wine*, the fourth part of an hin." Lev. xxiii. 13.

Again, "The priests' portion shall be all the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee." Num. xviii. 12.

"In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering." Num. xxviii. 7.

"And thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose to place His name there, the tithe of thy corn, of thy *wine*, and of thine oil, and the firstlings of thy herds, and of thy flocks; that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God always. And if the way be too long for thee, so that thou art not able to carry it, or if the place be too far from thee, which the Lord thy God shall choose to set His name there, when the Lord thy God hath blessed thee, then shalt thou turn it into money and bind up the money in thine hand, and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose, and thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for *wine*, or for *strong drink*, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth, and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household." Deut. xiv. 23-26,



"He (God) causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and *wine* that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread, which strengtheneth man's heart." Ps. civ. 14-15.

From these passages it is clear that God's chosen people were required, under the old dispensation, to offer wine as a sweet savour unto the Lord, and it is estimated that hundreds of thousands of gallons were annually consumed in this way. They were also required to contribute wine for the use of the priests, and to drink it themselves as an expression of gratitude to God for his numberless blessings; and if it suited their convenience better to sell their wine at home, and buy wine or strong drink at the place selected by the Lord for their gathering and worship, they were commanded to do so.

God also asserts that He is the giver of wine with which to gladden the heart of man, and with which man's heart is gladdened to this day, and which he can drink as much to the glory of God as he can eat meat and bread to His glory. Therefore the question is, Did these people commit sin in doing what the Lord positively commanded they should do? If we take the position of the Methodist church, they must have sinned; for they not only bought but sold an intoxicant — the same character of alcohol on which Noah and Nabal became drunken. Or has there been a new revelation from God on which Prohibitionists base the doctrine of prohibition, and which they have been able to keep from the knowledge of any outside of their own followers?

In visiting the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake about twenty years ago, I remember seeing on the pulpit platform large casks of pure water that attracted my attention; and on inquiring of the sexton, who was my guide, why they were there, I was informed they used it for communion purposes instead of wine, in compliance with a special revelation Brigham Young had received from the Lord to substitute water for wine for this purpose, until he should receive further orders. If the Prohibitionists have received a similar special revelation, changing God's revealed will as contained in the Scriptures, it would certainly be but Christian charity for them to give their fellow-men the benefit of it.

Again referring to the Northern Methodist Book of Disci-

pline, I quote, under the head of "Imprudent and Unchristian Conduct," p. 240: "In cases of neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulgent, sinful tempers or words, *the buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage*, signing petitions in favor of granting license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, renting property as a place in or on which to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading and questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the church, first, let private reproof be given by the pastor or leader; and if there be any acknowledgment of the fault, and proper humiliation, the person may be borne with. On a second offence, the pastor may take one or two discreet members of the church. On a third offence let him be brought to trial; and if found guilty and there be no sign of real humiliation, he shall be expelled."

In contrast to the above, with reference to the use of alcohol, I refer the reader to what the Lord said of Himself,—"For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil; the son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, behold a gluttonous man, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Luke vii. 33, 34. Also see John ii. 1-10.

From this it is evident that Christ used, as was customary among his friends, an intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and if he were to come again upon the earth in human form, and to live exactly as he did when here, the Methodist Church would have to change its Book of Discipline, in order to admit him to membership therein, as certainly, from its present position, he would not be moral enough to become a member of such an association.

It is unfortunate, for the cause of true Christianity, that the false position taken by the Methodist Church on the subject of alcohol has been adopted by many other church organizations, so that such societies, to be honest and logical, would have to deny membership to almost, if not quite all the prophets, priests, and kings under the old dispensation, and to the Lord himself under the new. The exclusion of all dealers in alcohol is a very small part of the

result of such fanaticism, which proclaims to the world that the Bible is not a safe guide to determine questions of morality, and rationalists and infidels are multiplying under such teaching.

The evil results from the abuse of intoxicants are perfectly plain to every reasoning mind, and I rejoice that the Lord, in His holy word, has condemned, not only the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, but the abuse of every blessing which He has bestowed upon man; but because the abuse is condemned does not argue that its proper use is not commended, for admitting the former to carry with it a prohibition of the latter, we have clear inconsistencies in the Bible, and could not accept it as the revealed will of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

If the Prohibitionists want to prohibit everything that has evil in it, let them be consistent and not stop at alcohol, but go a little further and include the human tongue, of which the Bible says: "The tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison; therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men made after the similitude of God." James iii. 8, 9. Here is evil and good combined in the same thing, just owing to whether it is properly or improperly used, and the same assertion is equally true of alcohol; although the Prohibitionists seem unwilling to admit there is anything but evil in it, notwithstanding the Lord's assertion to the contrary. Again, there is another great evil mentioned in the Bible that seems to have escaped the attention of these so-called moral reformers: "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition, for the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

There is certainly no such denunciation against alcohol in the Bible as the foregoing, and the Prohibitionists certainly do not claim that it is a sin to have money, but interpret the passage referred to in its proper light, as being a denunciation of those who crave money for the power it gives them, and worship it rather than their Creator.

They can see the good and evil in money, why not in alcohol?

The evil in the abuse of alcohol shows itself probably more promptly, plainly, and disgustingly than anything else,

and hence has arrayed against it many honest and intelligent sentimentalists, who, if they have given the subject any investigation at all, have done it in a superficial way. However, it will not do to determine questions involving right and morals by sentimental views; otherwise we might condemn the Lord for cruelty when He made so great a test of Abraham's faith by commanding him to slay and offer his son Isaac on the altar, or when He commanded that all the men, women, and even innocent children, except Rahab and her few friends, should be put to death in Jericho.

If we accept the inspiration of the Bible, we must in sincerity acknowledge that "God is infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth," and therefore it is not within our province to criticise Him for having created us free agents, and empowered us by our own actions to make His greatest blessings our greatest curses.

The Prohibitionists seem to have lost sight altogether of the Lord's plan in creating man, which has been so beautifully expressed by Milton:—

"I made him just and right, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Freely, they stood who stood, and fell who fell—

Such I created all the ethereal powers and spirits,

Both them who stood and them who failed.

Not free, what proof could they have given sincere of true allegiance,  
constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs *must* do appears, not what they would—  
What praise could they receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid?

Clearly, "without free agency there can be no morality," and "without temptation no virtue," and it is not consistent with the laws of Providence that because some abuse an article which is good in itself, the vast multitude should, in consequence, be denied its use. This would be punishing the innocent many for the sins of the guilty few.

The Prohibitionists pronounce alcohol an unmitigated evil, and must torture the imagination in order to picture to their own satisfaction the depravity of those who engage in its manufacture and sale. While discussing the moral aspects of this question, and having shown conclusively from the Bible that there is no sin in the temperate use of alcohol, and hence can be none in buying and selling it, it may

seem superfluous to offer some prominent authorities, certifying to its value; but as so much is said in denunciation of it, I think it but fair to quote from a few leading physicians in its favor.

As England is certainly one of the most civilized countries in the world, and most nearly allied to us in social and religious habits, and, being older than our own country, has had opportunity to consider the subject of the use and abuse of alcohol possibly better than we in America, I quote from some prominent English authorities:—

DR. JAMES RISDON BENNETT.

“In the vast majority of cases where alcohol does good, we don't know how it acts. Some men may be rendered feverish, irritable, peevish, and quarrelsome by a small quantity of wine, which will soothe the irritated nerves of another, and make him contented and amiable. The stomach of one man is irritated and offended by wine, and his digestion impeded, while the appetite of another is improved, and his digestion facilitated. The former is unquestionably better without alcohol, and he comes under the category of fools if he takes it; but the latter has no claim to the character of a physician, if he abstains at the bidding of either a mistaken fanatic or a theorist.”

DR. C. B. RATCLIFFE.

“Alcohol, properly used, is of great service, partly in keeping up the animal heat by supplying easily kindled *fuel* to the respiratory fire, partly by producing nerve power, by furnishing easily assimilable *food* to nerve tissues, and partly in *lessening the necessity for ordinary food, by diminishing the waste of the system*, which has to be repaired by food.

“All my own experience in hospital and private practice teaches me that drunkenness, or even a tendency to drunkenness, is the exception, and not the rule. Every blessing of life may be made a curse to him who abuses it.

“Alcohol, when properly used, is what it is abundantly proved to be, a natural and very potent means of comfort. Nor should I be disposed to speak differently if I were dealing with those who transgress the bounds of moderation, in

making use of this means of comfort, for I hold that a very great number of those unhappy persons have erred — not because they have liked too well what they have taken too freely, but because their feelings of habitual discomfort have been intolerable. And for this reason I should try to reclaim them, not by holding forth on the necessity of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but by teaching them to use wisely, what, after all, may be almost a necessity of life to them."

DR. JOSEPH KIDD.

"In the experience of my own life — fragile in constitution, the seventeenth child of a worn-out mother, pushed early into hard struggles for life — I lived nearly a total abstainer until thirty years of age. Weakness increasing upon me, languor and unfitness for work, I adopted a new regime of three glasses of good Bordeaux or of hock for dinner. As I did so my working power increased, all my delicacy vanished, boils ceased, and for the past twenty-five years, in good health, I have worked as hard as most men, and never changed my regimen, still limiting myself to three glasses of good wine once a day."

DR. BRUDENELL CARTER.

"Nothing is more certain than that people will live upon alcohol and water for long periods. While I fully admit, therefore, that there are many who can support vigorous life without alcohol, I nevertheless affirm, alike from my own experience and that of others, that there are some — I do not pretend to say how many — to whom it is a necessity, if they are to exert the full measure of their powers. Perhaps the most remarkable testimony ever borne to its usefulness is that of a distinguished ophthalmic surgeon, Dr. Gustave Braun of Moscow, who, a few years ago, was accustomed to lose no less than forty-five per cent of the eyes on which he operated for cataract in his hospital — that is to say, among badly nourished Russian peasants. He was not singular in this experience, for his colleague, Dr. Rosander, was equally unfortunate. At length, after trying many experiments, including the use of quinine and other tonic remedies, Dr. Braun administered a dose of brandy or of sherry to every patient immediately after operation, and repeated it twice a



day for two or three days. The result of this plan was to reduce the number of cases in which the eye was totally lost, from forty-five to six per cent, with an additional three per cent of imperfect recoveries. Nothing was altered in the mode of operating, or in the other treatment, and Dr. Braun asserts that the improvement was attributable to alcohol alone."

DR. A. L. GARROD.

"The use of alcoholic beverages in some form, as malt liquors, wines, or distilled spirits, is so universally diffused among European nations and their offshoots, and is of so great antiquity, that a natural hesitation arises, to prevent our coming to the conclusion that, taken in moderate quantities, they are prejudicial to health.

"The same holds good with regard to alcohol; there are some few who cannot take it without discomfort, and, of course, for such people total abstinence is most desirable. Passing over these exceptional instances, it will be found that by far the greater number can partake moderately of alcohol, not only without any injurious consequence arising from it, but with positive benefit; and as it is a source of much enjoyment, and much discomfort often springs from its discontinuance, it is difficult to say why it should be discontinued under ordinary circumstances. It is of course well known that there are many nations that thrive without alcoholic drinks; nations, for example, professing the Mohammedan faith, and to whom alcohol is forbidden by their religion; but on further inquiry it will be found that among them the use of the stronger narcotics, such as opium and Indian hemp, is extremely common, and the exchange from alcohol to these narcotics can hardly be looked upon as a gain. As yet there are no trustworthy statistics to show that the abstinence from the moderate use of alcohol is attended with unusual length of life or improvement to health."

FROM THE "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL," LONDON.

"The report of the collective investigation committee of the British Medical Association, on the subject of 'Temperance and Health,' and the results embodied in it, are both interesting and important.

"A schedule of inquiries was forwarded to all members of



the British Medical Association, one hundred and seventy-eight of whom responded, and gave in the aggregate particulars regarding four thousand two hundred and thirty-four cases of deceased lives, aged twenty-five and upward, in which the alcoholic habits of the lives were recorded. For the purposes of the investigation, the habits of the deceased with reference to alcohol were divided into five classes, namely: (a) total abstainers; (b) habitually temperate; (c) careless drinkers; (d) free drinkers; (e) decidedly intemperate. The ages of death of those in each class were registered, together with the causes of death; and the average of death for each class is given in the following schedule:—

Total abstainers . . . . .	51.22 years.
Habitually temperate . . . . .	62.13 "
Careless drinkers . . . . .	59.67 "
Free drinkers . . . . .	57.59 "
Decidedly intemperate . . . . .	52.03 "

As a dealer in intoxicants, I am intensely interested in the suppression of drunkenness, as I consider the drunkard the greatest enemy to our business, and one for whose sins and crimes we innocently suffer, in the good opinion of the uninvestigating public. While drunkenness will continue until the millennium comes, much can be done to minimize it. First, let our children be reared without trying to deceive them about alcohol; but let them know that they can get both good and evil from it, as from many or all other things, and that they are individually responsible for its abuse. Again, let those who preach prohibition from the pulpit, cease their efforts to poison public sentiment about the use of alcohol, and have the moral courage to teach what they find in the Bible—discouraging, as does the Bible, only its intemperate use.

Let public sentiment encourage honest and conscientious men, who regard the laws of God and man, to engage in the sale of alcohol, particularly at retail. Educate public sentiment to the true relation the drunkard occupies to society, and the consensus of the opinion of that society will be more potent than any other agency in preventing intemperance, and will sufficiently punish him who transgresses.

## THE REALISTIC TREND OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY DR. EMIL BLUM.

TWENTY years ago the German, as a people, commanded little respect in foreign countries; they held no important position in the council of nations, and were not believed to be fit to play a first violin in the world's political concert. Disunited at home, they could neither physically nor morally enforce their rights abroad, and therefore they were not taken in consideration by the great powers.

In America the German was little known, although the emigration from Germany was larger than that from any other country. The reason for such lack of knowledge was — partly, that the majority of German emigrants came from the less educated classes; partly, that those who were not conversant with the complicated political relations of Europe registered Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, and Slavonians under the same heading, "German." The American had but one designation for all of them; he called them "Dutchmen."

The reconstruction of the German Empire in 1870-71, which made out of the thirty-six principalities a nation of forty-five millions, drew the eyes of the world upon it as a political power of first magnitude, and it was but a short time before the customs, habits, literature, art, and music of that people became matters of great interest. As regards America, we may add that, owing partly to the Germans, who had prospered upon her soil, and partly to the greater facilities of travel, visitors from the United States who formerly had made England, France, Switzerland, and Italy the aim of their excursions, now extended them to Germany. Many began to study the German language, and even sent their children to Germany to finish their education, inasmuch as the great victories of 1866 and 1870 had been attributed more to the success of the expert German school-master than to the needle-gun and the Krupp canon.

While, however, German scholars had familiarized themselves, gradually and during a long time, with English and American literature, Englishmen and Americans could not all at once acquaint themselves with all the German writers, now that the desire for studying them had been pushed so strongly into the foreground. They stopped, therefore, with the study of a few old luminaries such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Heine, and a few newer writers such as Auerbach, Scheffel, Ebers or — last *and* least — Marlitt and her kind.

It could hardly be expected that the latest productions of German genius should have found their way already to America, or could have received the attention and appreciation due to them; nor is it astonishing that Americans, both natives and of German descent, should have remained ignorant of the fact that a complete revolution has taken place in the minds of the German nation, of which the modern literature is the proof and outcome. While, on the one hand, they were cognizant of the changes that had occurred in English and also in French literature, while they are wide awake to the transition from idealism to realism therein, they are, on the other hand, hardly aware that a similar process has revolutionized German literature, and that the trend of it has been in the direction of a realistic conception of all the social, political, and moral conditions of life.

If there is any doubt regarding this statement, let the observer mingle among the masses. Let him go among the laborers and hear what they say, let him listen to the conversation of business men in the cafés, let him pay attention to the debates of students in their clubs, let him frequent theatres and watch what delights the audiences most or what criticisms the newspapers make next day, and he will find himself confronted on all sides by realism.

Now, every common-sense reader knows that the literary men of the nation are not able to form or to change the ideas of the people, be it in politics, religion, or art. Quite to the contrary, the dramas, novels, poems, magazine articles, and the daily press expose merely the thoughts and wishes of the people.

Literature is the gauge which shows outwardly the degree to which the waters of intelligence have risen or fallen in the boiler of the nation. It may be possible, occasionally, for another one or another writer to succeed in creating

temporarily a local movement in some direction contrary to a majority; but great revolutions never pass over from the individual to the masses. Rousseau and Voltaire did not bring about the French Revolution; Koerner, Kleist, and Rueckert did not kindle the war of 1813; and Turgeneff's prose songs did not abolish serfdom in Russia. They and numerous others were merely the exponents of the people; they merely set the fuse to the powder that had been accumulated by the masses.

Every change in the sentiments of the people reflects itself in a corresponding change in literature. From the "Nibelungenlied" to Conrad Alberti's "Plebs," from the songs of the minstrels to Mackay's anarchistic firebrands, we behold in German literature all the various states through which the mind of the nation has travelled.

Germany had waded for centuries in blood. It had fought in turn for religion as well as for increase of power, for abolition of class distinction as well as for recognition among the nations; and within the last century it has shed the blood of thousands of its best sons for a constitutional government, and for the unification of the whole nation. Corresponding German literature gives us a perfect picture of this struggle; and as the years 1813 and 1848 had their representatives in Koerner, Kleist, Rueckert, Arndt, and Herwegh, so had the year 1870 its representatives in Dahn, Hammerling, and others.

Yet although the German nation had been apparently successful in carrying out its political destiny, all the blood had been spilled in vain, because all their victories had not changed the conditions of life or the welfare of the individual for the better. The conviction pressed itself, therefore, upon them that they must have been on the wrong track, and that they must seek elsewhere the solution of the problem how to obtain personal liberty and happiness. The greater the sacrifices in the past had been, and the less satisfaction they had given, the greater now grew the zeal to search for better methods, for the true and straight path, that would lead them to the goal. Priests, preachers, statesmen, national economists, teachers and writers of all kinds, began to analyze life; and with little variation they all came to one and the same conclusion: that changes must begin at the root, and that the root from which all in life springs is

composed of the two fibres, self-preservation and race preservation; or to use the more definite terms of the realist, hunger and love.

It was found that these instincts are the only real factors that move the world and rule society, and that, if changes for the better are to be brought about, these instincts must be examined and modes to gratify them be found. Pulpit, platform, and press, yea, even kings, did not hesitate to serve as the spokesmen of the people.

All this, however, did not avail, because, though the evil was known, no remedy suggested itself. The belief sprang up that society had lost itself in a *cul-de-sac*; that it could neither retreat nor advance. People began to look upon this world as upon the worst of all possible worlds that a fiend could have created. This depressing sentiment again found expression in literature; and astonishing as it may be, Germany, at the very period of her victories, and at the very time when her progress in culture and science stood the highest, turned to pessimism. Pessimism is nothing else than the total indifference as to what fate may have in store for us, based upon the assumption that no improvements can be brought about. Schopenhauer and Hartman were looked upon as the prophets of this new conception of the world, which is the first cousin of oriental fatalism.

Pessimism, however, whether individual or national, deceives itself. All the time the pessimist pretends to be indifferent to his fate, or to despair of improving the condition of things, he keeps on contemplating, meditating, and thinking, until gradually he begins to see a light breaking through the gloom and an exit opening itself before him.

In their pessimism people began to question, Is it the fault of the tree that it is unable to vegetate? is it the fault of the root, that the necessary nourishment does not flow into it? or is it the fault of the ground in which human society is planted? Upon this the answer came: The tree is sound in roots and branches; the fault lies with the quicksand which the winds, in course of time, had heaped over the roots. A feeling came over the people that all our conceptions of morality, of justice, of social relationship, are not identical with the thing itself; or, in other words, that we have become untrue to ourselves; that the roots of the tree of society rested in the soil of a poisonous lie.

Again we find that this sentiment was brought into full consciousness through a literary exponent; and what had been a dark presentiment or a gloomy misgiving became as clear as daylight when Max Nordau published his famous work, "*Die Conventionalen Luegen der Culturmenschheit*." (Conventional lies of our civilization.)

This once understood, all went to work to cart away the sand and to replace it by loam. Like mushrooms after a rain shower, not only writers, but artists of all kinds sprang up, who represented, with pen and brush and chisel, life and its conditions as it is in reality, and waged a bitter war against the idealistic school, which had misrepresented life to suit the idealist's own fancy.

Astonishing as it may be to an American reader, the old romantic school, with Goethe at the head, was thrown down from the high pedestal upon which former generations had placed it. The selections of themes, the personifications of characters, the description of sentiments, of these writers were weighed in the scales and found wanting. They were utterly untrue; nobody in life thought, felt, acted, or spoke in the manner in which that school had made them think, feel, speak, and act. Goethe had, therefore, forfeited his right to pose as the unreachable ideal in German literature, and his followers no longer commanded an army.

Even their manner of expression was attacked. People in real life do not speak in verses or in rhymes, neither when they are angry, nor when they feel happy, nor even when they are in love, unless they are cranks. They use prose, more or less grammatical, and more or less dialect; and it is, therefore, that we expect prose, and not measured rhymes, in our books. Poetry can exist without these artificial wings, and can fulfil its mission more successfully and more worthily by offering truth in the garb of truth; i. e., prose.

After idealism, romanticism, and rhyme had been thus discarded, the next step taken was to announce and denounce all writers who had palmed off upon an unsuspecting public merely the counterfeit of realism; who would minutely and realistically describe the dress, the habitations, the arms, of their heroes, — even go so far as to make them speak the dialect of their time and province, — but yet who would not portray real human beings.



Such writers were Auerbach, Birchpfeiffer, Hillern, and others, who, in their so-called "Dorfgeschichten" (stories of the village), presented to the reader, in the costume of villagers, persons who never could be found in a farmhouse, but were taken from the drawing-room, and merely masqueraded in the garb of peasants. Others, like Ebers and Eckstein, distinguished themselves from the former merely in that they dressed their unreal characters in the costumes of ancient Rome and Egypt.

These few hints may suffice to illustrate the process of removing the sand; but the reader must not think that it was accomplished at once, or that it was done by an official act. On the contrary, this literature was taught in the schools; people kept the works of these authors in their libraries, and pretended to admire them, though faith in them had been irretrievably lost. People felt the unreality of the old pattern, after which novelists composed their romances and playwrights their plays. Their novels and plays were crowded with noble-hearted heroes, virtuous women, honest bankers, brave soldiers, and wicked villains, acting in the most unreal manner, with very trifling variations. At the end, reward and punishment were distributed according to the established conception of morality. For his sacrifices Hans would receive his Gretchen; and the villain, who had placed obstacles in their way, would be delivered over to the hands of the policeman. The public would applaud, and the readers soliloquize, "That serves them right; so it ought to be!"

In real life, however, things run in different lines. Hans does not win his Gretchen, notwithstanding the fact that he loves her sincerely and loyally; she will prefer some rich miscreant, who possibly may make her miserable. Talents go to waste, because they cannot strike opportunities favorable to their development, and politicians are able to hold themselves in position, even if they have become notorious by their unscrupulous conduct.

It was, therefore, that the novels of Rosegger and the dramas of Anzengruber struck a powerful chord in the hearts of the German people. They chose for subjects the burning questions of the time; their cast was made up of peasants, as they live in the Austrian Alps, and they made them speak and act like their prototypes. Their



writings were read with avidity, and people could not have enough of their dramas. It was as if after a long fast nourishing food was brought to the hungry.

The plant for the first time felt the influence of the loam of truth, and henceforth refused to take anything but *realism*.

Objective realism consists in portraying nature just as it is, without arranging it; without adding or subtracting anything. Real nature is the sole truth and the sole subject for artistic representation. The eternal, unalterable law of nature is the spirit which animates realism; therefore the realist does not recognize degrees in artistic themes. To him the death of a hero is not more worthy of representation than the labor pains of an animal, because the same uniform and omnipotent law of nature is incarnate in both.

This law peremptorily forbids the realist to idealize nature, to beautify it according to his fancies, or to lay on paint and powder to correct it. All mythological or allegorical figures are strictly prohibited, because they are nothing but distortions.

Whatever nature produces is equally beautiful in the eyes of the realist, and nothing is offensive to him when it is regarded and represented as the necessary product of a necessary development. Only the fantastical caricature is reprehensive, because it contradicts the possibilities of nature.

The obligatory honesty in his comprehension of nature forces the realist to cast aside the conception of love as it was held in previous literature. Till now, love was considered to be the first and predominant psychological motive which directed the actions of men. The analysis of this love showed a mixture of sentimentalism, unselfishness, platonism, and longing for an ideal companion for strictly ideal purposes. This was falsification of nature.

In the eyes of the realist love is sexuality, or, to use the proper term of physical science, natural selection. Therefore the realist does not give to love more room or more importance in his works than it occupies in reality. Love no more predominates all other motives, but has to share its importance with hunger (or the instinct of self-preservation), heredity, and adaptation (which means influence of education, habit, and intercourse). Regarded as a passion,

love is not classified as a higher psychic motive than other passions, such as egotism, ambition, pride, race feeling, or pity.

Thus beholding love from an entirely different point of view, the realist portrays it accurately, even if his picture does not harmonize with the customary views of morality; and if his natural description shocks the nerves of the prude, it is a proof that they are not sound. Realism would deserve to be scorned if it displayed the immoral or the disagreeable as the highest aim. But quite to the contrary, we see in all creations of realistic authors a prevailing demand for truth, purity, chastity, self-knowledge, and justice, sometimes even in a too obtrusive rhetoric. And yet we see realism abused, slandered, jeered, yea, often proscribed. *How ridiculous!* Would we not smile if an elderly coquette should smash the mirror because it reflects, not only her brilliant eyes and her Greek nose, but also her gray hair and the wrinkles in her face?

Let us dissect what shocks the reader when he reads for the first time a realistic book or witnesses a realistic play, and see whether he has a plausible right to declare realism immoral. In "Sodom's Ende" (the end of Sodom) we see the painter Janko coming home from a swell party to the humble home of his parents. From a feast of the "upper ten," whose spoiled pet he is, he steps, physically and mentally intoxicated, into the pure air of his home. On the same floor lives his foster sister, a poor chaste girl, who idolizes him. We hear his soliloquy, describing the battle between his better self and his beastly desire to possess that maiden; we see him break into her room, and we hear her doleful cry. The sentimental idealist will find that "shocking," but the same indignant knight of morality takes no exception to the bastard in King Lear, although his origin may be traceable to precisely such a scene.

Max Kretzer has shown, in a masterly picture of Berlin life, how a weak character sinks by drink from step to step till we see him welter in the gutter. The sensitive, affected reader finds that disgusting, but he had laughed and applauded when a similar drunkard was the object of a splendid joke of his lordship in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." *Sapienti sat!*

The characteristic, nay, the essential law of realism, is —

truth! If literature is to bear blissful fruit, it must be a true picture of true life! To solve this ideal problem, the poet must be imbued with the sacred mission of truth, and must possess the necessary strength of character to be her apostle. He must be gifted with a fine ear, a sharp eye, an exquisite sensitiveness to separate truth from fiction, and the courage to call a broom a broom. He is obliged to seek humanity in all its classes and phases; he must feel its very pulse from the first cry of the babe to the last sigh of the dying man; he must investigate its nature, surroundings, influences, developments, and crises; he must study the laws of nature governing its every case, and finally — he must portray everything exactly as he has found it.

Not necessarily must the realist stoop down to pick his subjects from the gutter, and paint in loathsome detail the most horrible, disgusting pictures of misery, vice, and crime. But wherever they are the characteristics of individuals, classes, or of society at large, it is his bounden duty not to pass by with closed eyes, but to give them the consideration and the place they require.

That in our modern realistic writings wickedness and criminality abound, is because they exist in reality, and therefore must naturally dominate in literature. The former practice of improving the conditions of society by picturing in literature "how it ought to be" was a total failure. As the physician must make a diagnosis, before he uses his knife or prescribes a certain medicine — so society must be confronted with its faults in order to look for a remedy.

To prove whether these characteristics are fulfilled in modern German literature, we must make ourselves acquainted with its representatives, or at least with the most prominent ones. It would lead too far if I should try to give in this essay samples taken from all their works; it may suffice if I mention their names and principal writings.

Among the best known novelists and writers of fiction, are *Karl Bleibtren*, a writer of strong conviction, although he tires sometimes by a long-winded style and a little too much self-glorification; *M. G. Konrad*, a fertile writer, both celebrated and maligned on account of his picturing the dark sides of Munich life; *W. Wallroth*, distinguished for the warmth of his colors; and the two pessimists, *Keltzer* and *Konrad Alberti*, the latter of whom is an out and out

realist; *Detlef von Lilienkron*, combining force of style with elegance, who has lived — being a nobleman and army officer — among the “upper ten,” and so is able to portray them now in the quietude of his country-seat with an appalling correctness; the most vigorous of all realists is *Hermann Conradi*, of whom Detlef von Lilienkron says in his “Mäcen”: —

It took me two days to read Hermann Conradi's “Adam Mensch.” I confess, it affected me greatly. It is the most horrible, most repulsive, yet most attractive, book I ever read. The author places man upon an operating table; then he calls his assistant, who rushes forward, puts the ether tube over the subject's nose, and the operation begins. It is a shocking book; regardless of consequences, it strikes wounds to heal them. Many times I felt as if I *must* cast it aside, but every time I said to myself, “It is written by a great artist, by a vigorous poet,” and I kept on reading.

Before mentioning a few of the leading dramatic realists, let it be understood that the battles between realism and idealism were fought during the last few years, principally in Berlin. Some who favor liberty for all new movements, exasperated by the exclusion of realism from the theatres, formed a society, called “*Freie Buehne*” (free stage), which brings out at its own expense the latest and best realistic dramas, to enable the public to judge their value. The “*Freie Buehne*” prospers remarkably, and many a play presented there finds its way to the principal theatres of Germany, and even to New York.

So “*Die Ehre*” (honor), by *Hermann Sudermann*, which, though not faultless in construction and conception, is a masterly picture of Berlin life. Besides Sudermann are worth mentioning, *Gerhard Hauptmann*, “*Vor Sonnenaufgang*” (before sunrise); *Hermann Bahr*, “*Die Grosse Suende*” (the great sin); *Fritz Lienhard*, “*Weltrevolution*” (revolution of the world); *Max Stempel*, “*Morphin*”; *Hans von Basedow*, “*Gerechte Menschen*” (righteous men); and, above all, the most talented, but, alas! somewhat extravagant, *Richard Voss*, who became famous at the age of twenty-five, through his book, “*Scherben, Gesammelt vom Mueden Mann*” (potsherds, collected by a tired man), and whose dramas, “*Regula Brandt*” and “*Pater Modestus*,” are highly promising.

Although realism discountenances the use of verse and rhyme, still some lyric poets have joined the realistic army.

So far as form is concerned, they are still under the influence of the past ; they have not yet emancipated themselves from habit, but the spirit and contents of their poems are realistic throughout. *Arno Holz*, *Karl Henckell*, *R. M. v. Stern*, and especially the ardent anarchist, *John Henry Mackay*, are noteworthy. The last mentioned is best presented by his own words : —

I hate this life, this miserable life, with glowing hate!  
Last, not least, *Alfred Friedman*, distinguished by a clear comprehension of our time, sings : —

Eklektisches Jahrhundert,  
Dem wir gebvren sind!  
Ich geh! durch Dich verwundet;  
Dein Sohn — und nicht Dein Kind!

(Eclectic century, in which we'r born! I walk amazed at thee!  
thy son — and not thy child!)

I cannot close without stating that what is termed "the press" has also more or less fallen under the sway of realism. Numerous periodicals have devoted themselves entirely to its cause, the most noteworthy among which are: *De Gesellschaft* (society), *Freie Buchne fuer Modernes Leben* (free stage for modern life), *Kritisches Jahrbuch* (critical annual), *Literarische Korrespondenz* (literary correspondence), *Moderne Dichtung* (modern poesy), *Deutsche Blätter* (German leaves). They are ably edited by most of the very men whose names have already been mentioned.

The reader will by this time have become convinced that realism exists in German literature as it has appeared everywhere else. He will have followed its development from its origin to its present stage. He will have scrutinized the causes from which it has sprung, and thus he will be able to judge for himself whether or not it vindicates its existence enough to anticipate its future.

## THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

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### VERDICT No. I.

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OPINIONS OF DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, D. C. L., THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, O. B. F. FROTHINGHAM, G. KRUELL, APPLETON MORGAN, FRANKLIN H. HEAD, REV. C. A. BARTOL, HENRY GEORGE, AND FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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[IN the May ARENA, the case of Bacon vs. Shakespeare went to the jury, after having been argued at length by Edwin Reed, Drs. A. Nicholson, F. J. Furnivall, and W. J. Rolfe, with closing arguments by Hon. Ignatius Donnelly for the plaintiff, and Professor Felix E. Schelling for the defence. In the following pages we give the first instalment of the verdict, from which it will be seen that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Appleton Morgan, Henry George, and Franklin H. Head render a verdict in favor of the defence; while O. B. Frothingham and Miss Frances E. Willard hold to the composite theory of the composition of the Shakespearean plays, and Mr. G. Kruell, the eminent wood engraver, renders his verdict in favor of the plaintiff.]

#### I. ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL. D., OXON.

When we are asked to believe that the whole of the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were not written by him, but by Lord Bacon, we naturally require evidence of the most convincing kind. It must be shown either that Bacon did actually write them, in which case of course Shakespeare was not their author, or that Shakespeare could not possibly have written them, in which case somebody else must have done so, and we then demand proof that Bacon could possibly, and did probably, write them.

First, then, is there any good evidence that Bacon did write them? Positively none whatever; only a number of vague hints and suggestions, which might perhaps add some weight to an insufficient amount of direct testimony, but in its absence are entirely valueless. And then we have the enormous, the overwhelming improbability, that any man would write, and allow to be published or acted, so wonderful a series of poems and plays,



while another man received all the honor and all the profits ; and though surviving that man for ten years, that the real author never made the slightest claim to them, never confided the secret to a single friend, and died without a word or a sign to show that he had any part or share in them. To most persons this consideration alone will be conclusive against Bacon's authorship.

The reasons alleged for believing that Shakespeare could not have written them, are weak in the extreme. They amount to this : That his early life was spent in a small country town ; that he had not a university education ; that most of his early associates and connections were illiterate ; that his signatures were almost unintelligible ; and that no single letter or manuscript exists in his handwriting. The wide knowledge of human nature, of the court and the nobility, and of classical and modern literature, could not, it is alleged, have been acquired by such a man. But in making this objection, the opponents of Shakespeare take no account of the most important of all the facts — of that fact without which the production of these works is in any case unintelligible — the fact that their author was a transcendent genius ; and further, that it is the especial quality of genius to be able to acquire and assimilate knowledge, and to realize and interpret the whole range of human passions, moods, and foibles, under conditions that to ordinary men would be impossible. Admitting, as we must admit, the genius, there is no difficulty, no improbability. For the first twenty years of his conscious life, Shakespeare lived in the midst of the calm and beautiful scenery of Warwickshire, and acquired that extensive knowledge and love of nature, and that sympathy with all her moods and aspects, which are manifested throughout his works. The lordly castles of Warwick and Kenilworth were within a dozen miles of Stratford, and at times of festivity such castles were open house, and at all times would be easily accessible through the friendship of servants or retainers ; and thus might have been acquired, some portion of that knowledge of the manners and speech of nobles and kings, which appears in the historical plays. During his long residence in London, crowded then as now with adventurers of all nations, he would have had ample opportunity for studying human nature under every possible aspect. The endearing terms applied to him by his friends show that he had an attractive personality, and would, therefore, easily gain access to many grades of society ; while the law courts at Westminster would afford ample opportunities for extending that knowledge of law terms and legal processes, which he had probably begun to acquire by means of justices' sessions and coroners' inquests in his native town. Through his foreign acquaintances he might have obtained translations of some of those Italian or Spanish tales which fur-



nished a portion of his plots, and which have been supposed to indicate an amount of learning he could not have possessed. What genius can do under adverse circumstances and uncongenial surroundings, we see in the case of Chatterton, of Keats, of Shelley. Shakespeare had much better opportunities than any of these; he was gifted with a far loftier genius, a broader and more powerful intellect, a more balanced and harmonious personality. Of this rare combination of qualities and opportunities, his works are the natural and consistent outcome. Alike in their depth, their beauty, their exquisite fancy, their melodious harmony, and their petty defects, they are the full expression of the man and his surroundings.

Let us consider, lastly, whether, supposing Shakespeare were altogether out of the way, Bacon could possibly have written the plays and poems. These works are universally admitted to exhibit the very highest poetry, the most exquisite fancy, the deepest pathos, the most inimitable humor. We are told by his admirers that Bacon possessed all these qualities; but when any attempt is made to give us examples of them, we find only the most commonplace verse or labored and monotonous prose. The specimens of Bacon's versification given by Mr. Reed, in his capacity of counsel for the defendant, demonstrate that he had absolutely no poetic faculty; and as no better specimens have been produced when advocating the plaintiff's cause, we may presume that none exist. We are told that his sense of humor was phenomenal, that no man had a finer ear for melody of speech, — but, again, no examples are given. We are told that he rewrote his "Essays" many times, and gave them "a thousand exquisite touches"; yet when we read them, and search for these alleged beauties, either of poetic ideas or noble and harmonious passages, we find only a polished mediocrity, with labored antitheses of epithets, as utterly remote from the glowing thoughts and winged words of Shakespeare, as is the doggerel version of the psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, from the hymns of Keble or the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. The man who conceived and delineated such characters as Portia, Juliet, Imogen, and a score of others, and who poured forth his soul in the "Sonnets," could not possibly have written the essays on "Love" and "Marriage," in which not one spark of poetry or sentiment is allowed to appear.

Again, what have the acknowledged writings of Bacon to show of the intense love of nature, and the poetic ideas it inspired, which are main characteristics of the author of the plays and poems? Flowers are therein continually referred to as illustrations of the beauty of women. The white hand of the sleeping Lucrece "showed like an April daisy on the grass"; a girl's

complexion is compared with "morning roses newly washed with dew"; and the writer's deep love and intense enjoyment of flowers is shown by such expressions as "Daffodils . . . which take the winds of March with beauty"; the cuckoo-buds which "do paint the meadows with delight"; and the regret that "rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

This passionate love of nature will perhaps account for Shakespeare's early retirement from London to his native town, where he could enjoy those charms of rural scenery and natural beauty which had aided in developing his poetic fancy in youth, and which, to every true lover of nature, have a still purer influence and a deeper significance in advancing years. This withdrawal from London has, strangely enough, been made one of the arguments against Shakespeare, as implying a want of taste for literary society, or for the refinements of life; whereas it is really a point in his favor, as showing that the fount of natural beauty, from which his choicest poetic inspiration had sprung, had lost none of its attraction in his maturer years.

The advocates of Bacon, on the other hand, have not attempted to show that *he* was equally influenced by natural beauty. He was, it is true, fond of gardens and gardening; but his essay on the subject is devoted mainly to a design for the arrangement of a large garden, and to giving dry lists of the plants worthy of cultivation. He dwells much on the odors of herbs and sweet-smelling flowers, but he uses none of those expressions of admiration for their beauty, which Shakespeare would certainly have employed, nor does he indicate that they had for him any poetical associations.

The facts and considerations now briefly set forth seem to me absolutely to demonstrate two things. The first is, that, judging from Bacon's acknowledged works, he could not possibly have written the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare. The second is, that, given the essential attribute of genius of the highest kind, there is nothing whatever in the known facts of Shakespeare's life that is opposed to the view of his being their author, but, on the contrary, everything in its favor. Having, therefore, the direct testimony of Ben Jonson, Fuller, and his two fellow-actors who edited the folio of 1623, that Shakespeare *was* the author, while the terms of affection and admiration in which they all speak of him, show that they considered him fully capable of writing the works attributed to him, there remains no possible reason for now disputing that testimony. Never, surely, was there so utterly baseless a claim as that made by the advocates of Bacon against Shakespeare.

Verdict for the defendant.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

## II. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

In answer to your request for my opinion on the controversy raised in your review on the authorship of "Shakespeare's" plays, I throw my vote for the authenticity of the old tradition, as against the modern theory that Bacon's hand is visible throughout these dramas. The argument against Shakespeare, drawn from the fact that none of his manuscripts survive, would weigh equally against Molière ever having written the plays ascribed to him, for none in his handwriting exist. It is also known that Shakespeare's daughter and granddaughter were very strict Puritans, and were not likely to keep the plays. Most of the first edition was burned at "Old Paul's." There is nothing in Bacon's essays, beyond a few casual expressions common to the time, that can remind one of Shakespeare's style. It is quite possible that Bacon may have amused himself by giving hints, and even more than hints, to Shakespeare, who was glad to take from other authors as well as from the book of nature, and I would certainly not have disdained any assistance from Bacon. The world is jealous enough now, and was no less jealous in the days of Elizabeth and James. Why should the fame of the plays have been left to Shakespeare if it was not acknowledged that he was the author? Why did no one tell King James, before he ascended the English throne, that the man to whom he wrote, to thank him for the complimentary language used towards the Scottish royal family in "Macbeth," was a fraud? Why was it that men of the world, like Southampton and Pembroke, were glad to have their names known as approvers and patrons of Shakespeare? Why was it that their contemporary, Jonson, called him "The sweet swan of Avon," and lauded him to the skies as a man of sweet and happy fancy? No; Bacon may have left a mark here and there, and the allusions to "Hang Hog" and to St. Albans may speak of him, but some threads do not make a garment, and the garment all knew to be of Shakespeare's weaving. The evidence now brought forward cannot overthrow contemporary faith.

Verdict for the defendant.

LORNE.

## III. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Mr. Edwin Reed is a lawyer of large experience, and accustomed, therefore, to weigh evidence and balance arguments. Perhaps he has more legal ability than literary perception; but in his general position as showing the impossibility of the Shakespearean authorship, he is unanswerable. He is an earnest man, a vigorous writer, and thoroughly convinced of the value of his cause. One of his opponents calls him a "pettifogger," which reminds one of a passage in Scott's "Antiquary," where Sir Arthur Wardown criticises Oldbuck, who has beaten him in antiquarian controversy:—

"You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifoggery intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact—a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory, which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

Mr. Donnelly finds fault with him as an insufficient critic, and says:—

"Mr. Reed betrays his client. He goes back on him like Mark Twain's frog in the celebrated 'jumping match.'"

There is, it is true, an apparent inconsistency, which Mr. Reed can perhaps explain, for he has been a devoted champion of Bacon for several years. In some of his details he is exceedingly ingenious. His criticism of his opponent is clever. Many of his positions are excellent, and not a few of his suggestions are acute as well as just. His plea for Bacon, though strong,—stronger than that of his opponents on the other side,—is not convincing, for the reason that Bacon lacked precisely the quality of mind in which the plays are supreme. His antagonists are accomplished men, and have made a study of Shakespeare for many years; they perhaps have the advantage in literary exactness, but they do not touch the antecedent impossibilities of the Shakespeare authorship, which are insuperable. They confine themselves to proving that Bacon could not have written the plays; they leave wholly unfortified the position that Shakespeare did. On the whole, it does not seem to me that they do full justice to their cause, but are satisfied with meeting a few of Mr. Reed's incidental points. The whole debate, indeed, appears to turn upon a few incidental matters, whereof an expert alone can judge, and I am not enough of a Shakespearean critic to pronounce upon them; but the broad field of contention is evident enough.

In regard to temper, Mr. Reed has greatly the superiority in courtesy. Abuse is not argument; contempt is not criticism; and reasonable people will not think a cause just, that defends itself by vituperation. Both sides seem bent on maintaining a position.

The authorship of Shakespeare and that of Bacon are equally impossible. Perhaps the plays had several authors, Bacon being one. If called on to decide between Shakespeare and Bacon, I should decide for Shakespeare—not on the ground of evidence, certainly, for there is none, but on grounds of general tradition. The fact that distinguished men, scholars, critics, students of all products of the mind, have believed in the Shakespearean authorship, is at least remarkable—men of genius, like Lamb, Coleridge, Emerson, Lowell, to mention no others. Perhaps the matter was not brought to their attention; perhaps the old theory of supernatural inspiration swayed them. At all events, this was their faith.

If we abandon the Shakespearean authorship, we must pluck out the best literature by the roots. Besides, there is a bitter tragedy in the mistaken enthusiasm, that for more than two centuries has been scattering flowers on the wrong grave and laying garlands on the wrong head; and although there are several instances of this in history, we still resent it. Then, if the plays are freshly interpreted and differently understood, if Mr. Taine's conception of them, for instance, is accepted, Shakespeare may have been, in great measure at least, their author.

If the plays could be judged on their merits, independently of their authorship, instead of being blindly eulogized and covered up by actors and commentators, no harm would be done; though it is not quite true to say that the plays are the same whoever wrote them, because they will be differently regarded as they are ascribed to one man or another. If Bacon wrote them, we should be on the lookout for more of mental philosophy, science of nature, and social reform; if Shakespeare wrote them, we should be on the lookout for stage effects, passion, wit, drollery. That criticism is entirely unscientific in its character, is shown by the fact that there are twenty-four professions and employments ascribed to Shakespeare, and several others are quite possible. It must be confessed, too, that the mental consequences of Bacon's authorship are, in a broad philosophical view, more in accordance with the popular theory of evolution than that of Shakespeare; for in the latter case we have to suppose some miraculous influence—a mountain without roots, a peak springing up directly from a meadow. Bacon, though a most remarkable man, was no prodigy. In our generation, no violent conceptions are admitted by thinkers. There must be a natural cause for every effect. The fact is that the true case is not before us.

It is the fashion to lavish praise on the author, and to assume one writer for all the plays, thus making the judgment unnecessarily difficult. But there could hardly have been one writer for all the plays. The author of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" could scarcely have written "Hamlet." Did the same writer produce "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth," or "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Lear"? Possibly the great tragedies may be less profound than they are reputed; the purpose of them may be simpler. Excessive adulation may have exalted them unduly. The hypothesis of several writers is accepted by Emerson, White, Dowden, Lowell, as well as by John Weiss, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and a singularly acute scholar. ("Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare," pp. 200, 253, 261, 262.)

It must be said, too, that Shakespeare probably did write doggerel. The following lines are ascribed to him as genuine by Richard Grant White:—

"A parlamente member, a justice of peace,  
 At home a poor scarecrowe, at London an asse,  
 If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,  
 Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.  
     He thinks himself greate,  
     Yet an asse in his state,  
 We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,  
 If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,  
 Sing O lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

At about the same time that this was written, it is supposed that the same author produced "Venus and Adonis." Again, after London was left, and Shakespeare lived in Stratford, he is said to have written lines for the gravestone of a wealthy citizen, and these, too, Mr. White believes to be genuine. They are as follows:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here in-grav'd;  
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;  
 If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
 Oh, ho, quoth the devil, 'tis my John a-Coombe."

"Shakespeare," says Mr. White, "was not always writing 'Hamlet.'" True; but the man who wrote this stuff could never have written "Hamlet," nor could the man who wrote "Hamlet" ever have written this. One might as well suppose that Bacon, who wrote the translation of the Psalms, also wrote "The Tempest." A re-reading of Mr. White's "Life" convinces me that Shakespeare did not write the plays; and a re-reading of the plays convinces me that Bacon did not, for he was not a great poet, on Mr. Reed's own confession, for he says, "Bacon's knowledge of poetry, it is safe to say, would not have made him immortal."

But there is Ben Jonson, say the objectors. There are the sonnets. Well, as to Ben Jonson, can anybody tell exactly what he meant, or why he praised as he did? Lord Palmerston exclaimed, "Oh, these fellows will always stand up for each other!" and Emerson wrote: "Ben Jonson, though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame, whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he had conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two." Ben Jonson, too, bestowed the same praises upon Bacon that he bestowed upon Shakespeare. In regard to the sonnets, it will be time enough to speak of them as an insuperable obstacle in the way of the Baconians, when scholars are agreed about their origin and meaning. White remarks, "It is to be observed that Shakespeare, who so carefully published his 'Venus and Adonis' and his 'Lucrece,' and who looked so sharply after his interests, did not publish his sonnets, although he must have known how eagerly they would have been sought by the public." Again, "An obscurity which seems impenetrable has fallen upon the origin of



all these impressive compositions. Mr. Thomas Thorpe appears in his dedication, as the Sphinx of literature, and thus far he has not met his *Œdipus*."

The truth is that we know too much of both Shakespeare and Bacon to think that either wrote the plays. The life of Bacon has been repeatedly written; every scrap of paper about him has been carefully scrutinized; every fact in his career has been carefully weighed. Of Shakespeare, Emerson says, "He was a good-natured sort of man, an actor and shareholder in the theatre, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers." It is true that we do not know much about him, but what we do know is decidedly discreditable. The story of his marriage makes him appear licentious, passionate, and wild. The suit against Philip Rogers for one pound, fifteen shillings, ten pence, is thus described by White: "The pursuit of an impoverished man, for the sake of imprisoning him, and depriving him both of the power of paying his debt and supporting himself and his family, is an instance in Shakespeare's life which requires the utmost allowance and consideration for the practice of the time and country, to enable us to contemplate with equanimity — satisfaction is impossible." A project for enclosing some common lands near Stratford makes Shakespeare appear in a very disagreeable light. His objection to the measure was that it would press heavily upon his own property. The corporation of Stratford — and it must be remembered that corporations have no souls — objected to the same measure on the ground that *it would oppress the poorer classes*. They were human, he was not.

The traditions of him are, if anything, worse than the facts. The story that he was a poacher; the tale recorded in Manningham's diary of his superseding Richard Burbadge, a great actor of the day, in the favors of a woman who was no better than she should be; and the tradition of his death from exposure after a drunken bout, describe a merry but utterly unprincipled man; and there are no traditions of an opposite character; there is nothing to break the force of these traditions. If we knew nothing about Shakespeare, we could believe in his authorship of the plays, because then there would be nothing to shame him; but now, these legends — coupled with the facts that his genius deserted him in middle life; that he was utterly indifferent to any literary works; that he left no library; never spoke of himself as an author; was comparatively unknown in his generation; had no intercourse with men of learning, genius, culture; that he was never heard of as a writer until long after his death — make it impossible for me to believe that he could have produced these works.



The real difficulty is to reconcile Shakespeare and the plays. Emerson cannot put them together: "The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespeare Societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common measure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate; but that this man of men,—he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos,—that he should not be wise for himself, it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for public amusement." Professor Dowden supposes that Shakespeare had a double life, and pulls the man and his plays together by glorifying the dramas and by dignifying Shakespeare's last years: "He broke his magic staff; he drowned his book deeper than ever plummet sounded; he went back—serenely looking down upon all of human life, yet refusing his share in none of it—to his dukedom (!) at Stratford, resolved to do duke's work, such as it is, well; yet Prospero must forever have remained somewhat apart, and distinguished from other dukes and magnificoes by virtues of the enchanted island and the marvellous years of mageship." . . .

"Rescuing his soul from all bitterness, he arrived finally at a temper strong and self-possessed as that of stoicism, yet free from the stoical attitude of defiance; a temper liberal, gracious, charitable; a tender yet strenuous calm."

Taine ("English Literature," Vol. i. p. 296, etc.) reconciles the two, but at the expense of the plays. The poetry is by him still unaccounted for—the intellectual resiliency, the calm, profound wisdom.

On the whole, here is a mystery which may never be cleared away.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

*Verdict.*—Mr. Frothingham holds that several hands were employed in the composition of the Shakespearean plays.

#### IV. G. KRUELL.

The controversy, "Shakespeare vs. Bacon," in THE ARENA has only strengthened my belief that the Stratford man never wrote the plays; so the only man possible left, is Francis Bacon.

The defenders of Shakespeare have certainly proved that their weapons of defence for their hero are much weaker than anybody could expect.

G. KRUELL,

G. Kruell renders a verdict in favor of the plaintiff,

## V. APPLETON MORGAN.

Were the form of an action at law to be adhered to in this discussion, I should for the defendant suggest a demurrer, and for the plaintiff a motion for judgment upon Professor Rolfe's "answer." And were I the judge, instead of what I understand that you appoint me, — a jurymen, — I should be inclined to strike out Professor Rolfe's "answer" very speedily as stale matter (to which the complaint was, in itself, an answer), and concerning itself with the childish Donnelly cipher, to which Mr. Reed himself was far too sensible to even allude. But bad as the answer is, Mr. Reed's complaint needs none, good or bad. The evidently proper pleading is a general demurrer, "that the complaint does not allege facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action." A complaint consisting of negatives, or of negative allegations merely, would be a curiosity in a court of law — if it ever got into court at all; and if it did, it would remain there only long enough to be thrown out. It certainly would never reach a jury, for the Baconian case — and Mr. Reed fairly states it — is found upon examination to be built, not of facts, but of coincidences. But a coincidence, nor a hundred coincidences, never proved anything, and never can and never will prove anything. As the man said about the ghosts, we have all of us seen too many coincidences to believe in them. And, moreover, what is a coincidence to one man is not a coincidence to another, but the merest convention and commonplace. The utmost that a coincidence can do is to build up a paradox; and if there is anything less safe or more useless than a coincidence, it is a paradox.

Supposing I should say, for example, that the most dangerous railroad crossing in the world was the safest railroad crossing in the world. That would be a paradox; and it would be strictly true, for I could easily demonstrate that the most dangerous railroad crossing in the world was the one most carefully watched, and was, therefore, the safest. But although strictly true, my paradox would prove nothing, and add nothing to the world's knowledge of railway science or experience in the art of operating a railroad. And so with the Paradox Baconian: it travels only to a certain point, beyond which it is a delusion and a snare, a trick and device; and wherein it is true, it is true only to those whose information has only reached a certain point, and there it stands, and proves just nothing at all! The great majority of people disbelieve in a Baconian authorship for precisely the same reason that the Baconians give for disbelieving in a Shakespearean authorship of the Shakespeare plays; namely, because it cannot be proved. This majority is reinforced by the comparatively small body of students who know that the Shakespearean authorship can be proved, and so ignore the Baconian and all his

works with a contempt that may be, and doubtless is, a little too lofty. (For, in my opinion, no honest doubt ought to be ignored, if reasonable; and the Shakespeare plays are so miraculous, that a doubt that they were written by any one man, or still more miraculously, by more than one man, becomes, to many minds, a candid and reasonable doubt.) The Baconians, on the other hand, though in the minority, are alert and fearless, industrious and versatile, and insensible to ridicule; and they have the vigor of the onset, and the sympathy of the public, which admires pluck and faith, and which loves to see martinets and precisians and dry-as-dusts confounded and put to flight. For the defence has usually been intrusted either to martinets or precisians or dry-as-dusts, or to those whose contempt of their opponents was too fine and Italian to catch the sympathy of the public, which loves to think that it is worth being reasoned with.

The great strength of the Baconian case, however, has always been, the vast lengths to which the progressional Shakespeare critics go—their conceits, absurdities, and oracular pronouncements upon things which are unascertainable, and if ascertainable, are entirely immaterial. For example, Professor Rolfe says in his "answer" before me, "In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well settled." Now this "chronology"—that is, in the ordinary, dictionary, vernacular meaning of the word—has never been settled, and never can be, and would be immaterial if it were "settled." Even the dates on the little pages of the Quartos reveal nothing; for Shakespeare, like every other author, wrote much before he achieved his first success; and the instant he achieved his first success, publishers hastened to bring out everything he had on hand, which accounts for such unequal plays as the beautiful "Midsummer Night's Dream," almost a masque for loveliness, and the sparkling and perfect comedy of "The Merchant of Venice," and the crude and juvenile "Titus Andronicus," appearing in one and the same year, 1600.

If, however, we understand by "chronology of the plays" those absurd things which are called "periods," and "verse tests," and "groups" (a commentator, named Furnivall, has reduced Shakespeare to six or seven of these latter: "The Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling group," "The Sunny-or-Sweet-Time group," and so on *ad nauseam*), then Professor Rolfe is right,—the "chronology" has been "settled," and we have only to understand that, great as Shakespeare was, he could not write long metre in his short metre periods, or short metre in his long metre periods, or "Sunny-or-Sweet-Time" plays in his "Under-Burden-Falling group" season; and it is this sort of thing which, while it may make the unthinking laugh, makes the

judicious grieve,— which renders Shakespeare to his professional critic, as is the height of the sublime to the height of the ridiculous,— it is against this sort of thing that the Baconian theory has come as a public relief and a furlough, and it has been welcomed accordingly, and has deceived not a few!

And so, if called upon to decide the merits of the debate, as a debate, I should decide for Mr. Reed; but if called upon to decide upon the merits of the question, I should vote for Shakespeare.

Shakespeare wrote his plays as Mr. Boucicault wrote his, and as M. Sardou writes his. He gathered his material wherever he found it, and he assimilated whatever he required of what he found ("gathered humors of all men," as Aubrey expresses it). There is much, no doubt, of Marlowe and of Green and of Ben Jonson in the Shakespeare plays; and possibly something sceptical or ponderous or finical from Bacon, may have gotten in there along with the rest. But the plays are Shakespeare's.

Mr. Donnelly says, in the May ARENA, that I wrote a book to prove the Baconian authorship, "and then in five minutes took it all back," and intimates (as I understand him) that I recanted for the sake of the applause of "a few young gentlemen calling themselves a Shakespeare society."

I beg Mr. Donnelly's pardon, but the facts are not exactly such as to justify this proposition.

A gentleman who writes a book to argue one thing, and then disavows his own arguments, certainly should be called upon to explain; and as a matter of fact, I have been making explanations for the last eight years. I wrote "The Shakespearean Myth" intending it as an assessment of the probabilities of the Bacon case as compared with the Shakespeare postulates; and I am perfectly willing to admit that my bias was at that time toward the Bacon side. But whatever belief I had in Bacon was not based on any arguments, my own or anybody's else's, nor yet on the miracle (for such I still deem it) of the plays having been written by Shakespeare (and as to this, I may say that it would have been no less a miracle, in my judgment, had they been written by Bacon). My belief was based on certain pieces of circumstantial evidence, which, whatever may be said against it, is at least evidence without motive and without bias, viz.: First, the Toby Matthew Postscript; second, the Northumberland Manuscript; third, the letter to Sir John Davies; fourth, the affair of the "Richard II.," and fifth, the date of the "1622 Folio." But such as it is, the evidence of these items has been very minutely examined within a year or two, and since my "Myth" was written, and in my opinion, exploded.

1. In 1891, I asked Mr. A. A. Adeë and Mr. Alfred Waites,

two of the keenest logicians and ablest literary archæologists I know, to examine the Toby Matthew postscript and write me the result. They were kind enough to do so, and I printed their correspondence with me in *Shakespeareana* (vol. viii., pp. 44-49). The result was, that, while the allusion lay between Don Francesco de Quevedo Villegas and Francis Albani, it was carried to a demonstration that Sir Toby was *not* alluding to Bacon. (I may add that both Mr. Adee and Mr. Waites are linguists as well as scholars, and that neither of them took their references at second hand, or upon trust, without examination.)

2. Mr. Waites is also to be credited with (in my judgment) entirely destroying the value, for the Bacon theory, of the Northumberland manuscript; for he finds, not only the names of Shakespeare, and those of some of his plays, in the scribbling, but the name "Thomas Nash," and of one of Nash's plays, "The Isle of Dogs," also therein. Now while this leaves the cumulative value of the evidence intact for whatever it is worth otherwise, it utterly destroys it for the Baconians. Its value to the Baconians was that Bacon's amanuensis, in scribbling listlessly upon the cover of one of the manuscripts he had been working at for his employer, had betrayed the fact that Bacon, in his mind, was associated with the name "William Shakespeare" and with the names of certain plays. The strength of the evidence — *quoad* Baconian evidence — was in this betrayal of the involuntary association in the mind of the amanuensis. But if the amanuensis also associated in his mind the name of Bacon with the name of Thomas Nash, and with the name of one of Nash's plays, as well as with one or more of Shakespeare's, the evidence, while still circumstantial evidence (and very interesting circumstantial evidence), of the existence of Shakespeare, and of Nash, and of their respective plays, is not evidence that Bacon wrote either Shakespeare's or Nash's plays, — unless "Nash," as well as "Shakespeare," was a *nom de plume* of Bacon's. (See Mr. Waites' demonstration, *Shakespeareana*, vol. vi., p. 519), and that I do not understand the Baconians to, at present, claim.

3, 4. The Davies letter and the affair of the play of "Richard II" prove, from the Baconian standpoint (if they prove anything), that everybody knew that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays. Above all, they prove that Queen Elizabeth knew it. But as this is inconsistent with — is utterly destructive of — the Baconian theory, it is unnecessary, for present purposes, to discuss either of them here. (See, as to the Davies letter, *Shakespeareana*, vol. vii., p. 98, and as to "Richard II." Mr. Waites' Introduction to vol. xvii. of the Bankside Shakespeare.)

5. The so-called "1622 Folio" is a pure "fake." It is in the Lenox Library, and anybody can examine it for himself. I

examined it in the presence of the late Mr. Allibone, and again in the presence of the late Dr. Moore, and both agreed with me perfectly that the 3, in 1623, had been made into a 2, by paring off the bottom of the title page and making the lower bar of the loop with a pen. Later I sent a man named Fleming (not a Shakespeare scholar, but a man with no motive for prevarication) to examine it, and he arrived at the same conclusion. My statement will be found in a footnote at page 60 of "Shakespeare, in Fact and in Criticism," and Fleming's corroboration in *Shakespeareana*, vol. v., p. 92. But as I say, anybody (Mr. Donnelly if he pleases) can examine the folio in the Lenox Library at any time. Admitting, then, as Mr. Donnelly says, that I wrote, ten years ago, a book to prove the Baconian authorship, it seems to me that if anything, I should be rather commended than condemned, for being frank enough to publicly state that I had, as I believed, become convinced that I was mistaken. (See also "My Shakespearean Uncertainties," *Shakespeareana*, vol. v., p. 1, and letter to Mr. T. L. Jordan, *Id.* vol. x., p. 61. APPLETON MORGAN.

Verdict for the defendant.

#### VI. FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

Bacon, in intellectual power, is one of the dozen most richly endowed men of all time. He made modern science possible. He gave the death blow to the philosophy which reasoned from theory to facts, and founded the method of collecting facts from which to formulate systems. In our day he would have done the work of Herbert Spencer; would have classified the data of painstaking specialists, and made the vast generalizations embodied in the philosophy of evolution. He was a master of terse and vigorous English, of a strong and often graceful style, but absolutely devoid of poetic fancy or imagination. Like Shakespeare, he absorbed largely from others; and his *Promus*, where he jotted down borrowed thoughts and phrases for use, shows sundry slightly disguised sentences taken from Shakespeare's plays.

Shakespeare is the one supreme poet of humanity; the popular playwright of an illustrious age. His friends, Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Drayton, recognized him easily as their superior in wit, their poetic and dramatic master. Through his pages are scattered the gems and the gold of all the ages. Every phase of our common humanity is to him an open book. Language recognizes in him its absolute master; is plastic as clay in the potter's hands; at his bidding it sings soft and sweet as the harp of Æolus, or is marshalled in sentences resonant and majestic as the voice of the multitudinous sea. His imperial intellect is dominated and permeated by an exquisite poetic fancy; by an



imagination at once chastened and sublime. He was a heaven-born genius. To argue aught from his ancestry or early education, is to ignore the fact that genius is the direct gift of God, and its possessor above and beyond all rules and limitations which compass the average man.

To suggest that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare poems is as absurd, from his mental endowment, as to argue that Huxley wrote the poems of Tennyson. To illustrate Bacon's want of poetic faculty: It was the fashion in his day to write poetry. He must try his hand. He published an alleged dramatic poem, a masque, the worst of the century. He essayed to translate into English lyrics, with others, the 90th psalm. He poetizes the words, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God," by

"One God thou wert and art and still shalt be;  
The line of time, it shall not measure thee."

Can one conceive the author of

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,"

rendering the sublime passage quoted from the Psalms, by a statement in limping doggerel, that time cannot with a tape line determine the circumference of God?

Verdict for the defendant.

FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

#### VII. C. A. BARTOL.

If, as the French Buffon said, "The style is the man himself," Bacon did not write Shakespeare, nor are the two a binary star. The parallel between them is of disjointed expressions, a contrast both of spirit and of form. Bacon is weighty, Shakespeare imponderable; Bacon is reflective, Shakespeare intuitive; Bacon is fanciful, Shakespeare is imaginative; Bacon is logical, Shakespeare dramatic; Bacon's rhyme is mechanical, Shakespeare's rhythm is musical; Bacon's poetry is versified prose, Shakespeare's prose is poetry; Bacon brings a scheme, Shakespeare a chime; Bacon never escapes from, and Shakespeare effaces, himself; Bacon has eloquence and Shakespeare song; Bacon was selfish and Shakespeare humane; Bacon was ambitious, greedy of wealth and fame, Shakespeare, like the greatest of birds, which leaves its eggs to be hatched in the sand; Bacon borrowed what Shakespeare lent; Bacon transferred what Shakespeare transfigured; Bacon rose and fell, Shakespeare is in the zenith; Bacon does not better Shakespeare's phrase, but, like a thief, disguises and deforms what he steals; Bacon gives a creed, Shakespeare a mirror; Bacon is learned, Shakespeare adorns what he adopts, as the thoughts of France found a trum-

pet in Mirabeau's mouth; Bacon had many equals, Shakespeare no mates but Homer and Dante; he is their peer or superior. Milton passes by Bacon and singles out Shakespeare for his praise. Walter Scott forgets Bacon, and puts Shakespeare "next after the Bible." Bacon's brain is a contribution-box, Shakespeare's a mine and mint. They are in their manner — which in an author is a chief matter — unlike. We can measure Bacon's, but not Shakespeare's, mind. The Baconians mistake appearance for substance, as the dog in Æsop's fable dropped the meat to bite its shadow in the brook. Verbal comparisons, such as they argue from, would confound the title of many a writer to his own works. The resemblance they cite may be casual coincidence, unconscious recollection, plagiarism or proverb, painting retouched or an altered sketch. A man's genius is certified by his intrinsic quality, as is a coast survey by the base line. Shakespeare stands alone.

C. A. BARTOL.

Verdict for the defendant.

#### VIII. HENRY GEORGE.

I have read the articles published in THE ARENA as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, with the unclouded conviction that these plays are properly attributed to Shakespeare, and that nothing but perversity could attribute them to Bacon. If, in your tribunal of literary criticism, there is in use any phrase that will soundingly declare the allegation preposterously false, and the "allegators" wanton and pestilent disturbers, record it as my verdict in this case.

Yours truly,

HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George renders a verdict in favor of defendant.

#### IX. FRANCES WILLARD.

My opinion is, that to neither Shakespeare nor Bacon do the laurels of authorship belong. That is, I think the works were composite. It seems perfectly reasonable to me that Lord Bacon and a number of other brilliant thinkers of the Elizabethan era, who were nobles, and who, owing to the position of the stage, would not care to have their names associated with the drama, composed or moulded the plays, and Shakespeare, possessing, as he unquestionably did, a master dramatic power, readily recast them for the stage. I do not believe the prosaic Bacon could have written anything which partook of the universal mind so largely, as the works attributed to Shakespeare; neither do I believe that a man with the little learning that Shakespeare possessed, even with the cast of the old plays before him, could have produced as scholarly a work as these dramas; and I doubt

very much whether he had a nature fine and sensitive enough, to give many of the most wonderful touches to the works. If Shakespeare wrote the plays ascribed to him without the assistance of other human beings, the only explanation, in my mind, would lie in the fact of inspiration of a high order; for as Emerson, I think it was, said, "If Shakespeare had created the human heart, he could not have better understood human nature."

Believe me, yours with high regard,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Frances E. Willard inclines to the belief in composite authorship.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.\*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

It was midnight when I reached the water, and over London Bridge two thin and straggling human streams, which flowed as restlessly on as the running of the river beneath the arches, poured incessantly in opposite directions. I had very little recollection of how I came to be there. I remember a time — was it possible it could have been only that morning! — when my life lay not all unjoyless before me; but between then and now, there yawned an impassable gulf, and I seemed to have lived centuries since the blow had fallen.

The news reached me while I was sitting at breakfast in the morning, and evening found me lying humped in the same chair, with head on breast, and hollow, haggard eyes a-stare, and the letter, which was answerable for all, still fluttering in the fingers of the nerveless arm that drooped over the chair back. I was as one paralyzed. My brain had stopped — just as a drowning man's watch stops on coming in contact with the water — at the moment when I had received the blow. As the hands of the drowned man's watch indicate only the time when to him time ceased to be, so on the dial of my consciousness there was recorded but one fateful fact; and into one fierce focal point of light — the consciousness of my misery — all the thoughts which passed through the burning glass of my brain were concentrated.

Suddenly I started convulsively, catching my breath, and clinching my hand, until the letter which lay in it was crushed to a ball; for, like the dart of a serpent's tongue upon a sleeping-bird, the thought that I had it in my power to end my misery, darted through my deadened brain. Just as I had been previously dominated by the one thought of my wretchedness, so now, I was alone possessed by the one thought of suicide. All the slumbering hounds of consciousness gave tongue at that thought, and swept on at full cry in wild pursuit; and that

\* NOTE BY THE WRITER. — These experiences came to my knowledge some years ago; but for reasons which it is scarcely necessary to enter upon here, I was not at liberty to make them known. Now that those reasons no longer exist, I am glad of an opportunity to put the facts upon record. The story was told me while it was fresh in the narrator's memory, and while he was in a condition of intense mental excitement. My paper is transcribed from notes which I made immediately afterwards, but I have given it very much as I heard it, the last sentence only being an addition. Readers of "A Dead Man's Diary" may be interested to know that upon the experiences here described, that book was entirely founded.

thought I set before me as the runner sets the mark towards which to press. Self-interest, expediency, and religion sprang up clamoring, and, knocking at the door of my brain, cried out, "What will it profit thee if thou doest this thing? Knowest thou not that punishment will await thee hereafter?" But I let them knock at an unopened door; and when conscience arose, and, placing herself in my pathway, strove with despairing hands to drag me back, I would not as much as let my eyes rest upon her, but, turning from her, cried out, "This thing I will do and must!"

How or when I left my lodgings, I have no knowledge; but my next recollection is that of finding myself in the street. Stooping and slouched, with head on breast and burning eyes a-stare, and choosing always the darkest street and crossing, I slunk doggedly on, shrinking from, and yet scarcely heeding, the passers, until at last I reached the bridge, and, with shoulder hunched to the wall, dragged myself slowly along to the first recess, and paused to peer over the parapet upon the water.

Westward the Cannon Street viaduct barred the view of the river, and through the cold shine of the electric lights, the gas-lamps on the distant embankment burned yellow and dim. A train, laboring like a blown runner, puffed panting over the bridge. For one second the electric light flickered from glare to gloom, and then flared out into a dazzling purplish-pink, which lit every carriage with such startling distinctness, that the features of the passengers were plainly visible. A face looked out across the water into mine, and I saw that it was the face of the woman who had broken my heart. Forgetful of the fact that the blaze of light by which she was surrounded would effectually blind her to all that lay outside; forgetful of my wrongs, and of the ruin she had brought to me, and forgetful of everything except my wretchedness and my love for her, I stretched out my arms with an eager and passionate cry; but even as I did so, she smiled and turned to speak to a companion in the compartment, and in another moment the train passed on, and was lost under the huge half-cylinder which roofs the station, leaving me alone upon the dark bridge, and in the night — as alone as I had been before she had come into my life, as alone as I should be in the death which I was there to seek. Alone we die; alone we live and suffer, and sympathy can avail us as little as hate. Your sympathy is powerless to avert one pang of the pain which tears me, for sympathy is but the stretching of hands across an impassable gulf. Even love resembles less the blending of clouds upon the blue, than the sad vigil of neighboring stars. We are companions one to another, we are affected by the nearness or distance of the loved one, but never, ah! never do we touch.

Sick in soul, and faint in body (for I had had no food since the morning), I turned and crossed to the eastward side of the bridge. Below me, in naked majesty, and with blear lights ranged on the right hand and on the left, like death candles by a negro's corpse, brooded the black mystery of the river. As I looked down upon the waters—here flowing with snaky and treacherous swiftness under a surface as smooth as glass; there foaming in eddy and swirl, or sliding as sullenly on as molten pitch, and barred by the broken reflection of lights on steamer and barge—my excited fancy seemed to see the mouth of hell lying before me. I had always thought of hell as a place far distant; but now I localized it immediately beneath the water, and believed that I had but to plunge to the other side of those inky waves to find hell and all its horrors awaiting me—horrors, which I was, of my own will, and not by the decree of God or devil, about to seek. I hugged myself with a hideous pride as I thought of it. Yes, the life, which men murder and lie to prolong, which they sell their souls to save, I was about to fling unvalued from me. The hell, to escape from which they shuffle and whimper and cringe, and portion out their days in petty rounds of fasting, church-going, and prayer, wherein neither song nor art nor anything which gives joy to life, has place—this hell, I was of my own accord about to seek.

"Do thy worst, O God!" I shrieked. "Thou mayest be cruel, but thou canst not be more cruel than I can be to myself. I fear not the death with which thou frightenest us here; the hell with which thou threatenest us hereafter; and wert thou, thyself, to open for me the gates of heaven, I would spurn thy offer, and fling myself of my own will into hell. Of my own choice I came not into the world, but of my own choice I can and will leave it; and thou, O God, the omnipotent, art powerless to prevent me! Behold, the thing which thou madest mocks thee and defies thee! Thou gavest me life, O God, and thus do I fling thy vile gift back!"

With a cry like the cry of a wild beast, I sprang at a bound upon the parapet. For one moment I tottered, swaying betwixt river and sky, above me the wan, white face of a swooning moon, below me the dark mystery of the river; and then with impious hands upthrust to the silent heaven, and with a shriek of blasphemy upon my lips, I sprang out, far out, into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember that a momentary contraction of the stomach and a sense of sickness followed the leap. I can recall the hissing of hot blood in my ears, the cold rush, as of a mighty wind, but have no recollection of striking the water.

Then there came a sudden and deadly shock of an all-envelop-



ing cold, which sent such torture of cramp to every muscle, that my limbs were drawn up distortedly to my body; and in the next moment I was battling and beating for breath, fighting for life, and clutching at the unsubstantial water in such frenzy of fear, that it was churned, as it closed over my head, into crackling bubbles of foam. Blood and fire were in my ears and mouth and nostrils. My eyes were balls of flame, which lit up the cup of my brain, and I saw red blood whirling round and round in it, as water whirls in a whirlpool.

But slowly and surely, and with paralyzing numbness, the cold stole through body and limb. My struggles became less and less fierce, and the fires flickered and went out. From my brain the blood had cleared, and it was now an empty chamber, into which I looked, as one looks into a room through a window; and I saw pictures come and go upon the walls.

\* \* \* \* \*

A motherless, brotherless, sisterless child sat alone in a little dark garret, so near the roof that he could hear the rain-drops pattering upon the tiles. The side walls of the garret slanted upward and onward from the floor, so that there was scarcely room to stand upright, except where they met in a point overhead; and the little leaden-paned window, by which he sat, with his head upon his hands and his elbows upon the sill, was set so far back into the room, and had such thick and slanting walls on either side in front, that his view was limited to the sky and the upper windows of an opposite house. But it was a warm, wet, summer Sunday evening, and one of these windows, from which there floated the words of an evening hymn, was open, and he could see a group of happy-faced children gathered around an old piano, in a small and shabby but homelike room. He could see the uplifted, worshipping face of the young mother, and her white fingers wandering reverently among the time-mellowed, time-yellowed ivory keys. He saw her turn with a loving smile to slip an arm around a little pinafored, pink-cheeked fellow of his own age at her side; and then the picture faded out and was succeeded by another.

\* \* \* \* \*

A heavy-mouthed, dark-eyed lad, sallow of complexion, and with straight, stiff hair, thick-massed and growing low down over scowling brows, sat with his feet upon the fender and his elbows on his knees, looking sullenly and fixedly at the fire that burned in the grate of a dingy parlor. His chin was rested upon the cup of his right hand, his fingers being hooked till the tips touched the teeth; and as he sat, he bit steadily, almost viciously, at his nails. His left hand was buried in the shaggy hair that was brushed over his ears, and on a chair by his side lay an open

Bible. Some strange emotion stirred within him. His nostrils dilated and quivered, and in his eyes there was a dull and lurid glow, like the reflection of subterranean fires upon the belly of clouds that hang over the mouth of a volcano. Suddenly he flung himself, rather than rose, to his feet, and began to pace the room restlessly.

"It is to the abject fear of death, the fear which makes us crave for something superhuman to cling to, when the human can avail us no more, that the world owes its conception of a God," he cried. "We are cowards who would rather lull our fears to rest with a lie, than face the inevitable facts. All the religions of the world are rivers that rise from one selfish source; and were there no death, God would be but a subject for the curious speculation of the philosopher, and the majority of men would concern themselves as little about him as about the plurality of worlds. But death is, and must be faced; and so we try to bolster up our failing courage, by dogmatizing about a divine being, who will do and be for us, what we cannot do and be for ourselves. And we are not even honest in our thoughts about the Deity we fable. Events are daily happening which cannot be reconciled with our theory of an omnipotent and benevolent ruler; but rather than make use of our god-given reason, and think for ourselves, we profess a bland faith in the divine justice, and declare that what is, must be right, because it is of God's ordaining. There is a good deal of the Roman Catholic in each of us; for just as the Catholic evades the responsibility of forming his own opinions, by accepting, in the place of his abdicated reason, an infallible church, which thinks, prays, believes, atones for, and absolves him, so we try to escape the questions which confront us, by referring them back to that sort of dead-letter office, the will of an almighty Creator, to which we relegate all the disquieting problems and undelivered mental packets, for which we cannot find any place in the sorting office of our reason. Our minds are like so many oysters, each of which is perpetually perplexed with an unanswerable problem in place of a grain of sand; and as we cannot get rid of the gritty cause of our uneasiness, we cover it over with a coating of fine words and call it our conception of a God. I look down at this marvellous body of mine, — these fingers which open and shut at my bidding, these limbs which so anticipate my wish, that they act in accordance with it, before I am aware of having put my will into action, — and I look in at the mystery of this strangely self-conscious shade — this 'myself' as I call it — which from behind the window curtains of a little chamber, at the back of my eyes, looks out, unseen, upon the world, and I ask myself who I am and where I came from; and when I cannot find an answer to my own question, I put it away from me unan-

swered, by falling back upon the figment of a divine Creator, knowing all the time that to account for the unaccountable by presupposing the existence of an infinite and omnipotent being, brooding in lonely grandeur athwart the waste spaces of eternity, or hovering, birdlike, over the world, as over a nest, and with outstretched wings that span the universe, is but attempting to dispose of one mystery by hiding it in the shadow of another, a thousand-fold more unfathomable; is but seeking to set the mind at rest by asking it to believe something which is monstrously incredible. Why should there be a Supreme Being? Who gave God the right to be God? And is there any justice in one All-greedy, All-grasping Power, arrogating omnipotence to himself?"

He stooped, and, taking the open Bible from the chair, flung it face downward upon the fire; and as he did so, the picture faded out and was succeeded by another.

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It was early summer, and two lovers were following a path through a meadow thick-sown with tender corn, over which there rose and sank, as the wind swept the tremulous sheen of the emerald banner-blades to shivering silver, a soft and willowy stirring, which was like the sigh of a soul passing out on its way to God. The face of the man was the face of the lonely child and of the lonely lad; and the face of the woman was the face which had looked out at me that evening across the river. At the sight of that face, the last of the pictures faded away, and I was back in my room again, and reading the fatal letter; I was slinking doggedly on by street and crossing, with brain on fire, and all my thoughts bent on ending my misery; I stood upon the bridge with hell in my heart, and hatred to God in my thoughts; and I was battling and beating for breath, fighting for life, and clutching at the unsubstantial water in my drowning agony. And then it seemed to me that I had drifted out into the open sea, and lay buried beneath such intolerable weight of water, that I could stir neither hand nor foot. I could see, through a softened and subdued haze of greenish light which swam around me, the little hollows and hills among the shingle and shells, the banks of white and shelving sand; and overhead, like a sheet of ice or silvered glass, the under side of the surface of the sea. Bubbles floated upward from my mouth, and coated this under side with shining pearls. Here and there the water-atmosphere of this submarine world was shot with silvery streaks and spears of refracted light; and I could see filaments of seaweed combed out in long ribbons upon the water, and floating and fluttering above me like emerald pennons streaming in a breeze.

After a time the weight upon my breast lightened, and finally passed away into a dreamy peace. I closed my eyes, and a delicious drowsiness stole over brain and limb. My body swayed in unison with a gentle undulation in the water, as though the kindly sea had stooped to clasp her strong arms around me, and to rock me to sleep upon her breast. There was the singing as of a sweet slumber song in my ears. One by one the record of the years faded out from my brain. I was a lad—a child—a babe. My cheek nestled against a warm, soft, pulsing bosom; my brow was light-brushed by a waving ringlet, as lips, which whispered a prayer that God would keep me innocent and pure, were pressed upon mine. For one moment I opened my eyes to look up into the beautiful face, and into the love-filled and luminous eyes of the young mother whom I had never seen; and then, with one deep sigh of infinite content, I closed my eyes and fell into a dreamless slumber.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly but surely thought and sensation came back to me, and I awoke, with a nameless horror at my heart, to find myself lying on my back, and staring up fixedly at the ceiling of my own room—the room in which I had received and read the letter, and which, when I set out to take my life, I never expected again to see. I strove to raise myself to a sitting posture; but though my brain was clear and active, I seemed to have lost all control over my limbs. Next I tried to turn my eyeballs in their sockets, that I might look around me; but I found that they were stiff and set, and that I had as little control over them as over my body. And then a great cry of shuddering and unutterable horror welled up in my heart; but my drawn lips gave no utterance to it, for I was lying dead in my coffin, and the footsteps of those who came to bear me to the grave might, even then, be upon the stair.

For this is the judgment which awaits the suicide: that, though he kills the corporal life, he cannot disentangle the dead body from the living spirit, but must lie there a conscious corpse, aware of the coming interment and decomposition, which he is powerless to hinder or avert.

The will of God cannot by mortal cunning be evaded. The Creator may not by his creature be outwitted and defied; for our life, as well as the length of it, is of God's and not of our ordaining, and can be terminated, not by any act of ours, but only by His decree.

At last the time came when I knew, by the rattling of the earth upon the lid, that the coffin was being lowered into the grave. I remember that then, when it was too late, God or the Devil mocked me by restoring to me some measure of power over my limbs, and that I clinched my hands, until the dry nails

peeled off like wound-scabs, and the putrid flesh fell away in flakes from the bone.

"Kill me, O God!" I shrieked. "Kill me, O God or Devil! and I who curse thee now, will bless thee and worship thee—thee God, or thee Devil, if thou wilt but kill me, and cast me out into everlasting night!"

Like the rattling of teeth in a skull, my voice rattled from the hollow sides of the coffin, and died away, unechoed, amid the dull, dead walls of clay which closed me in; and though I heard the startled worms steal slavering from their banquet, neither Hell nor Heaven gave answer to my prayer. Though there was scarcely room to turn or move in the coffin, I managed, by one supreme and frenzied effort, to double my straightened arms with the fists under my chin and the elbows outward, and then, with the superhuman strength of a madman, I strained against the boards which shut me in. The strings of my eyeballs cracked, but the oaken walls gave slightly, and as, once more, I wrenched my arms apart and against the sides, there was a sound of breaking timber, and—my God!—was it possible?—light!—light!—and the light of day!

I was in a room—it looked like a hospital—and I heard the sound of a voice:—

"He's had a hard time of it, doctor, but I think he's coming round at last. Don't hand him over to the police, poor devil! No one can swear it was suicide but me, and I'm damned if I'll appear against him!"

"It's a risky thing you're doing, my boy—condoning an offence of that sort; but if he promises never to attempt anything of the sort again, I'm willing to keep the secret."

And I promised.

## THE CHARITIES OF DIVES.

BY A. R. CARMAN.

THE clergyman had just raised his reposeful, mild face from under cover of his delicately veined hand, behind which he had been silently praying as the soul of John Parker passed away, and said, in a rich voice, perfectly modulated to clerical sympathy, as in explanation of the physician's movement away from the bed, "Our brother has gone." The wife's head sank lower yet on the other side of the couch, as she let her silent crying become more audible and visible. The assembled family stood or kneeled in the hush of first grief, while the benevolent though strongly marked face of the father lay white and ghastly, in the relaxation of death, on the wrinkled pillow. A friend left the room, with noiseless purpose; and all knew, with a shudder, that he had gone for the undertaker. Now a little movement came into the group; and as the clergyman led the heart-bleeding widow away, steadier hands came, and the elegant chamber of death witnessed the beginning of the dread preparations of burial.

John Parker had been a philanthropic millionaire, living well, giving nobly, a prominent figure in a city church, and interested in all good work; and he had died amid an aroma of modern evangelical religion, — hymn singing and prayer. But John Parker need not be spoken of with the melancholy cadence of a past tense. John Parker, at this moment of family grief, is; and is now treading the new paths of the new life beyond the veil. By the time the streamer of crape had been formally attached to the front door, and the business of mourning set about as the mourning of such a man should be, John Parker, the real, the *ego*, the immortal, — not the stiff mask that lay in the darkened bed chamber, but John Parker himself, — was journeying out into an unfamiliar land. Entirely lost at first, it was not long until he fell in with other men, apparently bound, like himself, for some unknown realm in this gray waste of trackless space. As if hardly knowing how it came about, quite a little company had soon come together out of the yielding mists, and under a but half-realized guidance were travelling toward an unrevealed domain. The talk, like that of chance travelling companions



meeting on board ship, was casual and shifty — now of this or that topic of the world left behind, but constantly betraying an intertwined desire and fear on the part of all to discuss the possibilities of the future.

It occurred to John Parker, presently, that this was not the attitude of mind for a man who had made his "calling and election sure," and who had vouched for this assurance to "seeking souls" for many a year. These other strangers might not have, like himself, obtained "the priceless gift" and lived a life full of charity and good works; and, at all events, this was no time, with the hazy unknown all about him, to lose hold of the anchor of faith. Putting the result of this thought into speech in the exhortatory form so customary to him in life, he said:—

"Well, it is a great comfort to me, in this hour of trial, to remember that my Master has enabled me to do much on earth for His cause and people. I have not hesitated, and I thank God for it, to use the means He has given me to help on His work."

"Ah, yes!" said a scholarly looking old gentleman not far from him, his face brightening up at this indirect avowal of a future hope. "It is now that his charities come back to one with interest. How true it is! 'Cast thy bread upon the waters!' How true!"

A heavy-browed man, with ponderous gait, looked up at this with a new interest, and said:—

"Gentlemen, you are right. Now is the time that a fellow's loans to God should fall due" —

He intended to say more, but the irreverence of the speech struck him now as it had never done in his business office, and he paused to try and better it. His mind found it hard, however, to fall into the channels of speech he had always so rigorously dammed up as but the runnels of "cant"; and there was quite a silence before John Parker again took up the theme. A little more force and importance in his voice evinced his intention to let the last speaker know that his blasphemy had shocked all good men.

"A little over a year ago," he said, "I was divinely led and enabled to build a new wing to the hospital in my city. It had been long needed, for many poor patients had been turned away of late and compelled to bear their infliction — heaven-sent, no doubt, for their own good — in their — ah — very unsanitary homes in the factory district."

Two tall, masterly figures were walking in the very front of the little group, and one of them looked back at this for the first time, but said nothing.

"God had prospered me exceedingly of late," went on John

Parker, "and I fitted up this wing of the hospital with all the modern appliances, and the clergy and the press thought it in every way admirable. That great satisfaction should" —

But here the tall figure in the front, who had looked back, spoke: —

"Did not God care to prosper the poor in the factory district?" he asked.

There was silence for a moment; and then John Parker, wrapping himself about a little more sternly in an invisible cloak of authoritative mystery, replied: —

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable, my brother. We cannot venture to interpret them."

"Ah! yes; and you must not forget, my friend," said an eager-faced clergyman with wavy hair and quick, nervous hands, walking quite away at the other side from John Parker, and addressing himself to the tall figure, "God does not will that all shall prosper in worldly affairs. To some He gives riches; to others, knowledge; and others, again, He chasteneth. Some must go through the fires of affliction and poverty and suffering, that they may come out as gold tried in the furnace."

But the tall figure had turned quietly away and moved on.

"Yes; and I can tell you, my brother," said John Parker to the clergyman, "that wealth brings perplexities and trials which are quite as heavy as any the poorest can know."

A thinly clad woman, with a young though care-creased face, who had shivered much at first, and whose finger tips were dotted with needle wounds, looked up doubtfully at this; but the wan infant in her arms moved, and she forgot the others in a moment.

The scholarly old gentleman was the next to speak. "My charities," he said, "have generally been given through the church. There is a system about it there, and no undeserving person gets too much. We have a committee, you know — you can't do much without a committee — and 'visitors' who go about to the paupers' houses, and then the approved families send a member each Tuesday and Saturday to the charity office to get bread or coals or a bowl of wholesome soup — very good soup, indeed." And he smacked his lips like a zealous *restaurateur* recommending his *cuisine*.

A workman with sharp, rebellious eyes and a firm mouth drew near at this, and asked, in a distinctly aggressive and quarrelsome tone, "Did you never do nothin' to stop the manefactor' of 'pawpers,' as ye call 'em?"

"My!" said the old gentleman, evidently startled. "I meant no offence, sir; no offence."

"I guess I'm beyond takin' offence," said the workman, in a

hard voice and with a harder smile; "and now that we're all out of the world, I guess I'd better keep out of this talk."

"No! no! my good man," said the old gentleman eagerly. "I want to tell you what we did do in the way of giving work to those who wanted it. We leased a yard and bought wood and paid men by the cord for cutting it, and then sold the wood. We tried oakum picking, too, but that did not pay very well."

The two stately figures in front, whom now all recognized to be leading the party, looked toward one another when the old gentleman was speaking, as if interchanging thought through the eyes, and then the one who had spoken before turned and asked:—

"Is there a scarcity of work now on the earth?"

"Oh, yes," rejoined the old gentleman, with a committee-room air, "the 'out of works' make our most perplexing social problem."

"The 'out of works'?" repeated the questioner, doubtfully. "Ah! you mean those who have secured taxing privileges, and eat the food of others' raising."

The penetrating tones unnerved the "committee man," and rendered his reply more like a student's answer than an expert's dictum. "I mean those who are poor and are willing to work, but can get none," he said.

"They can always till the soil," returned the stern, tall figure.

"Can they?" broke in the workman. "That's all you know about it. There is no land to be had at livin' rates and within livin' distance of a market."

The strong face of the stern questioner melted into the utmost kindness at the interruption of the workman, jagged and hostile as it was; and something of a quizzical look came into his eyes as he asked, with what seemed mock curiosity:—

"Is the earth so full, then?"

"Full of rent-takers and mortgage-holders," growled the workman under his breath; when John Parker, fearing that this ill-informed stranger might take this answer literally and fail to comprehend it, volunteered:—

"The most desirable farming lands have been taken up, you will understand, sir. Somebody owns them, though they may not use them."

Again the two leading figures exchanged that look which seemed so full of speech for them both, and the spokesman said:—

"It is the old trouble, then: the strong have usurped a taxing power; and though the poor do plenty of work—far too much—the idle tax gatherers, like the old 'publicans' and those they served, reap the benefit. Your charities, my good friend, only gave work to those who had too much. Their need was

justice. And as for land! You who had families, tell me this: could one child at your table obtain a claim to more bread than he needed, while another was hungry? Bread, in that case, was a father's gift. So is the land."

And the tall figure moved on again, and all was silent.

When their spirits had been revived a little by mutual experimental and tentative chat, a tall, serious-faced gentleman, who had hitherto not spoken, remarked that he was interested in the educational work, and that he had given quite freely to it toward the end of his life.

"That was my line too," said the heavy-browed man, who had not spoken since he was so severely snubbed for his blunt pseudo-blasphemy at the opening of the conversation.

The first speaker did not look as if he relished the coincidence, but soon both got to telling the particulars of their beneficence. The burly individual had favored mechanical and scientific schools, while the serious-faced philanthropist had interested himself exclusively in theological colleges. They had both evidently been large and generous givers. Ever since the last masterful interruption from the mysterious leading figures, they had talked with an uneasy eye on their dim shapes through the shadows, and were not startled, though none the less uneasy, when the same one turned around.

"You gave away a great deal," he said, at length. "How did you manage to earn it in a lifetime?"

The burly gentleman plainly took this question at once to himself. He acted like a man who had answered such a query—at least in the privacy of his own conscience—many times before.

"Well, they took my money, anyway, and were mighty glad to get it," he blurted out, in conscious defiance. "I made it in beer; that's how I made it. And beer is one of God's good creatures." And he looked around, challenging contradiction. None came. Men do not willingly jostle each other when floating on a few thin planks over an unknown sea. But the refusal to be classed with this beer brewer shone unconquerable from the faces of his fellow-philanthropists, and presently his serious-faced colleague in the educational work said, with peculiar emphasis, addressing markedly all but the man of malt:—

"My money was made legitimately in an honored business. I was a maker of agricultural implements."

"So was I," laughed the keen-eyed workman; and the laugh jarred.

"A—eh—a manufacturer?" asked the educationalist.

"No," returned the workman bluntly. "I did the work."

"That is—you—eh—you did the mechanical work," interpreted he of the serious face,

"That's what I said," was the reply. "I didn't have nothing to do with tariffs nor taxing the farmers" — this with a swiftly hostile glance — "nor searching out markets; I just made the machines. I'm not sayin', ye'll understand," he went on, shaking an argumentative finger, "that the manufacturer doesn't work; but he don't work any harder than I do, at least, than I did," remembering that he had lately changed worlds, "and I doubt, if you count out as not true productive work the time he spends raising prices and screwing down wages, whether he works as hard as I do. And yet he makes millions; and I" — his eyes blazed red, and he gasped as he spoke — "well, my wife died of consumption a year ago because I couldn't send her to a dry climate; and now I've folleyed."

"Ah! you were a publican, then," said the tall figure from the front, who had followed this speech carefully, addressing the manufacturer. "You had a right to take taxes from the farmers."

"Oh, no!" expostulated the agricultural implement manufacturer. "We in our country had a protective tariff on agricultural implements, it is true; but if I had my price lists with me, I could show you that it added very little to the cost of our implements to the farmers."

"*And yet,*" said the tall figure, musingly, turning round again, "*the workmen are poor; the farmers are poor; and you make millions.*"

And thus, as the time wore away, did others tell of the wealth they had given to good causes or left behind them now at their departure; while about them, sad and mournful, countless figures flitted in and out of the shadows, listening sometimes, but never speaking; for they had endowed no colleges, founded no charities, left no monuments; done nothing upon earth but managed to live, and that only in pain and penury. They came empty-handed, and they were abashed at the "jewels" of good works which the great ones of two worlds were carrying. Poverty on earth had left them poor beyond it; for in the crowded tenement and on the barren fields, tempers had soured, intelligence had been dimmed; love and gentleness and brotherly kindness — what room had there been for the growth of these virtues in the mad struggle for bread? They had travelled "steerage" over life's sea, and they were foul with the smells of it. There had been time in the cabin for good deeds, for kindly courtesy, for benevolence and religious service — they had even monopolized the giving of a cup of cold water up there. But down in the reeking hold of the ship, men fought like dogs for clean water, that the fever-red lips of their babes might taste it. Brute passions had sucked rank life out of the miasmatic air, and

their nerves had not ceased to throb with them yet. Envy had grown into their natures; petty jealousies and class hatred, born of class wrongs, had thrived, not to be put down even by the visitation of Charity in furs, nor the erection of a special mission chapel, where the Elder Brother could be introduced to his "poorer relations." It was too terribly plain that there was no escape from the heritage of poverty.

These two classes of beings, the philanthropists and the paupers, were by no means the only figures that flitted through the shadows; for this scene on the farther side of the water-shed of death was a world in misty miniature. Many other faces looked out of the wreathed night shades—the close-lipped face that neither asked nor gave quarter in the game of life; the careless face, now shadowed with apprehension; and very often the unworldly face of one of the mutely following flock of the many and varied religious shepherds. One of those latter, a patient woman with suds-bleached fingers, disturbed by the stories of good works told by the Parkers of the party, drew near, in sheer wanton search for the help of the strong that she had always yearned for in religious matters, to the tall figure in front who had not spoken. Her story was that she had done nothing, while these had done so much.

"My sister!" said the voice of the figure, and it reached in mellow cadence to the uttermost realms of shade, "you are only like unto an unhappy One who lived long centuries ago near blue Galilee, who gave nothing of man-made wealth, *for He took nothing.*"

And as He spoke, He raised a hand as if to bless the woman, and the palm of it was drawn into a glassy scar. In a moment He was gone; and but one tall figure remained, and he was an angel.



## WHO BROKE UP DE MEET'N'?

### A NEGRO CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

AUNT SYLVIA told the story, as she sat on the doorstep one soft afternoon in June. She had come to return the "cup o' corn meal" she had borrowed a few days before; and while resting a moment, she related the story of the "scan'l" that had "broke up de meet'n', de *big* meet'n' ober at de Pisgy meet'n' house, an' tuk Brudder Simmons inter de cote, an' plumb made dey all furgit all about de feet-washin' what dey allus winds up de big meet'n' wid, ever' onet a year."

"A 'feet-washin'?' What is a 'feet-washin' for, Aunt Sylvia?" I asked.

"De Lor', honey, don't *you* know? But den I furgit you's a Meferdis', en de feet-washin's am Babbis'. De Meferdis', dey habs de fallin' fum graces instid. Well, honey, it's dis er way. De sacrament, hit's fur de cleanin' ob de soul; de feet-washin', hit's fur de cleanin' ob de *body*."

"Ah! I see. And did the 'feet-washin' break up the meeting?" I asked, somewhat startled at this unusual interpretation of the Scriptures. She laughed; her fat, black face dropped forward, her eyes closed, her body swinging in that odd way which belongs solely to her race.

"De feet-washin' break up de meet'n'? Naw, honey, dat it didn't, *dat* it didn't."

"Then what did?"

"Dat's *it*!" she exclaimed, "dat's dest it. Dat's dest what we all wants to know. Dat's what de cote wanted ter know; *who broke up de meet'n'*? Some sey hit uz Brer Ben Lytle; en some sey hit uz Brer Ike Martin; en some sey hit uz de widder Em'line Spurlock; en some sey hit uz jes' Ike's fise dorg; end en ag'in some sey hit uz de singin'; some sey de preacher hisse'f done it; en some sey dis en some sey dat, till dey fetches it ter de cote. En de cote figgered en figgered on it, en den it sey 'cord'n' ter de bes' hit kin extrac' fum de eminence befo' it, wuz dat de one ez broke up de meet'n', en oughter be persecuted en incited by de gran' jury fur de disturbmint ob de public worshup, am ole Mis' Goodpaschur's big domernicker rooster, what nobody aint never sp'icioned, case'n o' hit livin' way cross de creek, on de side todes de railroad, wid ole Mis' Goodpaschur. En de cote, hit

noller prostituted de case agin de preacher, what de sisters inferred aginst him in dey charges; en dey tuk en laid hit on de domernicker instid.

"Hit uz dis erway: You see, Ike Martin, he wuz 'gaged ter chop wood fur Mis' Goodpaschur, 'count o' lett'n' uv him haul off'n her lan'. Ike, he gits a load fur ever' load he cuts. En hit 'pears in de eminence how Ike went by ter cut some wood mighty early in de mawnin', de day ob de feet-washin', 'count o' goin' ter meet'n'. En he fotched little Eli, his boy, 'long wid 'im ter pick up de chips, case'n Mis' Goodpaschur allus gibs de chile a bite o' warm bre'kfus' when he pick up de chips fur her, seein' ez Ike aint got no wife ter cook fur him. En Eli he fotched his fise dog—thinkin' 'bout de bre'kfus', I reckon. En Mis' Goodpaschur, she axed Eli ter keep off de calf off. En while Eli, he uz wraslin' wid de calf, en nobody ain' never thought ob de domernicker up in de yaller peach tree, all 't onet dar wuz a mighty fluster up ober dey haid, en de big domernick come teetlin' en clawin' down on ter de roof ob de cow-shed wid a pow'ful healfy 'How-dy-do-oo-hoo!'

"Ole Mis' Goodpaschur, she uz dat upsot she tumbled off'n de milkin' stool, forrards agin' de cow; en de cow, she kicked little Eli in de haid, en Eli, he hollered till his daddy come ter see de incasion' ob de fuss. En he tell Eli ter shet up; but he say he ain' gwine shet up tell he kill dat cow; he say he 'boun' ter bus' it wide op'n."

"En den Mis' Goodpaschur, she say she sholy have him tuk up en jailed ef he tetch dat ar cow. En so Ike he tuk en tuk Eli off ter de feet-washin' fur ter keep 'im out o' mischief."

"En de fise dog, hit went 'long too wid Eli, 'cause dat dog sho' gwine whar Eli go. En dat's jes' how it all come 'bout; ef dey all hadn't come ter meet'n', ober ter Pisgy, dey ain' been no fuss, en no scan'l, en no talk."

"De domernick skeered ole Mis', ole Mis' skeered de cow, de cow kicked Eli, Eli hollered fur his daddy, his daddy tuk him ter de meet'n'! en dar wuz de fuss all wait'n' en raidy."

"'Twuz de big meet'n', hit ez don't come 'cep' onet a year. Brudder Simmons wuz holdin' foath, en jes' a-spasticerlatin' ter de sinners en denunciat'n' ob de Scriptures. En he wuz jes' p'intedly gibbin' de gospil, bilin' hot, ter de gals en boys, de ongodly young folks ez wuz at de dancin' party down ter Owlsley's Holler de night befo'."

"Dey uz all dar, gigglin' en actin' mighty bad. En de preacher, he telled how he rid froo de Holler goin' ter Brudder Job Sawyer's house fur ter put up, en he heeard de trompin' en de singin', en he telled 'em how bad it all sound. He sey, dey uz singin' somefn bout "Granny, ull yo dog bite." Een he mek de p'int ter tell 'em uv dat ez'll bite more badder en any dog—it air de

wraf! de wraf ter come! de fire dat'll burn, en burn, en neber stop burnin'.

"En the Chrishuns, dey wuz seyin' 'Amen!' en dest waitin' wid dey mouf wide op'n fur de trumpit ter blow fur ter start 'em all home todes de glory. En dar wuz de sinner convicted, moanin', wait'n fur de call ter resh ter de moaners' bench. En dar wuz de dancin' crowd, col', col', col' ez ice, and not thinkin' ob de jedgmint day. Yes, dey wuz all dar — de worl', de flesh, en de debbul, *I reckin*.

"En dar wuz de moaners' bench — fur de feet-washin', hit come las' — en de moaners' bench wuz dar, stretched plumb crost de house, wid some clean straw thowed roun' bout'n it fur de consolation ob dem ez wuz come ter wras'le like Marse Jacob.

"En Ike, he uz dar, en Eli uz dar, *en* — de fise dog uz dar. Yes, de fise uz behavin' mighty well; a pow'ful frien'ly, onhankorous lookin' little critter, curled up on de fur eend ob de moaners' bench jes' in front ob Eli, en not seyin' a blessed word ter 'sturb nobody. En de widder Spurlock, she uz dar, in her new moanin' dress en a raid ribbin in her bonnit. She done been sett'n' up ter Ike eber sence his 'oman died; en Eli, he jes' p'intedly *despises* de groun' she tromps on.

"Waal, den, when Brudder Simmons, he begin ter exterminate de Chrishuns ter go out inter de byways en de hedgerows, en ter furrut out de sinners en impel 'em ter come inter de gospul feast, ever'body knowed he uz talkin' 'bout de boys en gals what danced 'Granny, ull yo dog bite' all de night befo'. Ever'body knowed dat, *inspectin'* ob de widder Spurlock; she plumb mistuk de meanin' ob de call. Fur 'bout dat time, some ob de wraslin' ones down 't de fur eend ob de moaners' bench fum der fise, foun' grace, en begin ter shout, en ter claw de a'r, en ter roll in de straw like.

"De fise he looked up, much ez ter sey, 'What dat mean?'

"En *den* Mis' Spurlock, she *jumped* up, flung off her bonnit, en wen' tarin' cross de house ter whar Ike wuz sett'n' by Eli on de bench.

"Down she flopped, en flung hersef onter Ike's shoulder en begin ter holler, 'Glory! glory! Bress de Lord! I loves ever'body, ever'body, *ever* — *body!*' en jes' poundin' Ike on de back lack same's he uz a peller, else a bolster she uz beat'n' up.

"De fise dog riz ter a sett'n' poscher, sett'n' on de hin' laigs, his tail sorter oneasy like, en his mouf workin'.

"Den I see Eli lean ober en put his mouf ter de fise's year, 'en sey, sorter easy like, sez he, '*S-i-c-k 'im!*' Land o' Moses! ef dat dog didn't fairly fly. He danced, en he yelped, en he barked, *en* he barked. He lit inter dat widder-oman like a mad hornet. I tell yer, he made de fur fly. En den dat Eli, he jes' tilted ob his haid back en *laffed* out loud.

"De gals fum Owlsley's Holler giggled, en de moaners peeped fum behin' dey's han'kercheefs ter see what uz de matter; en eben one ob de dekuns hisse'f smiled, while Brer Ben Lytle, ez wuz kerzort'n' ob de moaners, he jes' drapped down in de straw en roared till he had ter hol' his sides, fur ter keep fum bust'n' wide op'n. Yer could a heeard him haff'n a mile, I reckon.

"Dar wuz *one* didn't laff; dat uz Brer Simmons. He jumped up quick ez he could, en sez he:—

"Sing somethin';' thinkin' ter drown out the fuss. 'Sing, brudderin! Sing dat good ole song, "Granny, will yo' dog bite."

"En afore he could see what he had sed, dem Owlsley Holler gals set up ter singin', loud nuff ter raise de daid, while de boys, dey begin ter pat:—

Chippie on de railroad,  
Chippie on de flo',  
Granny, will yo' dog bite?  
*No, chile, no!*

"Brudder Simmons' eyes look lack dey boun' ter pop out'n his haid; he lifted up his han' up, so, en motion 'em ter stop. But dat only mek dey all ter sing de more louder, en ter pat de more harder:—

'Possum up a 'simmon tree,  
Oh, my Joe!  
Granny, will yo' dog bite?  
*No, chile, no!*

"Den de Chrischuns, dey got mad. Dey 'low Brudder Simmons been et de dance his own se'f, else dat song wouldn't slip off'n his mouf so 'ily. Dey wuz plumb scan'lized. Dey wuz, shore. En someun sey, out loud:—

"Put 'im out! Put him out!' En de word uz tuk up by de whole band o' Chrischuns, exclud'n' de very moaners deyse'ves. En afore he knowed it dey jes' lit inter 'im, drug him out'n de pulpit, en pitched him out'n de meet'n' house door, en shet it to, *in his face*, namin' ob him all de time fur a Joner. En den dey fotched it up in de cote, persecuted ob de preacher fur disturbin' ob public worship. Dey sho' did.

"En when dey fotched it up, de preacher sey he ain' done it. Den de cote p'intedly ax, 'Who bruk up de meet'n'?' En some sey dis un, en some sey dat, en dey *all* sey dey reckon de preacher wuz de *mos'* ter blame—de witnesses all sey dat.

"But Brudder Simmons, he sey he didn' mean ter gib out dat song. He uz dest a-thinkin' about dat wicked dance dey all been habin' in de Holler, en he uz frustrated by de fise dog barkin', en when he went ter sey 'Sing dat good ole song, "*Gret God, dat awful day ob wraf*," he furgot, en sed, "Granny, will yo' dog bite," bein' frustrated 'bout de fise en de dance."

"So den de cote axed him, 'Who bruk up de meet'n'?' En he

sey ef he bleeched ter lay de blame he ud lay it ter *de dog*. He sey de fise dog bruk up de meet'n'. Den I gibs my intestiment, en I sey it wuzn't de dog, it uz Eli fur sickin' on de dog, 'case I heeard 'im. En Eli he sey it uz de widder Em'line Spurlock fur huggin' ob his pappy. En de widder sey it uz Ike fur fetchin' Eli ter meet'n'. En Ike sey it uz ole Mis' Goodpaschur fur tryin' ter jail Eli, else he wouldn't a-fotched de chile ter meet'n'.

"Mis' Goodpaschur sey it uz Eli, fur sayin' he 'u'd kill de cow.

"En Eli, he sey de cow uz ter blame fur kickin' uv 'im, en ole Mis' Goodpaschur fur kickin' ob de cow.

"En *den* ole Mis' Goodpaschur, she sey t'wuz de *domernicker* crowed on de roof ez skeered her off'n de stool en made her bump ag'inst de cow.

"Now, den! de cote hit sey de eminence am all in, en it begin ter argerfy de case. En it argerfied might'ly; do de lawyers kep' a-laffin' en laffin', tell de judge shuk a stick at 'em; en he hit on de pulpit ob de cote-room wid it, en looked mighty ser'us, where his mushtash didn't shake, lack it sorter done.

"En one ob de lawyers riz up en made out de case:—

"'De rooster crowed! ole mis' jumped ag'in' de cow; de cow kicked Eli; Eli want ter kill de cow; ole mis' want ter jail Eli; Ike fotched him ter meet'n', wid de dog; de widder hugged Ike; de dog bit de widder; de gals laffed; de preacher gin out de wrong chune; de sisters fit de preacher, en de meet'n' bruk up. En now, sez he, '*who* bruk up de meet'n'?' "

"Den de judge riz up, en sez he, 'Ef de preacher hadn't gib out de wrong chune de gals wouldn't a-sung it.

"'De preacher wouldn't done it ef de dog hadn't barked.

"'De dog wouldn't barked ef Eli hadn't sicked 'im on.

"'Eli wouldn't set 'im on ef de widder hadn't hugged his daddy.

"'De widder wouldn't done dat ef he ud stayed et home wid Eli.

"'Ef he'd stayed at home wid Eli, ole Mis' Goodpaschur 'u'd put Eli in jail.

"'Ole Mis' Goodpaschur wouldn't do dat ef he hadn't sey he 'u'd kill de cow.

"'He wouldn't sey dat ef de cow hadn't kicked 'im.

"'De cow wouldn't kicked 'im ef ole mis' hadn't kicked de cow.

"'Ole mis' wouldn't done dat ef de *domernick* hadn't crowed on de roof.'

"Den de judge sey, 'Wid all de eminence afore me, de exclusion reached am dat *de domernicker* am de culvert, en de case ag'inst de defender am noller prostituted.'

"En *I* sey ef de *domernick* am de culvert, lack he sey, den *who* broke up de meet'n'?"

## PURE DEMOCRACY VERSUS VICIOUS GOVERNMENTAL FAVORITISM.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

A CONTRIBUTION from the pen of Mr. F. B. Tracy\* appeared in a recent number of the *Forum*, entitled "Menacing Socialism in the Western States," which is worthy of notice, as the subject matter is a magazine presentation of views which have been promulgated by editorial alarmists among conservative writers for many months, and because it affords an opportunity to state some fundamental distinctions between the views entertained by two important schools of economic reformers to-day, and the great issue made by both against the present system of governmental favoritism. The confusion which exists in the minds of many as to the radical distinction between progressive individualists and nationalistic socialists is largely due to the fact that up to a certain point both journey together, although they arrive at the same conclusion from entirely different premises.

The wonderful strength manifested in the revolt † of the thinking toilers against a formidable threefold opposition — that of the

\* We are informed by the editor of the *Forum* that Mr. Tracy is an editorial contributor to the *Omaha Bee*, and that he contributes to other dailies, and this may account for his revamping the old-time cry which has so often in the past served to deceive the unthinking voter. "In a few years," he assures his readers, "the wealth of the trans-Mississippi commonwealths will be the boast of the nation."

† It is rather significant that a movement which in February, 1892, was contemptuously denounced by such a staunch reflector of present unjust conditions as the *New York Times* (see editorial in *New York Times*, Feb. 25, 1892), as a movement which would make less impression in the ensuing presidential election than any third party within the memory of the oldest living American, and which was inferentially designated as an association of "knaves and fools," should now force from an equally strong representative of conservatism in review literature such a panicky paper as Mr. Tracy's, in which we are gravely informed that, after the Omaha Convention, "Over all the city during the succeeding months brooded the spectre of nationalism, socialism, and general discontent." And, further, this special pleader, for conservatism seriously informs us that "Unless the spread of socialism is checked, one of two conditions will appear: One is thorough paternalism of our government; the other is the political separation of the West from the East." It may impress some persons strangely that an eminently conservative review should publish such intemperate expressions as appear in this paper, the following being an apt example: "that furious and hysterical arraignment of the present times, that incoherent intermingling of Jeremiah and Bellamy," referring to the Omaha platform.

A few weeks ago the readers of the daily press throughout the East were regaled with a lurid description of the revolutionary condition of Kansas, given out at Washington by a representative of those who favored paternalistic favoritism in government, as opposed to "special privileges to none." These are by no means isolated examples of what seems to be a systematic attempt on the part of those who, however much they may disclaim the intention, are conveying very unjust and false conceptions to the masses of people in the East, by use of intemperate and contemptuous epithets, and through misrepresentation as to the real condition of the West, and the aims and desires of a large proportion of the most thoughtful people of our land.



practical politicians of both the great parties, the great daily press, and intrenched monopoly — challenges an honest hearing and a fair presentation.

The contention calls to mind many notable struggles in the past, and reminds us of the significant observation of Buckle, that "*No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, was ever originated in any country by its rulers.*"

We are gravely informed by Mr. Tracy that what he regards as dangerous socialism is not confined to the People's Party of the West, but has permeated both the *Republican and Democratic parties*. That such discontent as is intimated exists, no careful student of social problems, acquainted with Western and Southern politics, can doubt; and that a large proportion of the members of the old parties are in sympathy with the People's Party, in its central demands, is doubtless equally true; but I am satisfied that Mr. Tracy makes a grave mistake when he identifies the great popular uprising of the South and West — which is, I believe, destined to triumph — with the socialism advocated by the German school of socialists. I am thoroughly convinced, from a careful study of this movement from its early days, that the great revolution now in progress is individualistic in the

WHAT THE  
POPULAR REVOLT  
REALLY IS.

broadest sense of that much-abused term. It is a revolt of the millions against the *assumption of paternal authority on the part of the general government, and the prostitution of this authority or power for the enriching of a favored few.* It is the life cry of a half-strangled republic, in which, through class legislation, a once popular government is rapidly passing into the absolute control of moneyed aristocracies and privileged classes, who, being the beneficiaries of the government, have acquired colossal fortunes at the expense of the toiling millions.

THE SPIRIT OF THE  
MOVEMENT  
IS DEMOCRATIC.

The spirit of this great movement which has crystallized into the People's Party is unmistakably democratic in the truest and broadest sense of the word. Its advent was occasioned by the presence of giant evils resulting from governmental paternalistic power exerted in behalf of special classes, and its central demand is "Equal opportunities to all, and class privileges to none." *It is a revolt of intelligence and industry against injustice and favoritism.* It is not only republican in character, but is in many respects the most remarkable movement in the history of the republic. I have observed its growth and tendencies with profound interest, and I am convinced that it is not only the most purely democratic party in America to-day, but that it *possesses a moral energy not present in the spoils-seeking parties.* I believe it contains in the South and West far more true Jeffer-

sonian Democrats and Lincoln Republicans than can be found in either of the parties which uphold special privileges and class legislation, and which yearly vie with each other in the lavish expenditure of hundreds of millions of the people's money.

The central demands of this movement, which is silently but steadily growing throughout the republic, are in alignment with pure republicanism; and, indeed, it is the one great power which menaces a *system of paternal governmental favoritism, which, unless checked, will destroy every vestige of free government save the shell.*

It is individualistic, rather than socialistic, if we use the term "socialistic" in the sense implied by Mr. Tracy, which contemplates the German ideal of absolute paternalism, or what in America is known as nationalism, a fair idea of the ideal side of which is broadly outlined in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

POPULAR CONFUSION IN  
REGARD TO THE  
MEANING OF THE TERM  
SOCIALISM.

But just here it will be well to pause a moment over this word "socialism," owing to a confusion existing in the public mind regarding this term, which is leading thousands of people to confound the most pronounced and consistent individualist with the most ultra socialist. Thus many English writers invariably refer to Mr. Henry George as a socialist; and in the minds of many who do not study social problems, all persons who believe in the taxation of land values and governmental ownership of the "natural monopolies" are socialists, although the position of the single taxers is the most purely individualistic of any body of economists, excepting those who adhere to the views of philosophic anarchy. The single taxers hold, on the one hand, that the land, like the air and water, is the common gift of the beneficent Creator to *all his children, and that primarily from it man must obtain his physical sustenance*, while on the other hand its increase in value is dependent upon society. Hence they insist that it is eminently just and proper that the community should receive a return from the individual for the values accruing from the use of this common gift, whose value the community enhances. This method of taxation, they claim, would be scientific and just, in perfect alignment with the law of equal freedom, and that it would impose no *fine on industry*, as does the present method; while it would destroy the possibility of acquiring fortunes through unearned increment and speculation in land, and render it unprofitable for men or syndicates to hold mining lands idle. They are, above all other leading reformers, pledged to the *abolition of all special privileges, and to the maintenance of individual freedom.* They hold that the evils of the present are *the result of special privileges, and that, other things being equal, where justice and*

*the widest freedom exist we must necessarily find the greatest progress, and the most perfect development of manhood.* They point out the important fact that all the great progressive steps taken by humanity have at first been considered by the masses as heresies worthy of suppression. Thus they insist upon the maintenance of freedom in its truest sense, and in the name of freedom demand that all special privileges be abolished; or, to use Mr. George's exact words, "They would take from the community simply that which belongs to the community, the value which attaches to land by the growth of the community, leave sacredly to the individual that which belongs to the individual, and treat necessary monopolies as functions of the state."\*

There are hundreds of thousands of people who believe most strongly in governmental ownership of the railway and telegraph, and who are resolute in their advocacy of the state and municipal ownership of those great monopolies which naturally belong to the community in common, as public lighting, water supply, street franchises, etc., but who are unalterably opposed to governmental interference with the individual freedom of the citizen in the honorable pursuance of any lawful avocation. People holding these views are much truer representatives of democracy than those who uphold special privileges of any kind whatsoever, on the one hand, or those who, on the other hand, would place every printing-press in the land in the possession of the government, and make every citizen a part of a machine, to be controlled and made subject to laws enacted by the majority of the citizens, who, unless transformed in nature, would soon become the prey of wily classes, who would control government, and, with a printing-press under their autocratic sway, would be far better able to compass their ends than any aristocracy, fed on special privileges, is to-day.

My investigations have satisfied me that a very large majority of the people who are now in revolt against the old parties belong to those who demand the abolition of all special privileges, the control by the people of natural monopolies in the interest of individual freedom, and for the protection and service of the individual, but who are unalterably opposed to what has been termed military or compulsory socialism, in contra-distinction to voluntary socialism.

Here, then, are the points of agreement and disagreement between the two schools. The individualistic reformer, who, like Jefferson, has faith in freedom when no class is privileged or protected, demands:—

(1) The abolition of all special privi-

POINTS OF AGREEMENT  
AND DISAGREEMENT  
BETWEEN INDIVIDUAL-  
ISTIC AND SOCIALISTIC  
REFORMERS.

\* "Condition of Labor," p. 68.

leges. (2) The city, state, or national ownership of what are popularly termed "natural monopolies," that the freedom of the individual may be better conserved. Now the socialist (using the term in the strict sense implying absolute paternalism) also demands these radical changes, and works with the individualists, although with different ends in view, since he regards the accomplishment of these measures as stepping-stones likely to lead to a more complete system of governmentalism, in which things will be automatically arranged by laws enacted by the majority of the people. Thus, though the ultimate in view is radically different, both these schools are a unit on the supreme issues of the hour — the abolition of all special privileges, and the governmental control of natural monopolies; and, indeed, many of the ablest socialistic leaders urge that nothing beyond these demands be advanced at present, for they hold that socialism can only be successfully introduced in a gradual manner, as humanity comes to recognize the necessity for each step.

Here, then, lies the fundamental difference between the two great schools of political reformers, which the present unjust conditions have called forth in the republic. In both ranks may be found chosen spirits, men of splendid intellectual power, who are moved by the highest altruistic sentiments. But I believe that a very large majority\* of those who to-day demand the abolition of all class legislation and the control of natural monopolies by the people, occupy the individualist's position, *believing that with comparative equality of opportunities, freedom will accomplish the rest*; while a second class demand these first, but aver that should these fail then they would favor the socialistic alternative; a third class, constituting, I think, a very small proportion, would push their views to the extreme of absolute paternalism with all possible speed.

The burden of Mr. Tracy's argument is that this movement is unrepugnant; that it is a menace to free government. In a word, to use his exact language, it is "social lunacy." It is not my purpose to indulge in epithets of contempt. I wish, rather,

\* During the past year I have taken pains to inquire of scores of analytical, thoughtful, and in every way representative thinkers in the present industrial revolution as to whether they would favor the press of the land passing into the absolute control of the government, even if the government represented a large majority of the citizens; and in every instance, with two exceptions, they have answered in the negative. In various other ways I have sought to catch with certainty the drift of this current, and I am thoroughly convinced that the spirit of this wonderful industrial movement is individualistic in the highest sense, and that it is headed toward a nobler freedom than has ever before been realized.

Furthermore, it is not strange that in an attempt to correct the great wrongs which have resulted from governmental favoritism or class legislation, by which a few have been enormously benefited, some legislators have erred in seeking similar artificial or unrepugnant means to aid millions who have suffered at the expense of the favored. But these exceptions to the rule do not represent the trend or spirit of this movement, and would not deceive any thoughtful, unprejudiced person who had carefully studied the spirit of the revolt. The present social revolution is a war against special privileges. It is a conflict for individual freedom no less than a battle of the masses against the classes for justice and equality of opportunity.

to point out in as few words as possible the real grounds for the deep-rooted discontent of our day, and thereby show that this industrial revolution is founded upon a clear perception of evils, and an irrevocable determination to abolish them, that liberty may be preserved.

The past thirty years might justly be termed the era of class legislation. Shrewd men banded together from time to time, and captured state legislatures and the United States Congress.

THE ERA OF  
CLASS LEGISLATION.

In each instance their plans were plausibly presented, strong lobbies worked, and not infrequently tools of the business combinations were elected to Congress or the Senate; and unfortunately, these methods were often the least demoralizing employed. Hence the great land grants and subsidies were given away by the government with criminal recklessness,\* and without any wise provision looking to the interests and protection of the people. Now, while it is conceivable that a statesman might conscientiously believe it wise to favor a grant of land to a railway corporation, to aid in the construction of a railroad to some remote part, as, for example, to the Pacific Coast, it is difficult to see how any single-minded and far-seeing statesman could have favored the giving away of vast domains of fertile land, as well as enormous amounts of the people's money, to pay for the construction of railroads, without, on the other hand, making provisions which would prevent the toiling millions from becoming the helpless victims of corporate greed, instead of the beneficiaries of governmental concessions. If the government had forbidden the inflating or watering of stock, and had provided that only equitable freight and passenger rates should be levied, there might have been some justification for the action of our lawbreakers. Unfortunately, however, the government

\* A striking illustration of this point is found in the following simple statement of the Union Pacific Railroad made by Honorable S. S. King in his admirable work "Bond Holders and Bread Winners": "During the war (the beginning of the era of corruption) the Union Pacific Railway was conceived. The National Legislature had chartered the company and given it 20,000,000 acres of land. But the subsidy was not enough to satisfy the eastern capitalists. Then Congress offered to loan the company for each mile of road built, \$16,000 a mile over the prairie country, \$32,000 a mile over the mountain slopes, and \$48,000 over the mountains. Here was land worth \$50,000,000, estimating it at \$2.50 per acre, or worth \$100,000,000, estimating it at its selling price of \$5 per acre. The loan offered was more than \$60,000,000. Did the eastern millionnaires accept the offer? No. Why? Because they knew they owned Congress and could get a better deal; and they did get a better one. Congress then offered to give them all this land, and loan them all this money, and in addition thereto allow the company to issue first mortgage bonds and sell to other eastern capitalists to the same amount per mile as the government loan — \$16,000, \$32,000, and \$48,000 — the eastern capitalists to have the first lien, and the government the second lien. This offer was accepted and work began. Eastern capitalists now took hold of the vast enterprise, putting less than a quarter million of their own capital into it. Estimates showed that the building of the road would cost less than the money loaned by government, saying nothing of the value of the lands. It was built, and the patriots who built it divided among themselves, as profits during the building, more than \$100,000,000, with all their land left! To-day the Union Pacific Railroad owes the national government in principal and interest more than \$130,000,000! Ahead of the government lien is a mortgage to eastern capitalists for more than the road is worth."

assumed the attitude of a viciously partial and *recklessly prodigal parent, giving, without restriction, El Dorados of wealth to special classes*, and leaving the millions of her struggling children to suffer in future years, that conscienceless railroad monopolies might water stock many times over, and compel the farmer and consumer to earn interest on this inflated stock, that gamblers and speculators might realize millions of acquired money. On this point the position of the People's Party may be briefly stated as follows:—

The rights of the people have been infringed upon; nothing is clearer than that the masses have suffered great injustice, that a few might acquire millions and thus corrupt government. Individual rights, which should have been carefully guarded by a government pretending to be a democracy, have been ruthlessly disregarded. Now, to secure the equal freedom and justice which are due to all citizens of the republic, let the great arterial and nervous system of the nation pass into the hands of the government; that no longer the producer, on one hand, and the consumer, on the other, be plundered, to enable a few score of men to squander millions of acquired wealth in Europe, or to further prostitute legislatures at home, with wealth which has been acquired, not earned. In treating these "necessary monopolies as functions of the state," the freedom of the individual will be preserved, justice accorded the producer and consumer, and the net earnings will go to the people, instead of further enervating a mushroom aristocracy, who regard gambling in Wall Street as legitimate business, and whose highest social aim is to indulge in criminal ostentation, and ape the corrupt aristocracies of European monarchies. There is nothing in this proposition which is undemocratic. On the other hand, it is eminently republican, for it seeks to protect the citizen in his earnings from the rapacity of a privileged class, and to enable the consumer to enjoy the product of labor, without having unjust tributes levied to swell the purses of the few who are becoming Cræsus *through special privileges*.

Another illustration of this vicious governmental favoritism is seen in the special privileges granted to the bankers; class privileges, which, in the end, must compel the people to pay a double tribute to a small class. For it must be remembered that the government pays a larger interest to the banker on the bond held as security, than the banker pays for the use of the national bills he receives, and on these bills the banker is enabled to levy a princely tribute from the people.\* Here again, in the granting

\* It was to relieve millions of people from the great injustice resulting from this usury which led to the demand for the sub-treasury plan as a method of disseminating a medium of exchange based on actual values, and received by the toilers without their having to yield the fruit of their toil to the government's pampered and specially



of these privileges, we find another example of class legislation, which carries seeds fatal to pure democracy.

On the question of money, the People's Party stands unalterably for the abolition of the national banks. It fully agrees with the vast majority of sober thinkers, that any return to the irresponsible system of state banks, which proved so disastrous in the past, would be an exhibition of political folly, little short of criminality. It admits that the national bank bill is a safe money, *because the national government makes it safe*. It recognizes the right to issue money a legitimate function of the national government, but it opposes the government giving a monopoly in money to speculative syndicates, who farm it out in such a way as to take from labor the fruit of its hands.\*

Now the People's Party demands that the government issue the money directly to the people. They also favor governmental savings banks in connection with the postal department, which shall be absolutely safe depositories for the people's savings.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF CLASS LEGISLATION.

The instances cited of railway and financial legislation in favor of classes are fair examples of a most vicious species of legislation which has flourished during the past generation, and which rests upon the assumption, first, that the government had the right to assume paternal function; and second, that she could in this rôle lawfully discriminate in favor of small classes, and thus utterly disregard the fundamental rights of the majority of her citizens. It is a noteworthy fact that the very people who are loudest in their denunciations of governmental control of "natural monopolies" as paternalistic, have amassed fortunes from the

favoured class. This plan, while open to grave objections, is incomparably more democratic than the present vicious system, for it would provide for the government issuing money on real values, thus securing the promise to pay, and it would abolish the objectionable features of the national banking system, whereby the people who sow and who reap are at the mercy of the usurer enjoying special privileges from the government.

\* On this point General Weaver, the late candidate of the People's Party for president, pertinently remarks: "Our national banking system is the result of a compact between Congress and certain speculative syndicates, Congress agreeing to exercise the power to create the money, to bestow it as a gift, and to enforce its circulation; while the syndicates are to determine the quantity, and say when it shall be issued and retired. No currency whatever can be issued under this law unless it is first called for by associated usurers, and then they may retire it again at pleasure. If they decline to call for its issue, the affliction must be borne. If issued, and speculators desire to destroy it, the disastrous sacrifice must be endured. The power of the government to issue lies dormant until evoked by a private syndicate. Then the money flows into their hands, not to be expended in business or to be paid out for labor, but to be loaned at usury on private account. It cannot be reached by any other citizen of the republic except as it may be borrowed of those favorites who arbitrarily dispense it solely for personal gain. To obtain it, the borrower must pay to these dispensers of sovereign favor from six to twenty times as much (according to locality) as was paid by the first recipient. It is a fine exhibition of democratic government to see our Treasury Department create the currency, bestow it as a gift upon money lenders, and then stand by with cruel indifference and witness the misfortunes, the sharp competitions, and the afflictions of life drive the rest of its devoted subjects to the feet of these purse-proud barons as suplicants and beggars for extortionate, second-hand favors. This system was borrowed from the mother country, where it was planned to foster established nobility, distinctions of caste, and imperial and dynastic pretensions; and those who planned it have always been satisfied with its operation."

most vicious kind of governmental paternalism. The parties who are now horrified at the thought of the government exercising any influence in behalf of the freedom of the individual, who through class legislation is being ground under the wheel, are the very parties who have grown rich, or who hope to be benefited through the governmental paternalistic legislation which has brought a nation of unequalled wealth and measureless resources face to face with the bitter cry of want sounding through the republic, from crowded cities to sparsely settled country districts, and which is nation-wide and growing more pronounced with each year. These are facts worthy of careful consideration.

Moreover, it is impossible to estimate the demoralizing influence of this class legislation on the manhood of the nation. *It has lowered our ideal of liberty, and blunted our sense of justice.* Furthermore, it has made us as a people reckless of the rights of the individual, when the individual was poor, or held unpopular views, and it has given capital such power that it has time and again prostrated justice. It has, moreover, lowered the standard of manhood, and fed the selfishness of man. Other classes, seeing those favored by special privileges acquiring wealth, began in a no less specious and plausible manner asking for class laws. *For let it be remembered that in all cases special legislation has been enacted ostensibly for the good of the people.*

THE BALEFUL INFLUENCE OF CLASS LEGISLATION EXTENDS TO THE PROFESSIONS.

The fatal virus even entered the professions, and regular doctors who found homœopathy becoming a great school through wise and just freedom, and eclecticism, water cure, and other remedial methods saving scores of lives where in many instances the old and approved methods had signally failed, approached legislature after legislature asking for *class laws*, giving them a more or less close monopoly, and preventing the *free American citizen from employing whomsoever he desired to treat him in the hour of sickness.* Had the physicians been sincere, and merely desired to protect the people from charlatans, they might with propriety have requested that all persons professing to cure have on their office walls and in their waiting-rooms official certificates signed by the county clerk, or some other duly appointed officer, giving the qualification or lack of qualification of the practitioner; but so far as I know, whenever this has been suggested it met with savage opposition from the physicians who were begging for special privileges, while in some states where they succeeded in enacting laws they proceeded to prosecute as felons persons who cured those they had failed to relieve.\*

\* An illustration of this character is found in the prosecution of Mrs. Lottie M. Post, Dubuque, Ia., who, after the orthodox physicians had pronounced two cases in a neighboring town absolutely hopeless, was called to minister to them. In each in-

Thus, for a generation or more, laws upon laws have been enacted, not *for the people, but to enslave the people*, that classes might flourish. Moreover, the special privileges granted to classes, without any proper restrictions, have led to acts essentially dishonest in intent, as, for example, the watering of stock, and to unjust oppression, such as levying all the freight charges the "traffic would bear" that a princely interest might be paid, not simply on the capital invested, but on inflated stock, and that certain stocks might be bulled in the markets by the gamblers controlling them.

It furthermore favored an unhealthy spirit in business life. The old methods of earning money were too plodding to suit the feverish passion for riches which seized thousands. It fanned the flame of the gambler's lust for gold. *Wall Street became a throne of power, and is to-day a controlling influence in American politics.*

We must also remember another great factor in this problem of unjust conditions due to special privileges. The land which, by a just and equitable system of taxation upon rental values, would become a beneficent source of wealth and happiness to all the people, has fallen very largely into the clutches of landlords and land speculators, and thus again the few fatten on unearned increment, while the many suffer; the few grow rich in money not earned, but which they acquire through values created by the community. The melancholy spectacle is everywhere noticeable in our great cities, of thousands swarming in stifling tenements, while the same cities are walled in by vacant land held by speculators until the community doubles or quadruples the value of these vast idle tracts, which are often taxed as pasture land. The spectacle of thousands of acres of fertile land remaining practically uncultivated in various parts of the country, which should be under cultivation, further impresses the lesson of this grave injustice to the masses.

On the question of land the People's Party platform declares that "The land, including all the natural resources of wealth,

stance the patient consigned to the grave by the regular physician recovered under the gentle ministrations of this simple, pure-lived Christian Scientist. As soon as the cures were assured, Mrs. Post prepared to return to her home. Before she could take her train, however, she was arrested as a common felon, prosecuted, and fined fifty dollars, because, to use the exact words of the indictment, "she had practised on one Mrs. George B. Freeman, and others, contrary to the law of the State of Iowa." And this is true. She had violated a most infamous law; she was branded as a criminal, though the only crime she had committed was ministering to those supposed to be dying, and calling them back to life. Numbers of other instances might be cited where the individual liberty of intelligent American citizens has been thus shamefully interfered with by these class laws, and where law-abiding citizens have been made law-breaking citizens by curing those that the protected class failed to cure. Here again the law for equal freedom has been shamefully violated, and the rights of every American citizen outraged in the interest of a certain class belonging to a profession whose practice is noted for being experimental, and which at most can only claim to be a progressive art.

is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes." Personally I do not think the platform goes far enough upon this point, believing, as I do, that the land is at the root of far more of the evil conditions of the hour than many reformers imagine, and because I believe that taxation on land values is fundamentally right; that it is perfectly consistent with the highest justice and the law of equal freedom.

VOLUME  
OF CURRENCY.

Another contention of the People's Party which Mr. Tracy regards as heresy is the demand for an increase in the volume of currency. Ever since the demonetization of silver, early in the seventies, times have been growing gradually harder and harder. Our population has rapidly increased. There has been wonderful development of resources. The aggregate output of those things which men require, and which is the true wealth of a nation, has enormously increased, but the volume of the medium of exchange has not kept pace with this wonderful increase of wealth. On the other hand, under the pernicious influence of England's selfish monetary policy, our legislators, at the behest of that privileged class who, since they have grown to be a powerful aristocracy, are popularly called financiers, have steadily sought to prevent the healthy expansion of the volume of currency. And so powerful have the money-lending lords become that only the rise of the People's Party has prevented their complete mastery of the millions by methods which suggest a repetition of the policy by which the De Medici gained control of Florence, and overthrew all vestige of republican government save the skeleton. Now, since the leaders of the People's Party have resolutely demanded an increase in the volume of currency, the parties of special privileges have denounced them as lunatics, while the increasing bad times among the masses have been charged to (1) bad crops (under supply); (2) good crops (over supply); (3) too little protection — before the passage of the McKinley Bill; (4) too much protection — after its passage; and since all these have failed, it has been the "Sherman Bill," which the money-lending power through both the great parties have made the scapegoat for financial depression. Now, however, the unparalleled financial disasters of Australia (bank failures, with liabilities aggregating over five hundred million dollars), and the terrible financial depression in Great Britain have rendered this excuse no longer tenable, especially as France, with fifty-five dollars per capita, is as prosperous as England is depressed.\* The servants of Wall Street are in a dilemma, and their confusion has been greatly increased by the recent utterance of the greatest

\* See paper by Jose de Navarro in the *Forum*. Mr. Navarro, though an advocate for the gold power, admits that France has a per capita circulation of fifty-five dollars, and that she enjoys wonderful prosperity.

authority among the gold advocates of England. The editors of the great papers of the East, which have been indulging in epithets of abuse against all who demanded an expansion of currency, and who have been parroting for years every word emanating from the officials of the Bank of England, must have experienced a sickening sensation when they read the opinion of the Rt. Hon. William Lidderdale, who last year was governor of the Bank of England, when on May 19 this high priest of the gold power admitted that the United States had not *enough currency for its people's needs*—his exact language, as given to the representative of the New York World, being, "*The increase in population and commerce has been so great and so rapid that the output of properly guarded legal tenders has not been sufficient to keep pace with the demands of the country.*"\* For this same declaration the leaders of the People's Party have been denounced by the shining lights of the two parties of special privileges as lunatics. Can it be possible that the great apostle of the single standard has also lost his mind, or may we not be justified in harboring a suspicion that under the circumstances our statesmen and our great dailies have in some strange, unexplainable manner come under the spell of that privileged class who acquire millions by loaning to those who earn the nation's wealth? †

If we run over the list of those in the United States who possess more than five million dollars, we will be startled to find

\* In this connection the following extract from the weekly circular letter of the banking and brokerage firm of A. R. Chisolm & Co., 61 Broadway (published May 29), will prove interesting. It contains some things well worthy of the careful consideration of those who have so long permitted the servants of the money lenders to do their thinking: "We note that the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lidderdale of the Bank of England agrees with our views, so often expressed during the past ten years in our market letters, that this country needs more legal tenders. France, a stationary country, has sixty dollars per capita. The director of the mint places the per capita in the states at twenty-two dollars. But two hundred millions of gold have disappeared, and no estimate is made of the loss of paper and coin during the past twenty-five years. It is known that silver wears out and is renewed once in thirty years. We claim that, deducting amounts in United States treasury and banks held as reserves, and losses in paper currency and coins, gold exports and hoardings, this country is down to the actual famine circulation of less than six dollars per capita, counting our population at sixty-five millions. The national banks owe their depositors nearly two thousand millions of money, and yet they are in favor of further contraction. The municipal, state, county, and individual debts of the United States exceed the legal tender, coin and paper, twenty times over. The business man who could not make a better showing would be considered broke; and yet our bankers want the little expansion of the Sherman bill cut off."

† There are no toilers on the face of the earth more intelligent and hardworking than our industrial millions who are to-day suffering under the curse of man-made injustice; and Mr. Tracy's sneering remark is ill-timed when, referring to the single taxers who belong to the People's Movement, he designates them as persons "ready to accept any panacea for hard times cast upon them by *fortune and indolence.*" Nothing could be more unjust than this implication. The conditions which have given rise to the discontent in the South and West are not due to idleness and fortune, in the sense used above. They are results springing from unjust conditions, unrepudiated legislation, and the contraction in currency, at the behest of the gold power, and the intelligence of the people has at length recognized this. The remedy, if Mr. Tracy would succeed in holding the allegiance of the people to parties who directly or indirectly promote legislation at the behest of small coteries or classes, lies, not in teaching his theories of government, as he suggests, in the public schools, but in closing, not only the public schools, but all schools, and forbidding the industrial million thinking "out loud."

how many of the fortunes are due to the giant evils of the present — class laws, gambling, or unearned increment.\*

The great revolution now in progress is primarily aimed at the abolition of special privileges, arising chiefly from iniquitous legislation, by which classes have been favored, and which has flourished, under the sway of the two old parties, for a generation. Its great aim is to establish equal freedom and to preserve the republic.

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\* The favorable reception given the great Swiss innovations — the Initiative, Referendum, and Proportional Representation — by the People's Party press is another fact which should not be overlooked in noticing this problem, as it indicates the purely democratic trend of the People's Party. These measures, better than any other governmental experiments ever made, are calculated to insure pure democracy in place of representative government, which may become an oligarchy with classes wielding more or less despotic sway.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE NOVEL OF THE MONTH, SALOME SHEPARD, REVIEWED BY  
HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, CHIEF OF NATIONAL BUREAU OF  
STATISTICS, MRS. ANNIE FIELDS, AND HON. ROBERT S. HOWARD,  
SECRETARY OF NATIONAL SPINNERS' ASSOCIATION.

### I.

The ideal set up for a factory village in "Salome Shepard, Reformer," is not, on the whole, an impossible one. Many of the things done at the Shawsheen mills by the heroine have been done in practical life by men who had the welfare of their kind at heart. These things are being accomplished every day in different parts of the world. Of course, the difficulties and the friction attending the carrying out of such an ideal plan are great, and would be encountered by any one who might undertake to duplicate the experience of Salome Shepard. To put into a work having the elements of romance about it, any plan for the elevation of factory operatives, appears like something up in the air; but when analyzed, I think it will be found that the author has worked along the lines of actual experience, as gained by those who desire to benefit the race. A lofty ideal attractively presented always results in good, even though it may be difficult to attain it.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT,

*Chief of National Bureau of Statistics.*

### FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

The interesting and natural development of character in the story of "Salome Shepard, Reformer," takes away immediately the sense of a shock given by the title. We find ourselves at once introduced to a lovely, untrammelled young woman, whose innate sense of beauty leads her to be beautiful in thought and aspiration.

The book is sincerely and thoroughly a part of our modern life and ideals. The reason for its existence rests on the fact that every-day girls — daughters of manufacturers, professional men, or men who have retired from active life into the country, and who have made their homes in towns where manufacturing industries have grown up — are often far from carrying out the natural promptings well described in the story. Only too often they are found using their country homes solely as places of entertainment, or havens of rest between tours of enjoyment.

This story could not be called "Salome Shepard, Reformer," of course, if the type described were a common one, nor if her scheme of action were natural to all well-to-do girls who live near factory districts. To a city girl, in these days, some work in behalf of others is considered necessary to proper life and development; but in country towns, where such labor is relatively more important than in cities, such condition

does not prevail, and there are large groups of imported laborers being thrown absolutely on their own lack of resources when work hours are over, for whom efforts of a personal and friendly nature may be considered as yet in their infancy.

It would be well if every girl — those who "work" and those who do not — should read Salome Shepard, as a source of stimulus and practical inspiration; and then follow it up with the study of "Prisoners and Paupers" by Mr. Boies of Philadelphia, a book of facts and statistics. Taking these two books together, the kind of labor necessary to save our country may be clearly understood. Prosperity has subjected the United States to the greatest possible difficulties and dangers. We have been inundated, not only with the incapables of Europe, but with a large company of people capable of work, yet devoid of mental and moral development, and unable to withstand the strain of temptation which comes with prosperity. The result is that the inherited and imported English ideas of using the money of the well-to-do to feed and nurse the poor, has driven generous givers to the verge of despair, if not of bankruptcy. Rich men have seen their money wasted. Sometimes we hear from them of the ingratitude of the poor, and sometimes of the hopelessness of any effort in their behalf. The truth is, old methods will no longer help. A new time and new opportunities have developed hitherto undiscovered needs among the adopted citizens of the new world. Such ideas as that of a dominant Labor Exchange, not supported by the state, might be contemplated for every section of the country. Workmen and employers can do their own supporting of such institutions; but the starting of such exchanges should be on a scale broad enough and intelligent enough to organize the work of wage-earners of whatever condition. There is need, also, for the organization of incapables under supervision, in work-houses or colonies; also there is need of real prisons, and above all, *real* reformatories; such plans are indispensable to the public advance. It should be impossible, at this age, to incarcerate any human being, sane or insane, without giving the individual employment. To take away the possibility of employment (even in mischief), and compel a living creature to vacancy, is of itself a cause of degradation.

Let us not delay to help forward these things, nor such work as was performed by Salome Shepard; otherwise, in spite of every benevolent endeavor, the great mass of the people will go down, dragging with them, in their wild bacchanalian dance, a wider human ruin than the world has yet seen.

But this is not to be — such a book as "Salome Shepard" shows that the minds of women, as well as men, are fixed on a great hope. It is a book to clear away doubts on certain phases of the labor question, and inspire faith in the future; while the other book mentioned, "Prisoners and Paupers," gives us certain facts by which we may shape larger schemes for prevention of evil.

ANNIE FIELDS.

## FROM THE STANDPOINT OF LABOR.

The fact that manufacturers, as a rule, are conferring with the labor party, when differences arise, proves that such a course of humane treatment of operatives as is outlined in "Salome Shepard, Reformer," may yet be a possible and practical thing. Within the last few years — say fifteen — there have been some radical changes. Some of these have been the result of agitation, while others have come almost imperceptibly, except to those who are carefully watching the signs of the times.

Shorter hours of labor have been one means of improvement, although when this country catches up with England in that respect, the conditions of its laboring men will be still better. Again, the higher wages of to-day are an improvement. A man earns good wages, and gets home a half hour or an hour earlier at night. He has time to wash and rest a little before supper. In the evening he feels more like reading and improving his mind than under the old *regime*, when he came home late, too tired to read, and too often resorted to stimulants as a consequence. Fifteen years ago, hardly a newspaper was seen in an average corporation; now nearly every man buys his morning paper. In this way the laboring man will ultimately work out his own salvation.

Again, manufacturers show a greater willingness, than formerly, to listen to and adjust complaints. In cases of difference, where formerly there would have been strikes, I am allowed to go into the spinners' room, and go from loom to loom, talking with the men about the trouble in hand. This would not have been allowed fifteen years ago. Manufacturers have seen that in this way difficulties can be adjusted without loss to either side.

There are few libraries or reading-rooms provided in this country by manufacturers alone. They want the operatives to "chip in" and help. They are too eager for the shining dollar. In England such a thing as asking the operatives to contribute is never thought of — perhaps because English manufacturers do not struggle so hard to make money.

If such an experiment could be tried in one of the large manufacturing cities, as Salome Shepard tried in her native village, it would be the best example and the best lesson that could be set in this country. Manufacturers are looking out for their own interests, and probably it is but human nature to do so. But if they could once realize that by raising the condition of the ignorant masses, and the surroundings of their mills at the same time; if they could come to consider them less as parts of a great money-making machine and more as human beings; if they could come to see that this seemingly ideal state of things would, by making their employees more careful, economical, and intelligent, save them money, and earn them more money than under the present condition of things, would not more capitalists be found willing to make the experiment?

The book in question is not alone to be commended to laboring men

or to working women. It has a lesson for the rich manufacturer and the woman of leisure and opportunity. The main idea for the book is that the interests of capital and labor are neither identical nor incompatible; they are reciprocal. When the world realizes this, and such mutual advance steps are taken as are indicated in "Salome Shepard, Reformer," both employers and employees will find themselves under improved conditions.

ROBERT S. HOWARD,

*Member of Mass. State Senate and Sec. American Spinners' Ass'n.*

#### DIRECT LEGISLATION BY THE PEOPLE.\*

Here is another refreshing sign of the sudden interest which is being felt, the country over, in the institutions of the Initiative and Referendum. Mr. Nathan Cree's little book is the second which has come under our notice, within a short time, devoted exclusively to an advocacy of these reforms. The author's point of view may be gathered from the following words on page 19:—

We do not wish to be understood as presenting direct legislation as a simple, sovereign remedy for all the political ills of society; but we do urge it as an important practical reform, worthy not only of consideration, but of adoption.

Indeed, it must be remembered that direct legislation is a reform in political machinery solely, and is not a cure-all for the great social problems that now oppress us with their gravity.

Mr. Cree treats his subject in thirty short chapters, entering somewhat elaborately into the origin and growth of representative and direct government. He considers the evils of party government, and puts himself on record as favoring the introduction of pure democracy. On pages 85 and 105 will be found practical plans for introducing the Initiative and Referendum, and in chapter xxix. a draft bill of a state law for an advisory petition concerning the enactment of federal and state laws.

These drafts are the more to be welcomed, because Mr. Cree belongs to the legal profession, and is probably more familiar with the phraseology of legal enactments than most advocates of direct legislation. The general principles that underlie the Initiative and Referendum are now fairly familiar to men who take an interest in the science of legislation, but a great deal remains to be done before the general public can be educated to demand these reforms.

It may be taken for granted that the politicians, as a class, will resist every attempt to introduce direct legislation. Nothing but a tremendous popular pressure will suffice to give it a hearing. Reformers of every kind will naturally support it. No matter what their views may be as to the proper methods for solving the fundamental problems of society, they can at least agree upon direct legislation. It is a reform which will give every opinion a chance to come before the country. It will at least enable new ideas to enter into practical politics.

\* "Direct Legislation by the People." By Nathan Cree. Pp. 194. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1892. Price, 75 cents.

Mr. Cree makes the very significant remark that, in case the Initiative and Referendum were adopted, our presidential veto would naturally fall away as useless. It stands to reason that the executive could no longer exercise a final verdict when the people, as a whole, had once more resumed control of it. One might also go further, and predict that it would not be long before the Senate, too, would become a useless branch of the governmental tree.

We especially commend chapter xxiv., "The Capacity of the People to Govern," to the attention of many objectors who distrust the people at large. Mr. Cree has there answered their adverse criticism in a few telling phrases. The book is also well stocked with quotations from the best authorities. They contribute not a little to build up the argument in favor of direct legislation.

One might, perhaps, call the attention of the author to a certain diffuseness in the treatment of his subject. The arrangement of the argument leaves something to be desired, and there is, perhaps, a lack of snap in the presentation of the case. These are criticisms that the reviewer ventures to make, because he is so deeply impressed with the importance and nobility of the theme.

W. D. McCrackan.

#### REVIEW OF OAHSPÉ.\*

Had I lived in the days of Ezra, who compiled the Old Testament, and had I been asked to review his wonderful collection of manuscripts gathered from Egypt, from Babylon, the sons of Abraham, and the Shepherd kings, my task would have been easy beside the one now before me. Here at the dawn of the twentieth century a new Bible is put into my hands to review. I confess I was prejudiced against all revelations, and especially a new one. Yet, if there have been revelations from heaven in the past, why not in this era? All the older divisions of the earth have had their sacred books and religious founders, each in their time and place, giving the people who came within their influence an upward lift, and each in the course of time crystallizing into forms and creeds, forgetful of their ancient simplicity. This land alone has come down untrammelled by any established religion. Yet here are come from every known shrine in the world people bringing with them the faiths and sacred books of their forefathers, and seeking their acceptance in this new land of the West. But so far they have all been misfits. The religion which was moulded in the Himalayas is dwarfed in the presence of the Rocky Mountains; the religion which was adequate to the valley of the Jordan, the Tiber, and the Thames becomes insignificant in the valley of the Mississippi. There is a bigness in American thought and life which can never be compressed into any of the systems of the past. The new world awaits a revelation which shall comprehend all that has been, be in touch with what is, and throw light

\* "Oahspe." Cloth; pp. 900; price, post-paid, \$2.50. Published by Oahspe Publishing Association, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

into the glorious destiny of mankind. This new religion does not teach that the Infinite Father has favorites among His children, but that He is with all His living creatures. Into this age of universal challenge, even when the long-venerated scriptures of Israel and Rome are being measured under the microscope of the "higher criticism," and thrown into the category of ancient literature, where they must stand the test as to their adequacy to solve the problems of life and destiny, or arbitrate the questions of law and science which man is asking—into this age has come a new revelation, a book which, though making no claim to infallibility, yet handles all these questions with the greatest ease.

Certainly the world never before needed a criterion and arbiter over its clashing differences more than to-day. If the soul be immortal, and we have brothers and sisters thousands of years old, and if they can speak to us or send us a message, this would seem a most opportune time for them to break the silence and answer our prayers for light and literal knowledge of the unseen worlds. This unique book claims to be a message from our elder brothers in the higher heavens. I was disposed to push the book away, but I read the preface, and was at once disarmed:—

When a man holds up a book and says, "You must believe this, because it says, 'Thus saith the Lord,'" should we not pity that man? Does he comprehend the liberty of man to acquire knowledge?

Any book that imparts knowledge of the life and destiny of man is a good book. Any book that unfolds the character and person of Jehovah, and the wonder and glory of his creations, is a good book.

When a book gives us information of things we know not of, it should also give us a method of proving that information to be true. This book covers that ground.

The day has arrived when man will not accept proclamations and assertions; he wants plausible reasons or substantial proofs that the authority be not merely a pretence, but a demonstrable fact.

The time of man-worship is at an end; readers no longer accept a book as good and great merely because any certain one wrote it. The book must have merits of its own; otherwise it will soon pass out of existence.

If a book were to fall down from the sky with Jehovah's signature to it, man would not accept the book on that account. Why, then, should anything be said about how this book was written? It is not a destroyer of old systems or religions. It reveals a new one, adapted to this age, wherein all men can be as brethren.

Here, I said, is common sense; so I read on till morning. I read the nine hundred pages, and wished for more, having found nothing which did not appeal to my highest instincts and aspirations.

Briefly, "Oahspe" states that this planet is some thirteen millions of years old, and that man has been a dweller upon it seventy-eight thousand years. It distinctly claims to have come from our elder brothers in the "higher heavens," and to answer all the vital questions of the day, besides a great many yet to come before the public mind. Moreover, it cuts through much that has been thought to be settled forever, and with godlike independence hews out a new orbit in science, history, and philosophy. No attempt is made to repair doctrines and dogmas of the



past, but a new religion "adapted to the age" is revealed. It solves all the puzzles of history without the least reference to some in the libraries of man. It bestows equal merit upon all the *avatars* or light givers of the past, and shows how they were all but parts of one stupendous plan of the Creator for bestowing light upon mankind. The simplicity and identity of all their teachings are shown, apart from the systems of theology that have grown up about them all, and which by the letter kill the spirit of the masters who first taught their precepts. "Oahspe" does not come as a patcher up of old garments or as an apologist for impotent systems; it does not placate the sects of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Moslemism or Christism, nor in any way bid for their ears or their interest, but brushes them all to one side, and says "The age of man worship has gone by; man shall worship his Creator only." The following quotation, called the "Voice of Man," shows the style of the book, and the courage and originality of its diction:—

O Jehovah, what am I that I should supplicate Thee? Know I mine own weakness, or understand I the way of my thoughts? Thou hast placed before me most wonderful creations: They impress me, and my senses rise up in remembrance of the Almighty. Wherein have I invented one thought but by looking upon Thy works? How can I otherwise than remember my Creator, and out of Thy creations, O Jehovah, find rich food for meditation all the days of my life?

And yet, though I have appropriated the earth unto myself, I am not happy nor perfect withal. Misery and crime and selfishness are upon my people.

What is my weakness that I cannot overcome it? Or what is my strength that I succumb to the desires of the earth? I build up my belief and courage in Thee; but ere I know the way of my weakness, I stumble and fall. Am I made that I shall be forever a reproof to myself and a censure to mine own behavior?

How shall I say to this man or that, "Be thou pure and holy, O man!" Are not my flesh and blood proof that man cannot be without sin? Oh, this corruptible self, this tendency to fall from the right way! Thou, O my Creator, hast proven before my senses every day of my life, that Thou alone art mighty in purity and truth.

Oh, that I had a starting point wherefrom to estimate Thy wonderful decrees, or could find a road in which I should never stumble! But yet, O Jehovah, I will not complain because of the way of Thy works. Thou hast invented a limit to my understanding, whereby I am reminded of Thee, to call upon Thy name. I perceive my own vanity; that whereas were knowledge mine, I should become less beholding unto Thee!

What am I, O Jehovah, without Thee; or wherein shall I find the glory of Thy creations but by the light of Thy countenance? Thou broughtest me forth out of sin and darkness and clothed me in light. I behold the smallness of myself in Thy great works. Thou hast bound me to travel on the earth, to sojourn with beasts and all manner of creeping things; nor given me one attribute wherein I can boast over them, save in the power of destruction. The high firmament placed Thou above me; the stars and moon and sun! I know Thou hast been thither, but I am bound down in a little corner of Thy works! I have not power to rise up to Thy distant places, nor to know Thy extended heavens.

Nay, I have not power to shape my own size and stature; but all things take form and dimension whether I will or no. In Thine own way are built the walls of the world; by their magnitude am I confounded; by the majesty of Thy hand appalled. Why have I vainly set up myself as the highest of Thy works? My failures are worse than any other living creature under the sun. I cannot build my house in perfection like a bird's; my ingenuity cannot fashion a spider's net; I cannot sail up in the air like a bird, nor live in the water like a fish, nor dwell in harmony like the bee. The

half of my offspring die in infancy; the multitude of my household are quarrelers, fighters, drunkards, and beggars; the best of my sons and daughters are less faithful than a dog! I go forth to war, to slay my brother, even whilst Thy wide earth hath room for all. Yea, I accuse the earth with starvation and sin and untimely death. Oh, that I could school myself to boast not of my greatness; that I should be forever ashamed in Thy sight, Jehovah!

Unto Thee I will acknowledge my iniquities; I can hide nothing from the eye of my Creator. Hear me then, O Father!

I took up arms against my brother. With great armies I encompassed him about to despoil him.

His widows and orphans I multiplied by the stroke of my sword; the cry of anguish that came out of their mouths I answered by the destruction of my brother's harvests.

To my captains and generals who showed great skill in killing, I built monuments in stone and iron. Yea, I inscribed them from top to bottom with their bloody victories.

And in my vanity I called out to the young, saying, "Behold the glory of great men! These great monuments have I builded to them!"

And the youth of my household were whetted with ambition for spoil. The example of my hand made them train themselves for warfare.

To my colonels and generals I gave badges of gold. I called to the damsels, saying, "Come, a great honor I give to you; ye shall dance with the officers of death!"

And they tripped up on tip-toe, elated by the honey of my words! O Jehovah, how have I not covered up my wickedness; how have I failed to make the flow of my brother's blood the relish of satan!

To my destroying hosts I have given honor and glory. In the pretence of enforcing peace I hewed my way in flesh and blood.

I made great pretensions in a kingdom. I called out to my people saying, "We must have a kingdom." I showed them no reason for it; but I bade them take up arms and follow me for patriotism's sake. And yet, what was patriotism? Behold, I made it as a something greater than Thee and Thy commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Yea, by the cunning of my words, I taught them my brother was my enemy; that to fall upon him and his people and destroy them was great patriotism.

And they ran at the sound of my voice, for my glory in the greatness of my kingdom, and they committed great havoc.

Yea, I built colleges for training my young men in warfare. I drew a boundary hither and thither, saying: "This is my kingdom! All others are my enemies!"

I flattered the young men with the work of death; I said, "Ye men of war, great shall be your glory!"

And their judgment was turned away from peace; I made them think that righteousness was to stand up for me and my country, and to destroy my brother and his people.

They built me forts and castles and arsenals without number. I called unto my people saying, "Come, behold the glory of my defences which I built for you!"

And they gave me money and garrisons and ships of war and torpedoes, shouting: "Hurrah for our kingdom! We have faith in these things more than in Thee, our Creator!"

Thus I led them away from Thee. Their eyes I turned down in the way of death. By the night of my armies I put away righteousness.

I covered the earth over with drunkards and widows and orphans; to beggary I reduced them, but I whetted their pride by saying, "Behold what great standing armies we have!"

To the man that said, "There shall come a time of peace, when war shall be no more forever," I mocked and said, "Thou fool!"

I know Thy counts against me, O Father. I cannot hide my iniquity from Thy sight. I have said war was a necessary evil to prevent a too populous world! I turned my back toward the wide, unsettled regions of the earth. With this falsehood in my mouth, I stood up before Thee. Yea, I cried out as if for the righteous, saying, "I war

for righteousness and for the protection of the weak!" In the destruction of my brethren I stood as a murderer, pleading this excuse. Stubbornly I persisted in not seeing justice on the other side, whilst I cut down whom Thou hadst created alive. Above the works of Thy hand I raised myself as a pruning knife in Thy vineyard.

Yea, more than this, I persuaded my sons and daughters that to war for me was to war for our Father in heaven. By such blasphemy led I them into ruin. And when the battle was over for the day I cried out, "Behold the glory of them that were slain for the honor of their country!" Thus have I added crime unto crime before Thee, Jehovah; thus destroyed Thy beautiful creation. Verily, have I not one word in justification of my deeds before Thee!

Oh, that I had remained faithful unto Thee, Jehovah! But I invented gods unto the glory of the evil one. In one place I called out to my sons and daughters, saying, "Be ye Brahmans! Brahma saveth whosoever professeth his name." In another place I said, "Be ye Buddhists! Buddha saveth whosoever calleth on his name." In another place I said, "Be ye Christians! Christ saveth whosoever calleth on his name." In another place I said, "Be ye Mohammedans! Whosoever saith, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet,' shall have indulgence without sin."

Thus have I divided the earth, O Jehovah! Into four great idolatries have I founded them, and into their hands put all manner of weapons of destruction; and they are become more terrible against one another than are the beasts of the forest. Oh, that I could put away these great iniquities which I raised up as everlasting torments on the earth. Verily, there is no salvation in any of these.

Their people are forever destroying one another. They quarrel and kill for their respective religions; setting aside Thy commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." They love their own nation and hate all others. They set aside Thy commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

They preach and pray in sufficient truth; but not one of these people practiceth peace, love, and virtue, in any degree commensurate with their understanding. These religions have not saved from sin any nation or city on the whole earth.

In vain have I searched for a plan of redemption; a plan that would make the earth a paradise, and the life of man a glory unto Thee and a joy unto himself. But, alas! the two extremes, riches and poverty, have made the prospect of a millennium a thing of mockery.

For one man that is rich there are a thousand poor, and their interests are an interminable conflict with one another. Labor crieth out in pain; but Capital smiteth him with a heartless blow.

Nation is against nation; king against king; merchant against merchant; consumer against producer; yea, man against man, in all things upon the earth.

Because the state is rotten, the politician feedeth thereon; because society is rotten, the lawyer and court have riches and sumptuous feasts; because the flesh of my people is rotten, the physician findeth a harvest of comfort.

Now, O Jehovah, I come to thee! Thou holdest the secret of peace and harmony and good will amongst mortals. Give me of Thy light, O Father! Show me the way of proceeding that way, and crime and poverty may come to an end. Open Thou the way of peace and love and virtue and truth, that Thy children may rejoice in their lives, and glorify Thee and Thy works forever.

Such is the voice of man, O Jehovah! In all the nations of the earth this voice riseth up to Thee! As Thou spakest to Zoroaster, and to Abraham, and Moses, leading them forth out of darkness, oh, speak Thou, Jehovah!

Man hath faith in Thee only; Thou alone wast sufficient in the olden time; to-day, Thou alone art sufficient unto Thine own creations. Speak Thou, O Jehovah!

After such a grand panegyric as this, how can a man who breathes this universal air talk about persuading, coaxing, or driving his fellows into a corral over which is raised a banner of Buddha, Brahma, Mohammed, or Christ? The man who tries, in this age, to turn all noses toward the glittering minarets of Mecca is exactly on a par with his brother in

another location on the planet who tries to turn all noses toward Jerusalem and all eyes toward Calvary, and have us labelled Christian this or that.

The universality of man, the brotherhood of man, can never be mustered under a banner so partial. The Universalist (using this name in its largest, not in its sectarian sense), going to the world's congress of religions in Chicago, will not harangue his brothers and sisters there assembled to come to Buddha, Brahma, Christ, or whatever his pet local saviour may be. But he will say, "My brother seekers after God, we have at last found him in the love made manifest which has brought us here to counsel together as brothers of one household, with one deep faith taught by many teachers in our several lands, a faith in the everlasting Father of all worlds, who has in good time sounded a keynote to which we may all attune ourselves, and having attuned ourselves to the All Perfect, we must perforce be attuned to one another." Small must be the man who, after hearing such words, will persist in boring the world longer with his discordant cry of "Come to Mecca," Jerusalem, or the Bo-tree. But let us visit them all in love, and venerate them all, and come home at last to rear a temple high, high above the rest, dedicated to the worship of the All One.

If the claims of "Oahspe" are true, it is the most important work ever written; if false, the most cruel and most stupendous joke. There is no middle ground. Its claims are put forth with the most childlike simplicity; and viewed from every point, no ulterior motive can be discerned from any person to teach such high spiritual truths behind the mask of a lie.

Books of this character always gain adherents, be they wise or foolish. But their longevity must depend on their approximation to truth. Their claim of heavenly origin carries no authority in this age of the world. They must be judged entirely by the fruits of their philosophies—whether they lead men to become more humane, useful, and universal in thought and culture. Any book that attempts to set up a fence around its adherents, or drive a stave beyond which man is forbidden to go, has marked its own limit, and in the march of civilization will be left behind. All the established religions of the world are suffering from a spiritual gangrene. The foremost pulpits are but striving to have their people accept only the most rational doctrines out of the theological wreck. The rest they apologize for as the childish concepts of our remote ancestors. When the rational mind has come to reject the system he was brought up in, a world sickness comes over him, and his heart is pained at the memory of his mother, perhaps, who first taught him its precepts. He feels alone with God, and prays to him for new light. But light comes very slowly, and he accepts it still more slowly; for he remembers the faults of the past, when proclamations and assertions had only to fall from the mouth of a priest to be instantly received by the multitude as from spheres celestial.

*It is the nature of Religion that it can leave no middle ground*

To ask the rational mind to accept a new system immediately, is unreasonable. Time and study must be given to this book, "*Oahspe*," before an impartial judgment can be made. It is impossible to give any idea of the magnitude of this unique book in a review like this, for it, itself, is a review of a vast library.

DR. GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL.

#### PERSIAN LITERATURE.\*

The western world of letters is assuredly enriched by this most complete, concise, and truly accurate exposition and embodiment of the highest and purest prose and poetic thought of the Persian literati. We are indebted to the author for her labor of love, her devoted and deep study of Eastern lore.

Every nation, however cosmopolitan, has its own distinct literature, though often the origin of the latter may be traced to distant nationalities and races. Concerning the land of the "*Lion and the Sun*," the writer observes:—

As Persia was founded upon the ruins of more ancient monarchies, as she gathered into the halls of her kings the spoils of conquered nations, so also her literature was enriched by the philosophy and science, the poetry and mythology, of her predecessors.

In this respect, Chaldea and Assyria were forced to pay tribute in yielding to conquering monarchs the very gems of their accumulated literature.

Persian poetry and romance are the offsprings of the myths and legends, comprising stories of the deities and idols worshipped by conquered races, dating back to the Chaldeans. These same tales "seem to form the basis, not only of Persian mythology, but of the luxuriant growth of myths and fable which has permeated India, Greece, and Rome, as well as Northern Europe. . . . The modern phase of their literature is emphatically an age of poetry; the Persians of these later centuries seem to have been born with a song on their lips. . . . In the beauty of their dreams and the tenderness of their thoughts," the author terms the Persians the Italians of Asia. Referring to the added coloring and fire given to their verse by the Arabic element, she says:—

There were the mystic lights and shadows of nomadic life and desert voices mingled with the strains of the native singers. It added the life-springs of the oasis, as well as the rushing whirlwind; it added the palm tree of the desert with her feet in the burning sand and her head in the morning light, a symbol of the watch-fires of faith above the desert places of life.

The best literature of Persia in our age is largely the reproduction in various forms of her standard poets; her romances, however, still rival the Arabian Nights in their startling combinations and bewildering descriptions.

There are seven marked epochs in the history of Persian poetry.

Firdusi, the "*Homer of Iran*," and the most distinguished singer of the first period, was honored with the title of "*King of Poets*," filling a position analogous to the English office of Poet Laureate. His versified history of Persia is the most notable production of Persian poetry.

\* "*Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern*." By Elizabeth A. Reed. Cloth; 412 pp.; price, \$2.50. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

During the second period the idealistic Nizāmi was the great literary sun among lesser lights, the composer of pathetic love songs, one entitled "Laili and Majnūn" being the most famous among the Persian classics, "which for tenderness, purity, and pathos has been seldom equaled."

The third epoch introduces Jalal-uddin Rūmi, the mystic poet and philosopher, and writer of lyrics. The latter phase of his art is portrayed in the following beautiful and touching lines:—

THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou  
Who hast wandered far and wide—  
Seen the sweetest roses blow,  
And the brightest rivers glide;  
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,  
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where  
Nature seems most blest and fair,  
Far above all climes beside?  
'Tis where those we love abide,  
And that little spot is best  
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.  
Though it be a fairy space,  
Wide and spreading is the place;  
Though 'twere but a barren mound,  
'Twould become enchanted ground;  
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem  
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;  
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom  
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

Through the remaining periods the author leads us, supplementing each poem with a poetic-prose version. So richly clothed is her thought in the very silks and satins of rhetoric, that one is fairly wafted in spirit to the land of the nightingale, roses, and palm. Every student would find this delightful book a most valuable addition to his library.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

THE CUP BEARER.\*

This book contains one year's issue of the "Cup Bearer" bound in a single volume. It is a valuable addition to educational literature for children, comprising beautiful stories and poems, prettily illustrated, which will delight and instruct as well as appeal to the intuitions and highest ideals of the child mind.

The underlying aim of the "Cup Bearer" is to instill in the hearts of the little ones the desire to develop the spiritual faculties by ever selflessly bearing the cup of loving service where a helpful thought, word, or deed is needed.

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\* "The Cup Bearer," by Helen Van-Anderson. Published by New Era Publishing Company, Chicago. Cloth, 382 pp.; price, \$1.50.



The author, a mother herself, with a beautiful nature, strong in the mother principle, and deeply imbued with love for children, is perfectly conversant with every phase of child character.

Frederick Fröbel, the venerated founder of the kindergarten system, said, eighty years ago, "The destinies of nations lie in the hands of women." All mothers and teachers who appreciate the verity and significance of this utterance will gladly welcome this book as an aid in training aright the little budding immortal souls ordained by the Infinite Father to occupy their own particular niche in earth life.

Educators who appreciate this truth will find the "Cup Bearer" a distinct aid in the highest of all callings.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

#### A MAGNIFICENT ART WORK.\*

A magnificent portfolio volume, printed on extra heavy enameled paper, handsomely bound, and containing a rare collection of large engravings made from photographs, illustrating the most interesting and most noted objects everywhere. This great work will probably take a foremost place among the publications of to-day. It deserves, and will doubtless receive, a cordial reception at the hands of educated people everywhere. It is an educational work, occupies a field of its own, and, in families where it finds a place, the children will in a few months acquire a more accurate knowledge of the world at large than their parents have gathered in a lifetime. It is one of those rare books that educate while they amuse, instruct and entertain. Giving, as it does, the most celebrated scenes in every country on the globe, it in a measure takes the place of an extended tour, which would consume years and cost thousands of dollars. At the same time it is of great value to those who have been abroad, because it recalls to mind the places they have seen and admired in the course of their travels; and it is of still more value to the stay-at-home, enabling him to become so familiar with the cities, buildings, scenery, and the manners and customs of the people of other lands that he can pass in society as a finished traveller. It not only shows the choicest scenes from every country, but presents the impressions made by them on the minds of the most learned travellers and thinkers of the day. It is like having the whole world in your own home, with the greatest travellers and lecturers there to talk to you about it.

\* "Scenes from Every Land." A collection of over 500 fine photographic views, size 11½ by 14½ inches, designed to take the place of an extended tour of the globe, and embracing the most beautiful, interesting, and striking scenes that divert the traveller abroad, the whole forming a photographic panorama of the world. With an introduction by General Lew Wallace, and descriptions of the different scenes by Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Washington Gladden, D. D., Russell H. Conwell, D. D., Hamilton W. Mabie, LL. B., Lit. D., S. F. Scovel, D. D., LL. D., C. H. Payne, D. D., LL. D., Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge, Hon. Henry Watterson, J. H. W. Stuckenburg, D. D., of Berlin, Germany, and other talented writers. Edited by Thomas Lowell Knox. Springfield, Ohio, Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick.

As all the illustrations are made from actual photographs, they possess the charm of accuracy; a photograph tells no lies. The descriptions are charmingly written, and contain a surprising amount of information. The system of indexing used renders the information relative to any city, country, building, or scene readily accessible, thus making it a valuable work of reference. It contains many fine photographs of famous paintings and statuary in the art galleries of London, Paris, Florence, Rome, Dresden, and other great cities. The publishers have cause for congratulation in the fact that considerable space is devoted to American scenery, there being too much of a tendency on the part of publishers generally to illustrate other lands to the neglect of our own.

General Wallace's introduction gives a foretaste of the good things that follow, and Hon. Henry Watterson's article on "London and Paris" is written in his most vigorous style, and deals with matters that render it exceedingly interesting. Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge has an article on "American Progress" that is also worth reading. The typography and presswork are excellent, and the character of the views selected shows careful, painstaking work and nice discrimination. Evidently the world has been ransacked for the beautiful in nature and art; and as one turns the pages of this book, he becomes lost in the contemplation of famous castles, hoary cathedrals, historic ruins, charming mountain, lake, and river views, and a thousand and one other strange, fascinating, and instructive objects that give variety to terrestrial scenery.

#### AZOTH.\*

This work is from the pen of Arthur E. Waite, and is one of the best written volumes on Eastern transcendentalism we have yet read. The conclusions reached in this work are the result of considerable research into the significance of the hermetic and mystical symbolisms contained in alchemical literature, and as regards fundamental doctrine they offer a reasonable harmony between the transcendental teachings of Eastern and Western theosophy. The first division of the work deals with the outward man, and the application of arcane principles to the evolution of the body of man. It exhibits the special nature of the physical perfection which may be developed in humanity by the application of esoteric laws. The second division is devoted to the inward man, and delineates the several processes by which mysticism assures to its initiates the attainment of true rest in the absolute. Special theosophical interest attaches to the chapters on the catholic doctrine of theosophy and mysticism.

"Azoth" is written *ad clerum*, and does not suppose in its readers any technical acquaintance with hermetic symbolism.

\* "Azoth; or, The Star in the East." By Arthur E. Waite. Imp. 8vo; cloth, 21s. Published by the Theosophical Publishing Society, No. 7 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C., Eng.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO \* FROM THE NEW  
ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The most notable book of the month is undoubtedly "Civilization's Inferno," by B. O. Flower, the famous thinker and essayist, whose conduct of THE ARENA, upon the broadest lines of humanitarian thought, has made it the one review of the times which deals fearlessly and justly with vital questions of ethics, sociology, and government. Mr. Flower has been a marked man in the literary world ever since he assumed the editorial charge of THE ARENA; for a review which, with all the talent and literary prestige of its conservative competitors, gave a voice to the voiceless wrongs of humanity — the under-world that is not represented in city councils, legislatures, or Congress — was a new and disturbing element in the literary atmosphere of to-day. There is a sort of unwritten compact existing among the literary lights of the hour to assume that all is right with the world, "since God is in his heaven." If men are unjust and inhuman, they are at least mannerly in their social life, and this alone is the province of the literary artists who would be taken "seriously" — that is the phrase. There are certain wrongs and certain questions, whose existence is tacitly admitted, which must be let alone. It is so very much pleasanter to consider the fashionable virtues and vices, and the progress of foreign missions, than it is to deal frankly with barbarism in New York, Chicago, and Boston. The literary atmosphere of to-day is unfortunately too enervating for all but the very strongest moral natures; and so such courage and determination and noble self-sacrifice as have been shown by Mr. Flower in his conduct of THE ARENA are rare enough to make him a singular force in our contemporary literature; a writer to whom all who thrill with the grandeur and mystery of human life, are instinctively attracted with a feeling that is much deeper than interest. Mr. Flower is one of those rare minds who are not only alive to the misery in the world, and are driven to expression, but unite the spiritual insight of the poet with the practicality of the scientific sociologist. "Civilization's Inferno" is a title well justified by the revelations of the book, which are the result of long and careful investigation, and are not the less impressive because compressed into the most judicial statement, with actually ascertained facts and statistics behind them.

Mr. Flower's book presents an aggregation of facts which is startling, and should arrest the attention of those persons whose elastic consciences allow them to attribute the whole burden of modern civilization's iniquities to one source of evil — the liquor traffic. There are sweaters, rackrenters, and tenement landlords in the best of all possible worlds, as well as liquor dealers; and fashionable Christian ministers and congregations should not only deplore certain conditions in a vague way, but should either give up the pretence of Christianity, and become

\* "Civilization's Inferno." By B. O. Flower. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

honest rogues and sceptics, or set the face of the Christian church steadily against the roguery of profit, which keeps its victims and its deeds out of sight, and contributes to foreign missions. Mr. Flower makes no uncertain sound on this point. He deals with all the factors in the problem — which is really a problem of absolute justice, instead of conventional justice.

"Civilization's Inferno" is much more than a simple, unexaggerated account of the workings and results of the sweating and tenement systems. It is one of the strongest arraignments of our so-called civilization in the New World which has yet appeared. There is no intention on the author's part to vilify the rich or detract in any way from the fame of those who, through the medium of corporate philanthropies, do what they deem best to alleviate the misery of the slums. It is the simplicity of the narrative and the enormity of the facts revealed, regarded in comparison with other facts of a different character, such as those of the Carmencita ball, which must force every intelligent reader whose heart throbs with blood and not water, to say that it is not alone our municipal government which is answerable for such degradation and misery, but it is every *individual* in the community who possesses more than enough to provide for the comfort of himself and family. Those men who are subject to fits of sporadic charity on a gigantic scale, and who close their eyes to the need of the millions in the slums — not of bread and money, but habitable *homes* — are especially culpable; for — there is no use in juggling with pretty phrases — communities are composed of individuals, and it is, therefore, logically every individual's concern. If no other reason should be advanced for the amelioration of the desperate conditions under which the very poor live, there is the potent one of self-protection. It is not only moral contamination which the body politic has to expect when it leaves undisturbed a fever spot in its centre, whose arteries are throbbing with all the long train of vices which are the result of hopeless, stultified lives. This is really the worst of the evil for society, but indifference is society's outworks, which no sound of disagreeables ever passes; and a more material and effective argument is, that such places as the Five Points in New York and the North End in Boston are fever swamps dangerous to those who never get below Washington Square and Mount Vernon Street, as well as to those born within them.

It is not cheerful reading, — "Civilization's Inferno," — but it is distinctly humanizing; and it is a questionable morality to put away from us everything that is unpleasant or creates depressing thoughts in our minds. Pessimism may not be right — it certainly is not, if it is inactive; but the optimism of indifference is brutal and inhuman. Because civilization and all the overcrowding of modern cities are not of our doing, but are the heritage of past generations, does not absolve us from a tittle of our responsibility in the matter. We profess to a feeling of reverence for our forefathers, and it was our forefathers who in their

greed started this great tenement-house ball rolling. It is now the curse of all our great cities, and it is for this generation to set about remedying, or rather, lessening, the evil which public neglect and private avarice has made and completed. The people are what the tenements have made them; and just how bad that is, only a few earnest, thoughtful adventurers, who know the slums as well as Mr. Flower, can tell us; and few have told us half so forcibly, so clearly, and yet with such a complete absence of emotional exaggeration. Some good folk exonerate themselves from the charge of indifference to the misery of the poor, by saying that the poor are so vicious and criminal that they repel all sympathy. Dark cellars do not produce beautiful flowers; men, like trees, need sunlight. Human nature adjusts itself to its environment, and we are all responsible when we permit that environment to be that of the Five Points, the Bowery, and the North End. It is the strongest point in Mr. Flower's picture—this minute painting of the desperate iniquity and indifference which is bred in cubby-holes which are not fit to house swine, much less human beings with hearts and minds, and living souls to win or lose for all eternity. — *New England Magazine for May.*

#### THE POET AND THE MAN.\*

The aim of this book is to give, in a brief compass, the important incidents in the life of Lowell; to give some account of his works, both in prose and poetry; and to present a picture of him as a man. His was a curiously complex character, and cannot be described by the customary phrases of biographers and critics. The only way to do this (as the author believed) was by *etching* in separate traits and peculiarities, by showing him in different situations and moods, and by connecting his thoughts and emotions with the men and the ideas of his time. A biographer might write a perfectly faithful account of Mr. Lowell as he appeared in public, and yet fail to give the least notion of the real man as known to intimate friends. Never was there a more complete mingling of opposites than in Lowell's opinions, tastes, and instincts.

Mr. Underwood first met Mr. Lowell in 1853, and for some years was one of a circle which met at Elmwood on Sunday afternoons. There the conversation was general, and took a wide range. The discussions of current literature were especially instructive and elevating. The same men met at a whist club on Friday evenings at Elmwood, and at all the houses of the members in turn. This was continued for some years, and its memories are ineffaceable.

Mr. Underwood was afterward associated with Mr. Lowell in the conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and, until the death of its publishers, met Lowell and the other leading contributors at their monthly dinners.

Mr. Underwood's "Recollections" do not pretend to cover Mr. Lowell's whole life, but they do belong to a most interesting period, when his

\* "The Poet and the Man." By Francis H. Underwood, LL. D., with two portraits of Lowell. Cloth; pp. 138; price, \$1. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

feelings were fresh, and his creative powers (perhaps) in their fullest vigor.

The estimates of the works, though brief, will be found thorough and suggestive.

The readers of Mr. Underwood's recently published book, "Quabbin," will need no assurance as to the fidelity with which this work is done, nor as to the pure and beautiful style in which it is written.

Two portraits are given—one taken about the age of fifty, and one after seventy years of age. There is also a fac-simile of two stanzas of a poem, written in 1853, "The Oriole's Nest." That poem, under the title of "The Nest," is included in "Heartsease and Rue" (1888) with some changes and omissions.

#### FRÖBEL'S LETTERS.\*

The universal spread of the kindergarten has given a new and vivid interest to all that relates to Fröbel. In the selections from his letters never before published, just made by Mr. Heinemann, we are taken into the silent brain chambers of the friend of children; and we see how he toiled painfully along the road pointed out by reasoning and experience, before (in his simple phrase) he "found" the kindergarten. This book, with its explanatory notes, becomes at once a memoir and a history of the system.

The principles of child development known as the kindergarten are almost universally accepted, and the experiences of the founder has, for teachers and parents, a strong and pathetic interest. We admire his firm grasp of principles, we are equally interested in his struggles with poverty and with the German monarchy, and we come to know and love him as if he were a near friend.

After many years, the patient labors, the unwearied thought and experiment of Fröbel have found a reward—too late for him, who died in poverty and under the ban of the government, but in season for his fame, and for the spread of his ideas in all lands.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

"DRAWING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS," by Anson K. Cross. Cloth; pp. 46; price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by A. K. Cross, Normal Art School, Boston, Mass.

"THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH," by Albert Chavannes. Pp. 107; price, 25 cents. Published by True Nationalist Publishing Company, New York.

"THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS," by the author of "The Light of Egypt." Paper; pp. 100. Published by the Astro-Philosophical Publishing Company, Denver, Col.

\* "Fröbel's Letters." Edited by Arnold H. Heinemann. Cloth; pp. 182. Boston, Lee & Shepard.



"THE LIGHT OF EGYPT," by An Initiate. Cloth; pp. 291; price, \$3. Published by the Astro-Philosophical Publishing Company, Denver, Col.

Miss Ferrier's Novels: "DESTINY," in two volumes. Cloth; pp. 413; price, \$2.50. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"SEAWARD," by Richard Hovey. Cloth; pp. 44; price, \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"MR. PHILIP ST. CLARE," by Robert Appleton. Cloth; pp. 292. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"MISCELLANIES, RELIGIOUS AND PERSONAL, AND SERMONS," by Rev. George W. Nichols, D. D. Cloth; pp. 379; price, \$1.25. Published by the Marigold Printing Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

"VERBUM DEI: THE YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING, 1893," by Robert F. Horton, M. A. Cloth; pp. 399; price, \$1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

"THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS," by Don Allen. Cloth; pp. 161; price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York, 28 Lafayette Place.

"A HANDBOOK OF FREE THOUGHT," by W. S. Bell. Cloth; pp. 381; price, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"THE CREATION OF GOD," by Dr. Jacob Hartman. Cloth; pp. 432; price, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"REFERENCES FOR LITERARY WORKERS," by Henry Matson. Cloth; pp. 582; price, \$3. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"SURVIVALS IN CHRISTIANITY," by Charles James Wood. Cloth; pp. 317; price, \$1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

"PENANCE OF PORTIA JAMES," by Tasma. Paper; pp. 293; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 43, 45, and 47 East Tenth Street, New York.

"THE WRONG THAT WAS DONE," by F. W. Robinson. Paper; pp. 467; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 43, 45, and 47 East Tenth Street, New York.

"BARON MONTEZ OF PANAMA AND PARIS," by Archibald Clavering Gunter. Cloth; pp. 266. Published by the Home Publishing Company, 3 Fourteenth Street, New York.

"PRE-NATAL CULTURE," by A. E. Newton. Paper; pp. 73; price, 25 cents. Published by Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE SHADOW OF DESIRE," by Irene Osgood. Cloth; pp. 282; price, \$1.25. Published by the Cleveland Publishing Company, 19 Union Square, New York.

"FROEBEL'S LETTERS," edited by Arnold Heinemann. Cloth; pp. 182. Published by Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.

"THE GOSPEL AND ITS EARLIEST INTERPRETATIONS," by Orello Cone, D. D. Cloth; pp. 413. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"THE POET AND THE MAN," by Francis H. Underwood. Cloth; pp. 138; price, \$1. Published by Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.

"REINCARNATION," by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D. Cloth; pp. 250; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by the Lotus Publishing Company, 1504 Market Street, San Francisco.

"TWO OF THEM," by J. M. Barrie. Cloth; pp. 282. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 43, 45, and 47 East Tenth Street, New York.

"CHRIST: A DRAMATIC POEM IN THREE PARTS," by C. Sadakichi Hartman. Paper; pp. 78; price, 50 cents. Published by the author.

"THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN," by Helen Gilbert Ecob. Cloth; pp. 262. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

"EL NUEVO MUNDO," by Louis James Block. Cloth; pp. 95. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"WOMAN FREE," by Ellis Ethelmer. Cloth; pp. 222. Published by The Women's Emancipation Union. Congleton.

"THE LAST SENTENCE," by Maxwell Gray. Cloth, pp. 346; price, \$1.50. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONVICT," by Julian Hawthorne. Cloth; pp. 288. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft. Philadelphia, Penn.

"ORIOLE'S DAUGHTER," by Jessie Fothergill. Cloth; pp. 321; price, \$1.25. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

"DEAREST," by Mrs. Forrester. Cloth; pp. 376; price, \$1.25. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

"A BIBLICAL DISCOVERY," by Thomas A. Davies. Cloth; pp. 187; price, \$1. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"THE COLUMBIAN MEMORIAL COOK BOOK." Paper; pp. 222; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"JESSAMINE," by Marion Harland. Paper; pp. 387; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"RHEINGRAFENSTEIN," by Ritter Dandalyon. Paper; pp. 314; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"DRIFTING ON SUNNY SEAS," by T. Robinson Warren. Paper; pp. 314; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"STORIES ABOUT DOCTORS," by John Cordy Jeaffreson. Paper; pp. 488; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"JAMES MONTGOMERY; OR, I'VE BEEN THINKING," by A. S. Roe. Paper; pp. 327; price, 25 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, publisher, New York.

"SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD," by Eleve. Paper; pp. 192; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Purdy Publishing Company, 168 and 170 Madison Street, Chicago.

"GEOLOGICAL AND SOLAR CLIGATES," by Marsden Manson, C. E. Cloth; pp. 49. Published by George Spaulding & Co., 414 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE," by Gilbert Parker. Cloth; pp. 310; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Wayside Publishing Company, 142 and 144 Worth Street, New York.

"NAPOLEON." A drama by Richmond S. Dement. Cloth; pp. 183. Published by Knight, Leonard & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"WEBSTER'S GHOST," by Morton E. Peck. Cloth; pp. 179. Published by Republican Printing Company, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

# THE COMMERCIAL ARENA.

DENVER, COLORADO.

BY OLNEY NEWELL.

THERE is perhaps no city in the world whose history is so replete with surprising facts as Denver, Col. A few grains of gold discovered in 1858, at the mouth of a little stream emptying into the Platte River, where Denver now stands, led to the establishment of a small settlement called "Auraria" a few months later. No thought of building a metropolis ever entered the minds of the few adventurous spirits who had braved the dangers and hardships of a journey across the Great American Desert in search of the gold that was supposed to exist in the sands at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

At that time St. Joseph, Mo., was an outpost on the frontier of civilization. To proceed farther west was to plunge into a barren plain, almost destitute of water, and frequented by bands of roving savages entertaining bitter enmity to the white race. But there was gold in the foothills and gulches of the mountains. The buckskin bags of gold dust that began to find their way back to the states was enough to fill men with courage to brave every danger, and processions of wagons left the Missouri River for the "New Eldorado." Thousands came, and a great many returned disappointed, to recount their hardships and curse the fates that had lured them to a land so dreary and inhospitable. A comparative few, persistent and industrious men, took out large amounts of gold, and in a year or two more the settlement took on the air of permanence.

The prospectors, working their way into the mountains, discovered gold in the rock fissures, and in 1859 the first stamp mill was erected; a very small one, yet it was necessary to transport it to the mountains in pieces for lack of roads and adequate means of conveyance. Confidence was now established, and the stream of immigration again began to flow, never to be seriously interrupted.

The settlement at "Auraria," by an election, changed the name to "Denver," in honor of General James W. Denver, then Territorial Governor of Kansas, which included what is now a part of Colorado.

Then was established a newspaper, and nothing can more forcibly illustrate the marvellous growth of Denver than the statement that the man who brought the first printing-press across the plains, Hon. William N. Byers, is to-day in the prime of a vigorous manhood, and is president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade.

Eventful incidents in the history of Denver followed each other with great rapidity after this until 1880, when it became manifest that here

was to be the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region. The mountains disclosed, not only large deposits of the precious metals, but great beds of iron, coal, building stone, marble, onyx, and the baser metals. Five years later the energy of the people was called upon for a mighty effort to meet the demands of rapidly growing population and commerce; and to-day the "Auraria" of 1858 is Denver, with a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand people; a city magnificently built, containing every modern convenience, enjoying perfection of climate and beauty of scenic attraction, and apparently but in the morning of her career.

For the reason that the discovery of gold was the beginning of Denver, it is difficult to remove the impression that Colorado is anything but a mining camp, and the visitor is surprised to see a city that in all its appointments bespeaks the presence of the most advanced civilization. Rich as Colorado undoubtedly is in the precious metals, they are by no means her greatest resources. Wonderful strides have recently been made in agriculture and horticulture, and there is no limit to the possibilities in this direction; while the coal fields and iron and stone deposits, to say nothing of the live-stock industry, are quite sufficient to enable Denver to maintain herself and continue her growth.

The war upon silver has crippled, though it has not destroyed, one of the industries which pays tribute to Denver's prosperity. The people of Colorado unanimously believe that silver should be restored to its place as money, because they believe it simple justice to the whole world, and not because it is necessary to their own continued prosperity, for the natural resources of Colorado are so varied and great that her people can thrive under any conditions that would impoverish those of almost any other state or country. Let the declaration be emphasized that if every gold and silver mine in Colorado was permanently closed, Denver would still be surrounded with greater sources of wealth than any other city in the United States; and although the millions of capital invested in gold and silver mines would be reluctant to abandon them, it could be profitably employed in the development of other resources, and less injury would result to the city and state than to the people of the agricultural states.

Without either gold or silver Colorado would be richer in material resources than Pennsylvania; infinitely better off than purely agricultural states like Kansas and Nebraska; better than Mississippi, relying on her cotton, and capable of furnishing a more comfortable existence to her people than Massachusetts, with all her spindles and whirling wheels.

It may safely be predicted that Colorado will excel all other states in her display of fruits at the World's Fair, and rank with the best in the quality of her agricultural products.

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### **The Verdict in the Bacon-Shakespeare Case.**

In this issue we publish the first instalment of verdicts rendered by the eminent jurors in the Bacon-Shakespeare case. As will be noted, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, D. C. L., and the Marquis of Lorne write from England in favor of Shakespeare; while among the verdicts published in this issue from Americans who favor the poet of Stratford, are Rev. C. A. Bartol and Franklin H. Head. O. B. Frothingham and Miss Frances E. Willard hold to the theory of composite authorship; while the eminent wood engraver, Mr. G. Kruell, believes the plays are the work of Sir Francis Bacon. Next month we will publish a second instalment of opinions, including a very critical paper from Edmund C. Stedman, and carefully prepared views from Edmund Goss, Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Hon. A. A. Adee of the Treasury Department, Washington, Hon. Luther R. Marsh, L. L. Lawrence, and Rev. M. J. Savage. Never before have so illustrious a coterie sat in judgment on the authorship of an immortal work; and this controversy, which has brought out so clearly the leading points to be urged in favor of both Bacon and Shakespeare, gains an added interest by giving the views of a large number of the most eminent critical thinkers who are interested in the controversy in America and Europe.

### **A Word from Mr. Edgar Lee.**

Edgar Lee, the author of two recent papers on astrology in THE ARENA, "Begs to acknowledge the receipt of a vast correspondence on the subject of astrology from English readers, as well as American. He has answered many letters by post, but, finding it impossible to reply to all, takes this opportunity to explain that the present condition of the English law in regard to horoscopes is such that he durst not recommend any astrologer resident in England. He trusts that his correspondents will generously accept this as a respectful rejoinder to their applications."

### **The Charities of Dives.**

*"The workmen are poor, the farmers are poor, and you make millions."* That trenchant sentence, addressed by the weird shade in Mr. Carman's admirable sketch, "The Charities of Dives," contains in a nutshell a summary of social conditions to-day. The industrial millions demand justice. Through special privileges and class legislation they have been defrauded. Through allowing politicians and interested newspapers to do their thinking, they have permitted themselves to be well-nigh enslaved. Their hope now lies in independent thinking, and in political unity of action. The first thing to be done is to abolish all class legislation, and to demand the governmental ownership of natural "monopolies," as well as an expansion of the volume of currency, which will tend to relieve congested business conditions, and enable the slaves of the gold barons at least to live after paying their interest. I hope every reader of this issue of THE ARENA will carefully peruse "The Charities of Dives."

### **Papers on Silver in The Arena.**

In this issue we publish a paper on the Silver Question refused by another review. THE ARENA has observed the course being pursued by the magazines of the present time; viz., to give only the English or Wall Street view of the money question, or else to give one paper in favor of expansion of the volume of money to three or four on the other side. It has also noticed that the daily press of the East, which a little over two decades ago was almost unanimous for free coinage of silver, has now yielded so completely to the financial policy of the money lenders of England, that nothing like a fair presentation of the cause of silver can be had, while the cartoon sheets are for once a unit in obeying the policy of Wall Street. Hence it seems eminently proper that THE ARENA give space to a full, fair, and able presentation of the cause of silver from its ablest advocates, especially as the numbers who favor free coinage are counted by the millions, and are at



once thoughtful, intelligent, and earnest. It is therefore our purpose to present a series of papers giving the silver side of the money controversy. It is rather suggestive that England (whose leading strings we have been following, to the immense monetary advantage of the money lenders and those who, through special governmental privileges, are growing immensely rich and powerful)—England, the fountain-head of the gold craze, is suffering from such business depression that a strong sentiment is being manifested in favor of silver, despite the fact that England, better than any other nation, could afford to cling to gold. Moreover, in Australia, where they have no "Sherman law," and where English financial ideas have prevailed, the liabilities of banks which have gone under during the past few months aggregate, according to London despatches, over five million dollars. Papers from Senator Stewart and General Warner will appear in early issues of *THE ARENA*.

#### **Fiction and Character Sketches.**

In this issue of *THE ARENA* we publish three sketches—one a vision of injustice, entitled "The Charities of Dives," which should be read by every reader of *THE ARENA*. The second is a strong study by the brilliant young English author and critic, Coulson Kernahan, whose "Dead Man's Diary" scored such a notable success in England. The third sketch is from the well-known and popular pen of Will Allen Dromgoole, and is, I think, one of the finest things in the line of negro dialect which has appeared for months.

#### **Progress of the Rational Dress Idea in America.**

On the 6th of May, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the honored president of the National Council of Women, Mrs. Avery, the secretary of the council, Mrs. Jenness-Miller, and other ladies of national reputation appeared in the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair in rational costumes, some wearing the Syrian or modified Syrian, and others the American costume. The hall was crowded; and in introducing the subject, "Rational

Dress," that venerable reformer and universally loved woman of brain and soul, Lucy Stone, pointed out the notable fact that in 1853 those who adopted the bloomer costume were forced by public opinion to discard it, while in the closing years of the century the rational dress being adopted by sensible women caused no comment to speak of. This is a noticeable fact, and speaks volumes for the greater breadth of thought and the rapid growth of a reasonable appreciation of health and comfort as opposed to the blind, vicious homage heretofore paid to fashion.

In Boston Miss Laura Lee and Mrs. Flower are wearing the Syrian suits altogether for bicycling, shopping, and, indeed, at all times excepting in the evening, when they prefer the Grecian robes, or some modification of the street costumes. They have met with little of that vexatious comment which emanates from coarse, low, or impure minds. Nothing is more distasteful to refined and sensitive natures, such as characterize both these ladies, than notoriety or comment; and only the deep conviction that the adoption of these costumes was something more than a rational and right step, nerved them to brave conventionalism in this respect. They felt it their duty to lead the way in a movement destined to accomplish far more for the true emancipation of woman than many yet imagine. Since, however, enjoying the freedom and comfort afforded, they both assert that nothing could drive them back to the conventional skirt. Many letters and inquiries are being received from other ladies anxious to "be rational," as one terms it, but who have hitherto held back "for fear of the scribes of conventionalism."

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the Maryland Normal School purchased seventy-five copies of "Fashion's Slaves," that each lady graduating from that institution this year might be presented with a copy.

From letters received from all parts of the Republic and from Canada, it is evident that there is a deep interest and, on the part of many a determined resolve, to break from the slavery of fashion.

### Mr. Dean's Paper on the American Home.

Through a most aggravating mistake, the name of Mr. I. E. Dean, who contributed the able paper on "The American Home" to the June ARENA, was spelled Deen instead of Dean. The author is well known throughout the land among all who are at the present time interested in the industrial revolution of our day, he having accomplished great good in pushing forward the educational work which has rendered industrial emancipation possible. This year Mr. Dean is arranging industrial Chautauquas at several points in the East. He is a thoughtful, earnest, true-hearted reformer, and his paper in THE ARENA will doubtless aid greatly in showing many people, who have been hypnotized by the specious plea of interested classes, that great wrongs exist, which must be righted if the Republic is to avoid the quicksands of revolution on the one hand, or the despotism of classes on the other.

### Helen Campbell's Closing Paper.

In this issue we publish the closing paper of Helen Campbell's remarkable series of papers on "Women Wage-Earners of Europe and America." This series is unquestionably the ablest and most authoritative presentation of this vital social problem ever given by a review, and makes one of the most noteworthy contributions to the economic literature which has appeared in years.

### The Church, the Workingmen, and the Fair.

The New York *World* for May 18 contained an admirable editorial on the infamous action of narrow-visioned bigots among the orthodox churches, in striving to revive in our land the spirit of fanaticism which cursed the sixteenth century. At the writing of this it is not settled whether or not the World's Fair will be opened. But if it is closed, it will prove for the church the greatest boomerang known to the history of modern times. The labor organizations throughout the land have pleaded for an open fair, that the poor might embrace

the one great educational opportunity of their lives, and see the fair. The daily press of the land, with few exceptions, have urged Sunday opening. Such representative thinkers of rational religion as Bishop Potter of the Episcopalian church, Bishop Spalding of the Roman church, Rev. O. P. Gifford of the Baptist church, Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. John Chadwick of the Unitarian church, and scores of other representative and brainy thinkers have urged Sunday opening; while such unchristian and essentially un-American organizations as the American Sabbath Union, aided by other bodies, such as the Christian Endeavor and Y. M. C. A., have opposed the opening. These three bodies have, during this contest, exhibited exactly the spirit of Rome during the sixteenth century. But intelligent workingmen throughout the land, if the fair is closed, will not forget the fact that the deprivation of hundreds of thousands of their number from seeing the fair was the work of well-to-do fanatics, who had ample opportunity to see the fair during week days, and who cared nothing for the rights of the poor, on the one hand, and preferred that saloons, brothels, and gambling dens be crowded with people who would otherwise be at the fair, than that the teachings or example of Jesus be carried out regarding the Sabbath, inasmuch as that teaching and example of Christ ran counter to the law of the Christian-pagan Emperor Constantine.

On the subject of this religious bigotry, the New York *World* of May 18 says:—

Since witches were burned at Salem, and Quakers and Baptists had to flee for their lives from a cruel persecution in the name of religion, there has been no worse exhibition of bigotry and intolerance than that furnished by the efforts to ruin the World's Fair because its gates are probably to be open on Sunday to the thousands who crave and need the educational advantages to be found there.

The attitude of the boycotters is not one of reasonable protest. It is one of ignorant, arrogant, insolent dictation. They are not content to urge their views upon the management and obey their own consciences by staying away from the fair on Sunday; they inform the country that if their views are not permitted to prevail, and their consciences are not made the rule of other

people's lives, they will enforce an already organized boycott, and ruin the fair itself, if possible.

The Rev. Secretary Knowles has declared to a representative of the *World* that those whom he represents will urge pastors everywhere to preach this boycott as a religious obligation, and to denounce any attendance upon the fair as sin. They have taken advantage of confiding women and children, and pledged a million of them — as they boast — not to go to the fair if there is any Sunday opening, thus depriving these innocents of what, to the majority, is the one great educational opportunity of their lives.

This is the spirit of the sixteenth century inspired by the ignorance of that unenlightened age. Fortunately, in our time the claws of bigotry are closely cut. The pulpit is full of broad-minded men, and the pews of liberal men and women, who will take no part in such a crusade of intolerance; and better still, the common schools and newspapers have so far taught the American people to think and act for themselves that no attempt of priest or pastor to dominate their consciences in such fashion as this will meet with anything but resentment and failure.

### The May *Psychical Review*.

The May *Psychical Review* contains a number of most admirable papers, which will appeal to all of our readers who are interested in psychical investigation. Among the papers in this issue are "Psychical Science and Education," by Professor Arthur F. Ewell; "Some Reasons why Mediums do not Aid the American Psychical Society in its Investigations," prepared by Samuel H. Terry, and replied to by Rev. T. Ernest Allen; "The Double Personality," by A. N. Somers; "Two Interesting Psychical Cases," by B. O. Flower; "Phenomena Connected with the Transition of a Lady," by Professor William A. Baldwin; "A Plea for Psychical Research," by Miles M. Dawson; "An Agnostic at a Séance," by J. C. F. Grumbine; "Mysterious Music," by Ella Wilson Marchant; "Ego and Non-Ego," by D. G. Watts; "The Search for Facts, Part II. Memory as a Factor," by Rev. T. E. Allen; "A Vision," by Martha A. Hamilton; Psychical Cases and Reflections from Periodical Literature; Editorials. The price of a single copy of the *Review* is \$1; subscriptions per year, \$3. The *Review* is published quarterly, and is the only paper of the character issued in America. I am delighted to know that it is receiving the generous patronage of the American public.

### A Concerted Movement for Practical Progress.

A paper in the June *ARENA* on "Union for Practical Progress" has awakened considerable interest throughout the country. Although the June *ARENA* has only been on sale about a week at the time of writing this note, I have received a great many letters in regard to this subject showing that the time is ripe for such a movement. It could be made, I believe, a great educational power throughout the land, and accomplish much for justice, freedom, and the happiness of the people. Among the numbers of letters which I have received during the past two or three days, I make the following extract from one written by a scholarly clergyman, who is also the author of a number of beautiful poems which have been published in two volumes of poetry:—

I must add one more to the bushel of letters you must have had congratulating you on the June *ARENA*; the magazine goes verily from "strength to strength."

When I read Mrs. Flower's estimate of Dr. Dewey's work, I regretted much that I had not met with her when I was in Boston. I made a pilgrimage once to Washington to see Dr. Dewey, and we found much in common in our ecclesiastical experiences.

Your article on "Union for Practical Progress" is "distinctly great." Before I saw it I had agreed to speak on that subject, as you will see by the enclosed card.

### Fund for Rev. George Vaughan.

Since our last report the following amounts have been received for the fund to enable the Rev. George Vaughan to build a home. It will be remembered that all that is asked for is \$200. The amount reported last month was \$18.25; this month the amount brings up the total to \$26.50. I sincerely trust our friends will see to it that within the next thirty days a sufficient amount is subscribed to enable this old gentleman to build his home. He has the land, and only asks for \$200 to buy material with which to build the home.

J. R. Westbrook, Hickman, Ky., 25c; Grace F. Damon, Ipswich, Mass., 50c; C. G. Sweet and friend, Galveston, Tex., 50c; Elizabeth Valentine, Crescent City, Cal., 25c; a friend, Fulton, N. Y., 25c; Ada M. Jarrett, Datil, N. M., 25c; a friend, Bos-

ton, Mass., \$2; H. Emerson, Philadelphia, Penn., 25c; M. F. Raff, Chicago, Ill., 25c; a friend, Peru, Ind., 25c; G. P. Dearborn, New Philadelphia, Penn., 25c; Mrs. H. Chapman, Fletcher, Vt., 25c; a friend, Petrolia, Cal., 25c; W. H. Hancock, Santa Barbara, Cal., 25c; a friend, Kennebunk, Me., \$2; A. W. Hinman, Dundee, Ill., 50 cents—total, \$8.25.

#### Contributions to the Poor Fund.

Since our last report the following contributions have been received for the fund for the deserving poor. In the August or September ARENA we will publish a full report of the receipts and disbursements:—

O. H. Warner, Cummington, Mass., \$12.70; a friend, New York City, \$1; a friend, Petrolia, Cal., \$5; M. A. Sheldon, Mt. Eden, Cal., \$1; C. G. Buck, Chicago, Ill., \$10—total, \$29.70.

#### Mob Law in Illinois.

I have had occasion to denounce the burning of negroes in the South on more than one occasion. This month I have to record a dastardly outrage which occurred on June 3, at Decatur in Illinois, when a negro named Sam Bush was lynched because it was believed that he had committed two brutal and fiendish crimes. Bush, however, protested his innocence to the last. Such an outrage calls for prompt and severe punishment, and I am pleased to note that Governor Altgeld has acted promptly. Despatches from Springfield, Ill., on June 3, state the governor summoned the states attorney of Macon County by telegraph, and, after a consultation with him, issued a proclamation setting forth the facts of the lynching, and adding:—

I hereby denounce this cowardly and diabolical act as not only a murder under our laws, but as a disgrace to our civilization and a blot upon the fair name of our state. The prisoner was accused of the crime of rape, but stoutly protested his innocence. He was already in the custody of the law; and no matter with what crime he was charged, and no matter whether he was guilty or innocent, he was entitled to a trial—a fair trial according to the law. It must never be said that the laws of our great and proud state do not afford protection to all, without regard to color or condition.

I therefore call upon all officers of the law, and especially of Macon County, as well as on all good citizens who respect law and cherish the honor of this state, to do all in their power to bring the leaders of this great crime to justice.

I hereby offer a reward of two hundred dollars each for the apprehension and conviction of every man who helped to break the doors of the jail, overpower the officers, and drag out the prisoner, or who assisted in killing him.

The governor instructed the state's attorney of Macon County to prosecute the matter in the most vigorous manner at once. The prosecution should be prompt and vigorous. There was no justification for the brutal murder. The man was safely lodged, with no prospect of eluding justice, if proven guilty; and if innocent, the crime committed by the mob was still more heinous. Moreover, the hour has struck when the spirit of savage lawlessness should be suppressed by immediate steps of a most effective character.

#### A Liquor Dealer's View of Christ's Attitude Toward his Trade.

In this issue we publish a paper by a gentleman who, while a zealous member of an orthodox church, is also a liquor dealer. In it he gives Christ's attitude toward the wine question as he sees it. I expect shortly to publish a reply by a competent thinker.

#### Mr. Buell on the Money Problem.

In this number Mr. C. J. Buell presents his views on the money question in a thoughtful paper. It will be seen that Mr. Buell does not favor either gold or silver as money, and in this respect differs radically from Mr. Fish, whose able paper appeared in the June ARENA. Mr. Lidderdale, who was last year governor of the Bank of England, declares that we need more currency. It is presumable that even our English-worshipping statesmen (?) in Washington may change their minds. Certain it is that unless there is a radical change in our financial policy, at an early date this most prosperous of nations will find itself where Australia is to-day.

#### Reason at the World's Fair.

One of the most timely papers in this issue of THE ARENA is Mr. Allen's concise and logical contribution on "Reason at the World's Congress of Religions," which appears in this issue.

## ADDITIONAL PRESS COMMENTS ON CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO.

### A Truthful and Graphic Portrayal.

It is a truthful and graphic delineation of the condition of the people in the social undertow. Most of the studies here presented have been made in Boston within less than an hour's walk of palatial homes on Commonwealth Avenue. Mr. Flower has a keen and profound sympathy with the difficulties that the poor are laboring under, and he describes what he has seen with his own eyes in terms that chill one's blood. In the chapter entitled "Why the Ishmaelites Multiply," he enters into some of the causes for the appalling increase of crime. One of these is the decline in integrity, incident to the rise of the present speculative age, and the ascendancy of the aristocracy of the dollar. Another is the unjust social conditions, especially as they relate to taxation. Still another is the criminal life that comes from unrestricted immigration. Another cause is the cheap lodging houses. Still another is the saloon. All these are presented in their true characters, and Mr. Flower does not hesitate to call things by their right names. The author devotes himself mainly to the expository side of the subject. He points out the magnitude of the peril, and shows that no palliative measures will satisfy people. — *The Boston Herald, Boston, Mass.*

### An Appalling Array of Facts.

The great problem of poverty is second to no other in our Republic. Closely connected with it is the drink question, though there is an immense and awful area of what might be called innocent poverty. Most of the studies recorded, with careful and continual array of facts and figures, in the pages of this book, were made in Boston "within less than an hour's walk of palatial homes on Commonwealth Avenue." The book is not pleasant reading, but it shows not the first sign of spite against society, and candidly states the situation. The facts are appalling, and it can but be well to face them, and to see that duty and policy alike require a speedy remedy. — *The Argus, Portland, Me.*

### The Work Which Hurt McAllister's Feelings.

Mr. Flower has been accused of sensationalism, and it has been asked what good it will do to contrast so strikingly "the froth and the dregs" of New York society — the members of the four hundred and the denizens of the "social cellar." The vivid presentation of disagreeable truths is to many persons the worst kind of sensationalism; it awakens when they would prefer unconsciousness. In Mr. Flower's picture, if there is a strong contrast, there is also resemblance; the froth and dregs are alike poisonous. The hands in enforced idleness from want of



work, and those idle because there is no necessity nor desire for work, are alike a menace to the community. The aggrieved manner in which Mr. McAllister justified himself in the New York papers from the charge of extravagance, reminds one of the excuse given by the Turks when they were accused on a certain occasion of having mutilated the dead bodies of the Christians after a battle. They said it was true they had cut them to pieces, but they had not cut them into such small pieces as was reported. — *Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Col.*

*A Book for all Intelligent Lovers of Humanity.*

It is, indeed, an inferno to which Mr. Flower introduces us; an abode of indescribable, appalling misery; a veritable hell upon earth. The author's investigations have been mainly confined to "the populous slums of cultured, palace-decked, church-jeweled Boston," but the observer of life in large cities will recognize that the awful descriptions of the poverty-stricken districts of the "Modern Athens" apply with equal force to every considerable aggregation of dwelling places. After an exhaustive study of the subject, Mr. Flower has, of course, arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the evils of the slums are directly traceable to class privileges, the monstrous institution of private property in land, and the monopoly by corporations of the means of transportation. Still, while pointing out the necessity of radical economic changes, he shows that very much may be done by individual effort to mitigate the frightful evils which he so vividly portrays. We earnestly commend this book to every intelligent lover of his kind, and every believer in the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, as well as to every one desirous of lightening the burdens of taxation, due to crime and pauperism, which now press so heavily upon us all. — *Journal of the Knights of Labor, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*A Voice from the Far South.*

Mr. Flower's story is simply told, and for that reason is a very forcible presentation of the state of affairs under which the so-called "lower classes" are living and existing in the dense population of our large cities. These conditions are very much alike in all large cities, where the crowding together of wage-earners, and the fierce competition engendered by the excess of workers over the work to be done, has produced a state of existence absolutely incredible to those born under happier circumstances. In order to cure a disease, it is first necessary to recognize there is a disease, and next to ascertain its cause. This done, there is more hope of a remedy or of a preventive. This Mr. Flower and other brave thinkers and workers are doing for the world — opening the eyes of the blind that they may see the wretchedness under their feet, and that they may feel that it is their work to help to relieve it, to prevent it, if it be in the power of man. — *The Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.*



*A Book Which has Startled the World.*

Mr. Flower has certainly startled the world by his picture of high life and demonstrated that well-dressed evils are the same as ragged ones. He shows us the sad, strange world of poverty's slaves, and the mad, strange world of luxury's slaves. Yes! and in his picture how he uses the paint of truth — not to flatter fashion, but to portray it in honest guise. Not a lovely picture is this of society which Mr. Flower paints. No! it is an ugly one — ugly with selfishness, ugly with indifference for the pain their gay, mad lives inflict upon their fellow-beings. The upper sensuality of society is very like the lower, only better dressed, better perfumed, better managed. But how many of poverty's crimes does he lay at luxury's door, and justly, too, in our way of thinking. "Society" is stirred at the ugly picture of itself in "Civilization's Inferno," and it is well so. We wish it may repent of its selfish, cold, heartless, brutal existence in the whirl of gold and fashion, and think, *think*, THINK of those poor toilers whose toil has been plundered for years upon years to give them the chance to ride over the hearts and bodies of men and women. Mr. McAllister has attempted a defence of New York society (of which he is the recognized guardian), whose gilt-edged boundaries he feels have been violated by the strong blows of Mr. Flower at the higher social evils; but it is a defence that justifies the attack. It is one butterfly defending the idle, careless, selfish life of hundreds of other butterflies who do not seem to know that their lives need a defence. It will be an easy matter for Mr. Flower to crush his silly critic. The inferno of poverty exposed in this book must cause all thinking people to see the danger there is in denying justice to labor. It is a strong hand that stirs the pool of society, and one withal that knows what he wants to effect by doing so. Mr. Flower has earned the gratitude of the poor in his powerful portraiture of their wrongs and sufferings. May he move the hearts of the rich to remedy these wrongs and lessen their sufferings as much as in them lies. — *The Boston Investigator, Boston, Mass.*

## NATURE'S PAINTINGS.

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